TUTTI FRUTTI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE TOUR OF A GERMAN PRINCE."

‘ Diversi son degli uomini i capricci,
A chi piaccion le torte, a chi i pasticci."
Goldoni.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is not pleasant to pen a reflection which a man feels convinced has been said a thousand times before, and said a thousand times better than he can pretend to do; yet, admitting the triteness of the remark, what author ever attempted to write an Introduction who did not feel it to be the most difficult part of the book?

If this be true of an author, with how much greater force is it applicable to a translator; who, sheltered behind the responsibility of the original writer, trembles at the idea of pleading guilty at the bar of criticism, not only to the manner but the matter.

In translating the present work, I have endeavoured to render it into English, as nearly as the different constructions and idioms of the two languages will admit. It embraces the romantic, the descriptive, the serious, and the playful; for the author never pursues a subject to satiety, but flies from flower to flower, like the coquetting butterfly. Lengthened disquisitions, wire-drawn arguments, and elaborate discussions are studiously avoided.

Perhaps, after all, it is best described by its title, which, borrowed from the favourite ice composed of different fruits so frequently met with in Italy, sufficiently indicates the varied character it displays. But I will not detain thee any longer, most indulgent reader (how naturally our thoughts assume the form of our wishes), from gathering the choicest specimens of Tutti Frutti.

Edmund Spencer..

Highgate, 1834.



A

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

PRINCE PÜCKLER-MUSKAU.

WHEN a veil is so carelessly worn that the hand of curiosity and rudeness is perpetually drawing it aside, may not its entire removal, even if a little gentle violence is used, be considered, not as the act of an enemy, but a friend? We are the more anxious on this point, as we are solicitous to withdraw, not the airy gauze which veils the living, but the dark shroud which envelops the dead; and we feel assured that our readers will be gratified to learn that the hand which penned the "Briefe eines Verstorbenen" (Posthumous Letters, translated into English under the title of "The Tour of a German Prince"), is not the tenant of the tomb, but has been again employed for their amusement.

As the author of the work I have alluded to has excited a considerable degree of public attention, perhaps a few particulars of his life may not be altogether uninteresting.

Herman, Prince von Pückler-Muskau, was born at the palace of Muskau, in the province of Silesia, on the 30th of October, 1785. He received the first rudiments of his education partly there, and partly at Dresden; in the latter city his father, Count Puckler, principally resided, being privy counsellor to the King of Saxony, to whose sceptre that part of Silesia (in which his estates were situated) was at this time subject; but by subsequent arrangements it has become annexed to the crown of Prussia.

The young count passed four years, that is, from the time he was seven until he was eleven years of age, at Uhyst, in the Herrnhut establishment for the education of youth; he was then removed to the pedagogium at Halle, where he was instructed in the higher branches of education; from thence he

went to Dessau, under the superintendence of a hofmeister, and in the year 1800 entered the University of Leipsic, where he remained between two and three years, devoting himself to the acquisition of general knowledge, and the study of the law. He very soon exchanged this pursuit for a military life, and entered the service of the King of Saxony as a member of the Garde du Corps du Roi.

While at Dresden, he distinguished himself by various spirited adventures, particularly by his undaunted intrepidity as an equestrian. But this was too contracted a theatre for the exercise of a mind active, ardent, and ambitious; he therefore solicited his discharge, which having obtained, he retired with the grade of a captain of cavalry. This determination originated in a long-cherished desire of making a tour through some of the principal countries of Europe. He first visited Vienna, the south of Germany, and Switzerland; from thence he passed on to France and Italy, and remained a considerable time at Naples.

Being unfortunately at variance with his father, he was frequently involved in pecuniary difficulties; this, however, did not deter him from continuing his tour, though it often exposed him to inconveniences to which those of his rank in life are generally strangers. It had, however, the good effect of initiating him at an early age into the realities of life, of stripping objects of the false gloss with which they are too often decorated for those who possess wealth or power, and was also the means of introducing him to an intimate acquaintance with human nature in all its ramifications, which would never have been the case if he had continued the petted child of fortune.

Soon after his return to Germany, while residing at Berlin, his father died; by which event he came into possession of very considerable estates at Muskau, together with a large accession of wealth.

The various knowledge and information he had acquired during his travels were now called into action, and the first impulse of his enterprising mind was to improve and beautify the estate and castle of his ancestors; for this purpose he availed himself of the talents of the celebrated architect Schinkel.

The old castle, thus placed in the creative hand of wealth and genius, rose like a phœnix from its ashes, and its mouldering walls assumed the majestic form they now wear; but the war which at this time raged throughout Europe, and the dark state of the political horizon, hindered the entire completion of the design of the noble projector.

In the year 1813, the Russian army entered Berlin. A dangerous illness with which the prince was now seized alone prevented his immediate admission into that service; this however took place in October, when he received the rank of major and aid-de-camp to the Duke of Saxe Weimar. He distinguished himself afterward in the Netherlands; and won the character of a brave and experienced officer in the army at Antwerp, commanded by Bulow. Subsequently, under General Geismar, he was present at the taking of Cassel, where he was instrumental in capturing several pieces of cannon.

About this time he was engaged in a novel description of duel. A French colonel of hussars, celebrated for his daring bravery, rode out considerably in advance of the lines, and challenged any officer in the army of his opponents to single combat. Prince Pückler accepted the challenge, and the contest took place in the centre between the two armies:—intense anxiety was pictured on the countenances of the spectators; it seemed as if the glory of their respective countries depended upon the issue. A death-like silence reigned throughout, which was only occasionally interrupted by the loud cheers of the deeply-interested soldiery, as their favourite champion gained a temporary advantage, or suffered a momentary defeat.

At length the guardian angel of Germany triumphed,—the brave Frenchman fell!

Various orders were conferred upon him as a reward for his numerous and brilliant services, together with the rank of colonel.

At a later period, he raised a regiment of chasseurs, and commanded at Bruges as civil and military governor. In the year 1814, when the allied armies entered Paris, he was sent by the Duke of Saxe Weimar as special courier to the Emperor Alexander.

Peace having now spread her halcyon wings over desolated Europe, the prince returned to the enjoyments of private life, and visited England—

Proud freedom's home, when slavery's ills impend—
The exile's hope, the way-worn wanderer's friend;
The beacon light, to which the nations steer'd,
When tempests beat, that even proud hearts fear'd;
The rainbow smiling o'er the clouds of war,
And heralding the ray of peace afar—

at that time the great focus of attraction to all the continental nations. He remained upwards of a year, familiarized himself

with her laws, customs, manners, and improvements, and paid particular attention to whatever related to domestic comfort and convenience; but above all, to every thing connected with landscape-gardening, a pursuit to which he devoted himself with the most unwearied assiduity, till he became thoroughly acquainted with its minutest details, both useful and ornamental.

On his return from England, he recommenced, with renewed activity, carrying into execution his long-projected and magnificent plans; when, malgré the difficulties interposed by the nature of the soil, the climate, and other obstacles, his perseverance at length surmounted every impediment; an immense tract of land was brought into the highest state of cultivation, while his park and pleasure-grounds, which vie in beauty and good taste with some of the very finest in England, have become objects of great admiration in Germany, where they bloom an oasis in the waste!

These improvements have considerably enhanced the value of his estates, which have been further benefited by the discovery of a mineral spring of great efficacy; in consequence of which, a bath establishment, consisting of a pump-room, assembly-rooms, coffee-houses, and numerous promenades have been constructed by the indefatigable proprietor. It is entitled "Herman's Bad," and is much resorted to during the bathing season; nothing has been neglected that is likely to conduce to the comfort and amusement of the visiters, and his own spacious park and pleasure-grounds are at all times open for their gratification.

The surrounding country is extremely picturesque, abounding in the most varied scenery, hills covered with almost impenetrable forests, while the winding stream of the crystal Niesse and its attendant lakes impart additional beauty and increased fertility. The drives and promenades are cheerful and diversified, forming a pleasing contrast with the wild scenery in its immediate vicinity.

The town of Muskau, Mosca, or Muzakow, which signifies in the Sclavonian language the "Town of Men," is of very ancient date; this is demonstrated by the various antiquities found in its neighbourhood. Previous to Christianity, when in possession of the Sorben Vandals, it was considered of such superior sanctity, that pilgrims were attracted from distant countries to visit its sacred groves, and traces of their religious rites are still visible.

If we may judge from the extent of the ruins which have been discovered, it must have been a town of great importance,

and was at one time a Roman station. Tradition still preserves the memory of the spot on which Mosca, the Roman commander, fell. At present, the entire population is under 1500, the majority of whom are of Vandal origin. It is generally believed that a colony of the ancient inhabitants founded the city of Moscow in Russia.

The original castle was built by Margrave John, the son of Siegfried of Ringelheim, who, for his victories over the Hungarians, received a grant of it from the Emperor Henry I. It was strongly fortified; as we find, in the year 1109, that the emperor Henry III. besieged it without success. However, it has since undergone many unfortunate reverses. In the year 1241, by an irruption of the Tartars, it was entirely reduced to ashes, together with the town of Muskau, and the whole surrounding country laid waste. It was shortly rebuilt, but again suffered during the thirty years' war from the Croatians under Tiefenbach, who plundered it, and destroyed the neighbouring villages; the conflagration was so extensive, that the woods continued burning for six weeks: finally, it was once more consumed by fire, through the carelessness of the Swedes, but was shortly re-erected in a style of increased splendour and magnificence.

It is at present a superb building, and whether we regard the style of the architecture, the correct taste displayed in laying out the pleasure-grounds and park, its beautiful situation surrounded by the Niesse, with the highly cultivated scenery in its proximity, and the forests and mountains in the background, we must felicitate the proprietor on possessing it, and envy him the proud pleasure of being the creator of its beauty. A dreary waste has been converted into a smiling landscape, to a wilderness has succeeded a pleasure-ground, the rhododendron rears its proud head where the heath formerly flourished, and dangerous morasses have become verdant lawns.

While the inventive hand of talent was employed in revolutionizing his estate, the prince amused himself by occasionally visiting Dresden and Berlin; and still retaining his early attachment for spirited adventures, he availed himself of an opportunity afforded in the year 1817, of ascending from the latter city in a balloon with the æronaut Reichhard; this event imparted to him additional celebrity.

He married the Countess Pappenheim, widow of the late count, and daughter of the Prince Hardenberg, state-chancellor of Prussia, whom he accompanied to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle. About this time, the post of ambassador at Constantinople was offered him, and in the year 1820, in conse-

quence of his talents and influence, he was solicited to accept an appointment under the crown; both these offers were declined.

He was created a prince in the year 1822, as a partial indemnification for the immense losses he sustained by the annexation of that part of Silesia,* in which his domains are situated, to the kingdom of Prussia.

Since his last visit to England and France, he has chiefly resided at Muskau, improving his estates, excavating mines, establishing alum works, and various other undertakings, conducive to the benefit of society. Through his patriotic exertions, industry and prosperity now characterize those peasants who were formerly distinguished for their poverty, idleness, and dishonesty, and he has the enviable gratification of having nearly eradicated pauperism, and thereby acquired the warm affections of a grateful and contented people.

Public opinion has since assigned him a high station in a domain of an entirely different description, namely, in the "kingdom of literature;" the name of Prince Pückler has been placed, by the award of criticism, among the most talented of his countrymen.

From the various reviews by Goëthe and other distinguished German writers, respecting the "Briefe eines Verstorbenen," we have selected the following:—

"These letters belong to the highest class of literature; they are at once elegant, interesting, and amusing, abound in useful information, and display in every page the cultivated mind of the scholar, and the man of taste and refinement: his descriptions of the manners and customs of England are animated and entertaining; her aristocracy, their wealth, influence, caprice, &c. are portrayed with a degree of vraisemblance rarely excelled.

"He is eminently successful in his pictures of nature, which are beautifully and accurately drawn; his representations of her gentler features, when ornamented and improved by the fostering hand of man, are faithful and pleasing; while those of her wild and more terrific forms are romantically sublime.

"An extensive tour through England afforded the author a wide field for observation, as that country has been long a pattern in all that relates to landscape-gardening, picturesque and beautiful domains; he characterizes their beauties and defects with the skilful hand of one completely master of the

* Formerly Lusatia.

subject, and evinces, when employed in criticising and describing architecture and the fine arts, the taste of the connoisseur, combined with the discerning judgment of one deeply sensible of their fascinating influence.

"He beguiles the attention of his readers with episodes of real life, jeux d'esprit, anecdotes, and romantic traditions; while the pleasing style in which they are related proves that his powers of narrative are not the least admirable among his endowments."

"We possess in these letters," says Varnhagen van Ense, "a beautiful ornament of German literature; that the author is a member of the highest class of society is abundantly evidenced. He is one of those rare meteors which unite the high distinction of birth, extensive erudition, unwearied mental activity, indefatigable industry, with the accomplishments of the man of the world and the gentleman."

His present work, which, it is understood, will be continued, has been very extensively circulated in Germany; and it is said the Prussian government intend giving their most serious attention to devise means for the reformation of those abuses which the author has so fearlessly and vividly denounced in the following pages.

E. S.

TUTTI FRUTTI.



THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

> 'Oh! there's a word, which on the raptur'd ear
> In accents falls more exquisite and dear
> Than vows of love, or music's softest tone,
> Which hath a spell of magic all its own.
> Less sweet, when first in youth we're doomed to roam,
> Sounds the belov'd, the hallow'd name of Home."
>
> ELIZA RENNIE.

FOR many years I had been a wanderer through this most strange and wonderful world, and at this moment I have just arrived from Africa, where I had been to visit the Pacha Mehemet Ali. I experienced a mingled sensation of pleasure and astonishment upon finding myself *post varios casus* once more in my native country; like that votary of pleasure who, after seeking for a new and more refined delight, ended by determining to sleep one night at home!

Occupied with these and similar reflections, I one evening jumped into my *droschke*, and "drove a steeple-chase," or, to speak more plainly, through fields and woods, over hill and dale, deep sands and stumps of trees, till I arrived at the lonely and unfrequented village of K—— W——.

My complexion was deeply bronzed, my hair of the darkest oriental hue, my dress, my carriage and its ornaments, my horses, my harness, all were of the same melancholy sable colour; this dark picture contrasted beautifully with the bright serenity that reigned in my own bosom, and which rarely leaves me when alone.

I might have been taken for a fashionable elegant travelling clergyman, or even for Mephistopheles himself, who, as we know from good authority, assumed the character of a doctor theologiæ.*

After travelling a short time, I came to a river which had widely overflowed its banks. It was on the third of May, and

* See Goëthe's Faust.

the snow was not entirely dissolved on the summit of the neighbouring mountains. The foaming torrent was dashing to atoms the last *rudera* of a broken bridge, and playfully danced and gambolled through the shattered fragments. Sclavonian peasants (but since their philanthropic emancipation no longer slaves) were employed in useless endeavours to bind together the remaining parts of the bridge.

I observed at a distance, that the river was broader, and its current less impetuous, and I hoped there to find a ford by which I might pass over. "What is the name of this river?" I demanded of a Vandal peasant, who stood staring at me, with open mouth and his hands thrust into the torn pockets of that article of dress the name of which is unpronounceable by ladies. "Black Schöps" (sheep), answered he, laconically, without being the least abashed, or appearing aware of the singular coincidence of the reply; though, for myself, I could not forbear reflecting upon the theological sables in which every thing belonging to me was arrayed.

After some delay and trouble, I succeeded in extracting from him that it was impossible to ford the river in that neighbourhood, and that I must content myself with taking a side road, which led to a small town on the great road, where I should be sure of finding comfortable quarters for the night. It was certainly a circuitous route; but, to a man accustomed to travel over the globe, it was of little importance, as he is always at home, or, at least, he can at any time take refuge in his carriage; the more uncertain and doubtful may be his future prospects, the more it enhances enjoyment; in fact, this unexpected interruption pleased me, as it aroused me from a sort of sleepy languor in which I had sunk; and giving the reins to my light Arabians, I arrived at my destination just as the sun was sinking behind the golden summits of the mountains.

A fat good-natured landlady came smilingly to meet me, her laughing eyes plainly indicating that she was anticipating the rich harvest she was likely to reap from such an unaccustomed guest, and she herself afforded me her powerful assistance to descend from the carriage.

Upon inquiry I found that every thing here was under the influence of that sign of the zodiac called the ram. The village was denominated Bocksberg (rams' hill); the river, as we before observed, was termed the Black Sheep; and the inn, a dark monastic building, was entitled the Golden Lamb! A representation of the latter was carved in stone, which, mutilated and pitiful, looked down upon me, in an attitude of contempla-

tion, from the projecting gable end of the house. It had been probably erected in former times as an emblem of the Redeemer, but was now degraded into a sign for an inn, while, instead of its former gilded fleece, it was now painted a bright yellow.

Notwithstanding the uninviting exterior of the gloomy inn, I was conducted into a spacious lofty chamber, in which was a gigantic four-post canopy bed, and this, together with the antique furniture, was more clean, neat, and convenient than is usually found in the small towns of our beloved country.

I cast my eyes around upon the walls; they were hung with half-decayed paintings and drawings, and I was not a little astonished to find among them a very striking portrait of one of my own family, who had been the guide and model of my youth.

"From whence have you procured this portrait?" demanded I of. the landlady. "May it please your grace, that is the Starost* B——, my old master and benefactor, whom I served as lady's-maid, or rather," said she, smiling, and suddenly correcting herself, "it was in the service of the countess that I lived for twenty-one years, and of that happy time this portrait still remains as a memorial."—"Oh, I understand you," said I, laughing, fixing my eyes steadfastly upon her. I saw that there was still visible, notwithstanding the furrows of age, some *beaux restes* of the waiting-maid's former beauty, and though more than twenty years had elapsed, yet I immediately recognised the acquaintance of fourteen.

Oh, Time! I saw in the countenance before me, as in a looking-glass, thy ravages, and I reflected with regret on the havoc thy effacing finger would make on myself. The usual civilities attending the revival of old acquaintanceship passed over, and on my part with the greatest cordiality; but in this I was surpassed by my new friend, who, though not a lady of distinction, had no cause to complain of my want of gallantry.

In this she was unlike the French lady who, after receiving a visit from one of her suitors, who seemed surprised at the alteration he found in her, exclaimed with vivacity, "Eh, monsieur, appellez-vous cela connaître?"

Poor Cathinka had already long since passed the sunny side of life; but, thank Heaven, that was not my case. She overwhelmed me with the most recherché flattery; even a practised courtier might have taken a lesson; among other

* A Polish title of a nobleman who is governor of a royal castle and the surrounding districts.—*Translator*.

things she did not forget to tell me of my youthful beauty, and reminded me of the never-to-be-forgotten masked ball given twenty-four years ago (to which I shall have occasion to refer at a future period), where there was not a more charming pair than the Countess B—— and myself; to which I answered with a sigh of mingled pleasure and regret. "Well, never mind," said Cathinka, "our youth and beauty have become a tale of other times, for I believe we are both of the same age." —"Thank Heaven!" said I, "you have made such a happy discovery; rest satisfied in your belief, and be assured that faith can do more than remove mountains."

In the mean time, as an old traveller, I did not lose sight of my usual principle, "qu'il faut faire flêche de tout bois," a proverb, the wisdom of which, when applied to the affairs of life, is inexhaustible; and as love was here no longer the order of the day, I resorted to the kitchen, having remembered that when Cathinka was young and pretty, she displayed considerable talent in the culinary art, and I therefore concluded that she was probably become by this time a most accomplished artist.

I took advantage of former reminiscences to fan into a flame the slumbering fire of my hostess's ambition, hoping she would exercise it upon that fire which was so necessary an appendage to her art.

She obligingly promised wonders, and, in truth, the *souper* was served in a style calculated to please a much more fastidious gourmand than myself; it was, indeed, far superior to what the external and monastic appearance of the Golden Lamb had led me to expect.

My kind readers must be by this time too well aware of my taste for terrestrial enjoyments, to doubt for a moment that I rendered all due honours to the talents of my accomplished cuisinière.

As soon as I had reduced to ashes two genuine Havanas, I sought repose, with my beloved government gazette in my hand, from which I gleaned the following important intelligence! A Russian courier had arrived, but what he came to *say* we are left to *guess*. The manager of the court theatre had celebrated his jubilee, and the company had sung, "All hail, with victory crowned!" And that the cross of honour, which already glitters on the breasts of myriads, was now conferred even upon his majesty's court tailor! whose acknowledgments for the honour were no doubt extremely edifying; but before I finished reading the article, sleep stole softly and insensibly upon me.

I had sojourned in the land of dreams about two hours, when a remarkably disagreeable sensation slowly awoke me; with pain and difficulty I opened my eyes, and believing that I was still dreaming, I beheld an old, sallow-looking woman standing before me, clothed in an antiquated dress of ash-gray colour. She looked sorrowfully down upon me as I lay in bed, and held in her hand a large key, while a bunch, consisting of several others, was suspended by her side.

Stupified by amazement, I gazed upon her; she carried in her other hand a lamp, which emitted a pale sickly flame; this she slowly raised above me, when its flickering light and feeble rays occasionally faintly illuminated her cadaverous countenance, while the mouldering decayed hangings floated in the dismal twilight.

I felt utterly enfeebled, whether by terror or by some supernatural influence I know not, but recovered my self-possession in a few seconds, and attempted to start from my bed to seize this unearthly-looking phantom, when she, with a half-sorrowful, half-angry countenance, menaced me with the uplifted key, and as I involuntarily fell back, suddenly pressed it upon my naked throat.

The touch of the cold steel seemed to enter my veins like the stab of a dagger, and for a moment I lost all consciousness. When I again looked around me, lamp and figure had vanished, and every object was once more shrouded in darkness. I fearfully turned my eyes towards the wall, where the spectre reappeared for a moment, slowly retreating, surrounded by a pale blue melancholy light. No, by Heaven! this is too foolish, said I, encouraging myself, and breaking out into a violent fit of forced laughter; is it possible to dream so absurdly? for no rational man can give it any other explanation. I sought for the decanter of water, and drank a large glass of it, then carefully groped with my hands through the room, until trembling with cold, and with my nerves unstrung, I returned to my bed, and, wrapping myself in the bed-clothes, did not awake till the light dawned through my windows; the daybeams chased away every remnant of the disagreeable feelings of the night; but I was much surprised to find that I had a severe pain in my neck, and that it was slightly swollen.

My toilet, which was made conformably with the rules laid down by Goëthe for a man of forty, was only half-finished when Cathinka made her appearance with the coffee; the moment she opened the door, "Tell me," said I, "how is it that you permit such lovely female visiters to entertain your guests

in your old Gothic *neste?*"—" Heavenly mercy!" stammered Cathinka, at the same time nearly dropping the pot of boiling coffee, "most certainly the wife of the treasurer Rasius!"

"What have you to do with the treasurer Rasius?"—" Ah, my honoured lord, the pleasure I felt in seeing you destroyed all recollection of the room to which I had conducted you; yes, it is too true; though for a long time the apparition has not appeared, and, singular to say, seems to have come now for the sake of alarming you!"

"No, no," rejoined I, my vanity somewhat piqued, "the ghost perhaps chose the worst person in the world on whom to make an impression; but what is it then about this foolish apparition?"

"Oh, Jesus Maria! do not attempt to insult the spirit; who knows but you may be the person destined to find the treasure, the crown, the cross, and all together?"

"My good Cathinka, what folly! I have already discovered a lost treasure in thee, but those which consist of gold and jewels I have never yet been so fortunate as to find; besides, I believe it is more my destiny to lose than gain. But sit down, take your coffee with me, and relate the history."

Cathinka did not require a second invitation, but placing herself opposite to me, after hearing my adventures during the night, continued as follows:

"About the beginning of the last century, there reigned here the rich and powerful Count P——, of whom you must have often heard; he possessed nearly all the extensive, but now divided, lordships in the province, and resided principally at his hunting-seat in uninterrupted tranquillity and splendour, the ruins of which are still visible in the neighbouring forest. He was kind and munificent towards the poor, and universally beloved. When about fifty years of age, he fell in love with a citizen's daughter of this town; she was beautiful and amiable, and though only a poor lace-maker, yet her virtue resisted all attempts to subdue it. At length, notwithstanding her low birth, he consented to marry her. His immense domains were a feudal tenure, and the presumptive heir was a cousin, a man of bad character and ill conduct, and was thought capable of perpetrating any deed, however foul; he therefore left no method untried to prevent his rich cousin from marrying.

"Things were in this state, when the count one day returned from hunting, and after partaking of some refreshment, became almost immediately very unwell. It was darkly rumoured that his presumptive heir was answerable for his illness. There

had been suddenly contracted a violent intimacy between him and the treasurer Rasius. This man was of a dark, morose disposition; but the character of his wife was even still more disliked, and the whole country believed her capable of committing any act, however bad, which her interest or inclination prompted.

"The count, after a severe and lingering illness, slowly recovered, but never regained the full possession of his faculties; he became a prey to the deepest melancholy, sat day and night in a darkened chamber, and spoke of nothing but his beloved Maria, who, during his indisposition, suddenly disappeared from her native town.

"When this event was first announced, the count was inconsolable; grief rendered him nearly frantic, but, to the surprise of his attendants, he all at once became peaceful and tranquil; he waited the return of his Maria with patient resignation, for he was constantly assured that she would certainly be with him the following day, and his only pleasure appeared to be in that hope.

"He purchased for her the most expensive ornaments and jewels; he had a statue of her carved in wood, which he placed in the centre of his apartment, and is now to be seen in the castle of a prince in Silesia. He was accustomed to amuse himself in the most childish manner with the wooden figure, believing it to be his beloved Maria, and adorned it with jewels, dresses, and finery of every description.

"It is singular that, from the commencement of his delirium, he attached himself to the treasurer Rasius, made him his bosom friend, and was scarcely ever separated from him. This excited the more surprise, as previous to this event the count had ever treated him with neglect, and had invariably displayed towards him the most rooted antipathy; and yet to this man only was confided the custody of the precious image; he alone was permitted to bring it when the count wished to see it, and to return it in the most mysterious manner to its place of concealment. The wealth that had been lavished on it was immense, the crown which encircled the head was so valuable that the diadem of the King of Poland was a mere theatrical gewgaw when compared with it, and a cross of rubies was so rich that it would require the revenue of more than one prince to purchase it.

"In a short time the count was declared incapable, in consequence of his mental alienation, of managing his affairs, and his profligate cousin died most unexpectedly after a short illness.

"In the absence of an heir, his feudal estates reverted to the crown, and now commenced the absolute, uncontrolled reign of the dreaded, unprincipled Rasius.

"It was to the unhappy subjects a reign of tyranny and terror.

"The unfortunate sufferer himself was confined to his own hunting-seat, but the secret of his fate ever remained involved in mystery. It is probable that, after many years of confinement and insanity, nature became exhausted, for his death was publicly announced, and his lifeless corse exposed to the gaze of his once happy subjects, to whom he had invariably evinced the attachment of a friend and a father; the altered appearance of the body gave rise to many dark mysterious reports and surmises; it was said that, when Rasius approached the state-bed, the deceased opened his eyes, which appeared to gaze frowningly on his jailer, and were with difficulty again closed.

"As there was no heir, the officers of the crown took possession of the domains of the late count, and of a small sum of money, but the valuable jewels belonging to the statue were never heard of, and their destination remains to this day unknown. Rasius resigned his office as treasurer, and purchased the monastery for his dwelling-house which I now occupy as an inn.

"He established himself in the most magnificent style of living, but always seemed as if some secret grief was corroding his soul, while every year brought fresh desolation to his house, for death smote in succession his four children.

"He became misanthropic, and his inhospitable gates were equally barred against friend and stranger; he passed his days without any other society than that of his demon-wife; my grandmother knew her well, and often informed me of her utter inability to sleep—like Lady Macbeth, she was to be seen walking backwards and forwards through the long corridors, dressed in the same costume in which you, my lord, last night beheld her. Many others have also seen in this chamber the same unhappy spirit; that part of the wall through which you saw her vanish was the door which formerly led into her room, and which my husband twelve years since closed up. But, alas! what avails it to people of her class, to whom it is as easy to enter through a wall as it is to us mortals through a door!

"But, to finish my story, which I fear you have already found too long, I shall only add, that we must all die, and so

it befell the wicked Rasius; but Heaven preserve us from following him to his destination. Of all his relatives or children, the only survivor was his unhappy wife, whose nocturnal promenades were the terror of the whole household; at length her hour struck; courier after courier was despatched to her sister, who resided at a considerable distance; the large key she never parted from day or night, but incessantly cried most anxiously for her sister. She made use of the most horrible imprecations, uttered curses which no mortal may repeat, and my sainted grandmother never mentioned her name without crossing herself.

"Her sister came not! and the miserable woman constantly held in her clenched hand the massive key, which they were obliged to bury with her, as her dead fingers grasped it with the force of an iron vice, and the most powerful efforts to unloose it were ineffectual.

"Every room in the house was searched for the treasure; the floors were taken up, the cellars examined, the garden dug up, but all in vain, and the only person who has become enriched is the apothecary, whose house once formed part of this; he fished up some old plate out of the draw-well, engraved with the arms of the P—e family. Whether he has found the whole treasure I cannot tell, as the unhappy spirit still makes her nightly visits and perambulations, and always disappears through the same closed-up door. My poor dear husband once beheld her, but I, God forgive the sin! derided his tale; however, from your adventure last night, I now firmly believe that the hidden treasure is concealed in that room, and I will have it immediately explored, for who can tell what will happen? still, ill-gotten wealth does not prosper, and perhaps it would be better to leave it to the care of the evil one; what think you, my lord?"

"Most certainly," I replied, "it is not prudent to eat cherries with such illustrious personages as his satanic majesty!"

. . . "Lord Jesus!" shrieked Cathinka, and fell senseless on the floor. I involuntarily turned my eyes towards the door, and beheld a being similar to that which I had seen during the night, with an uplifted key in her hand, turning with a half-laughing, frightful-looking grin towards me; to spring up and seize her, with no very gentle hand, was the work of a moment, but the flesh and blood which I felt, and the miserable whine which she uttered, caused me immediately to unloose my grasp.

"From whence comest thou, and what willest thou here?" cried I, sternly, irritated as I was by terror. The only answer which I received was an incomprehensible murmur, while she again lifted up the key.

Cathinka at this moment opened her eyes and gazed upon the gray unknown; then immediately starting up with recovered roses in her cheeks, exclaimed, "Is it possible, Liese! and with the lost key of my garden-gate? The poor wretch has been nearly the death of me; but how has she got in here, and what has she been doing during the night?"

A pantomimic dialogue now commenced between them, when Cathinka assured me that the dumb idiot had not been my nightly visiter, for that she had only this moment entered the room, having found the large garden-key, which had been lost yesterday, and that she had passed the night down stairs, where, out of compassion, a bed had been arranged for her.

So then, thought I, Liese is the sleep-walker; but after a more minute examination, I observed that her clothes, the form of the key, and her whole appearance, were altogether different from that of my nocturnal visiter; and even granting it was Liese, how could she have procured the antiquated lamp? and how could she have disappeared through the wall? which I was positively certain she did; and thus I was as full of doubts as ever, and no other way of accounting for my vision remained, except by imagining that I had fallen into a sort of magnetic slumber. I was too skeptical to believe that I had really seen a supernatural being; and my enlightened readers, who, I dare say, are still more so, will certainly entertain even stronger doubts.

But the time of my departure arrived; I presented poor Liese with a recompense for my rough treatment, took a cordial farewell of my old friend the hostess, and proceeded to the ruins of the Hunting Tower, in which the old Count P—— breathed his last.

Thus I left this ominous small town in a somewhat singular frame of mind. It was such a one as might have given rise to either weeping or laughing; or, like the "Knight of La Mancha," it might have led me to take each windmill for a giant.

I continued my route for some time absorbed in contemplation, and wove one web of speculation after another, until I was suddenly aroused from my revery by the loud gabbling of a flock of geese. Upon looking up, I perceived two large gray ganders arrayed against each other in mortal combat. I pic-

tured them to my imagination as two knightly princes, who, armed in a panoply of gray feathers, were disputing their individual rights; while the ladies, arrayed in a circle, like the high dames in a balcony, encouraged their champions with their gentle feminine gabble, and with their long necks extended towards heaven, invoked the god of war to crown with victory the warrior they most loved.

I could not help admiring the devoted courage of these feathered combatants, who returned again and again to the charge, so unlike the princes of our own species, who leave their contests and dissensions to be decided by the geese, their subjects; and these are so obliging as to fight till death for interests not their own.

I, however, as a higher power, humanely interfered to terminate the deadly strife, and resolved at a future time to pen the record of their bravery with their own feathers.

Then am not I also a species of feathered knight, a member of the newly-revived order of *Force is Law*, but who, instead of drawing a sword, wield a quill, which, in the hands of him who is accomplished in its exercise, will inflict a wound deeper than that of the sword?

It is not a little singular that the most influential and formidable feathered heroes of modern times have the same name as the mighty sword heroes of olden time: I mean the Ritter Burggrafen* of ancient Germania, who were called *Advocati.*

An extensive forest now received me into her lonely shades;

* Knight earls, proprietors of fortified castles and the adjoining districts, originally held by feudal tenure of the emperor. In many instances they exercised the rights of a sovereign. The principal towns whose names terminate in burg, for instance, Magdeburg, Augsburg, Coburg, Salzburg, &c., were formerly fortified towns and earldoms. They were a most powerful class in the middle ages, constituted the aristocracy of that period, and lived in great military splendour. Renowned for their bravery, with a power almost despotic, they were objects of dread alike to the emperor and the people. Acts of the most atrocious cruelty are recorded of them. They were eternally warring with each other, and in too many instances were supported entirely by rapine. These castles, almost invariably situated upon high hills, were at that time nearly impregnable. The ruins are still visible in almost every part of Germany, particularly in Thuringia, on the banks of the Danube, the Rhine, and the Neckar. One reason of their preference for these situations was, that they were accustomed to throw chains across the rivers, for the purpose of intercepting the boats, either to compel the owners to pay toll, or to rob them. The stones to which the chains were attached are in some places yet visible. The title still exists, but the power has passed away into other hands, namely, the thirty-five sovereign princes who now reign over Germany.—*Translator.*

the timid game broke here and there through the crackling brambles; the cuckoo, like Kobold's* scream, sounded its mystic note of spring; the wonted composure of my breast returned, and I dismissed all recollection of the disagreeable vision of the preceding night.

At length I arrived at the termination of my journey, after a tiresome drive, owing to the difficulty of finding my way through unfrequented paths; and here, upon the sloping declivity of a hill, was situated the ruins of the Hunting Tower, where the unhappy count closed his existence of suffering.

The romantic environs were beautifully contrasted with its dreary history: majestic pines, which had flourished for centuries, overspread with their black folding mantles the blooming lawns and meadows; young groves of birch, with their tender shooting leaves and rich foliage, covered the deep vale, and the small streams rushed through the alder-bushes and underwood, like innumerable lizards, in a thousand fantastic windings, until it lost itself behind the crumbling walls of the old tower.

How beautiful, how glorious are thy works, O God! was my mental prayer. It is thy creation alone! By what secret destiny is it that man is excluded from enjoying it? Why does he roll for ever the stone of Sisyphus, while the birds of the air sing and carol, and the flowers of the field exhale their balmy fragrance, thoughtless of the following day? Dearly do we pay for our superior knowledge, dearly for the enjoyed fruit of the forbidden tree!

In this manner I soliloquized, and felt alternately both pain and pleasure. Then, how unfathomable are the depths of our soul! I wished to vent my rapturous feelings upon some living object of God's creation, and as no other presented itself, I embraced and patted my magnificent horse Rustan, once the charger of a fanatical Mechabite, but now Pegasus in the car of a Christian philosopher.

That noble animal, conformably with the instinct implanted in him by nature, and like all true Arabians, whether on the banks of the Red Sea or the Black Schöps, displays the greatest sagacity, and, like a faithful dog, fawning with affection upon his master, now showed his delight in his bright expressive eye, and endeavoured by every sign of mute eloquence to make me understand that he comprehended my tenderness for him, and participated in it.

For such horses we may, I think, be permitted to feel a sort

* A German goblin.

of passion. It is most unjust in the writers of ancient and modern romances to ridicule noblemen for their attachment to horses and dogs; is it not desirable to have some living object upon which to place the affections? whereas, in the present day, both noble and citizen are principally attached to their purses.

The wandering Arabs are more interested in a horse than a man, and treat him with greater distinction. This reminds me of a French general who had a command in the expedition to Egypt. At a later period of his military career he marched through my domain on that *partie de plaisir* to Russia, to behold the sublime illumination of Moscow; he remained for some days at my castle, which he appeared to regard as his own, and extended his courtesy so far as to invite me every day to dinner in my own house! This brave man returned to me on his retreat, and begged, *pour Dieu*, that I would give him an old coat. During the time he remained with me, he related many anecdotes of the Arabian horses; some extremely interesting, and among others one of a captain of a band of robbers, who possessed two genuine Nedjyds, through whose fleetness he set all dread of captivity at defiance: their genealogy he traced to the time of Abraham. The abode of the robber was a small fortress in the midst of the desert, surrounded by a deep moat sixteen feet broad. Himself and son, a lad of about fifteen, were the only inhabitants. It had no bridge or communication with the mainland, and every time they left their fastness, or returned to it, their fleet and faithful Nedjyds, like winged Mercuries, bore them safely across the moat, while the rest of the band lay encamped in tents on the sands.

I begged permission to doubt the correctness of their genealogy, supported, as I was, by the authority of Burckhardt. The general exclaimed in a passion, "Comment, monsieur, vous en doutez? Savez vous qu'il n'y a pas un cheval de race parmi les Arabes, qui n'ait son extrait baptistaire?"—"Dans ce cas," answered I, "les missionaires, ont été plus heureux en Arabie que dans l'Ind."

He observed his blunder, and laughed heartily; for with this amiable, thoughtless people every thing terminates in a laugh: and when, at a later period, I equipped the brave fellow from my wardrobe, his risible muscles were again strongly excited, as he assured me "que la dernière campagne avait été diablement fraîche," but promised to repay me with interest the following year; but it so happened that at Grossgörschen* the

* Where an important battle was fought between the combined armies of Russia and Prussia against the French, in the year 1813; both armies

powerful Herr von Rumpelmeier* drew upon him a bill of exchange, which he vainly protested, and thus I lost both principal and interest.

If my readers believe that any singular adventure took place within the decayed walls of the lonely Hunting Tower, or that I found in a niche a blotted half-mouldering manuscript, or that the riddle of the preceding night was unravelled, I am sorry to say that they will be disappointed.

I forgot to tell thee, beloved reader, that I was accompanied by a servant, a dumb Moor; and if it were compatible with my convenience, I would have him blind also, like the fair Italian in the opera, who wished for a husband gifted with both these accommodating defects. To a fantastical hermit like myself nothing is more disagreeable than the tiresome observations of a prattling servant; besides I require very little attendance, as I can perform for myself those services which are absolutely necessary, add to which, my horses and black servant admirably understand each other.

I gave the latter the reins, and threw myself back in the carriage, for the sake of enjoying more completely the beauties of nature and my own thoughts.

We passed through several smiling villages; the young seeds bursting from their earthly prison; the blue heavens, the fruit trees covered with the first blossoms of spring, the lindens, the sweet balmy air,—all together would have sufficed to make a less fertile tract of earth a paradise!

Absorbed in such exhilarating feelings, I entered, as it were, the temple of God, my own religious thoughts; for the presence of our Heavenly Father is diffused over all space, hence he is not the mysterious invisible being which some theologians represent him, and many philosophers seek for. He appears to each individual in a different form, and the most cultivated mind is capable of feeling and understanding him under other names and familiar representations; one sees him in the object of his dearest affections; another in the sublime magnificence of the setting sun; a third in the majestic dome of the forest, animated by myriads of aerial songsters; or in

claim the victory; the Germans call it in their annals the battle of Grossgörschen, while the French term it the battle of Lützen. This was also the theatre of the celebrated conflict in the year 1632, between the Swedes, commanded by the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, and the imperialists, under Wallenstein; the two greatest generals of their time. The Swedes were victorious, but they lost their heroic king.

* A figurative expression for a cannon.

the pure enjoyment which results from the performance of a benevolent action, and in a hundred others; but in all these one unerring sign always appears where God is present, and without him it is never visible, namely, pure heavenly happiness.

Believe not, therefore, frail mortal, that this happiness is only found in the Bible or in the Koran, with priests or with mollahs, in the church or the mosque; be assured it exists wherever thy spotless soul elevates itself to the Almighty, and thou art found practising the precepts of strict morality. God, therefore, be praised, the cross and suffering, self-denial, sacrifice of animals, and death, are not necessary; but love for God and the whole human race—this is true religion; it is consolation, protection, and happiness; it ensures to thee every pleasure that reason sanctions, and redoubles it by holiness and sanctification.

Wherever thy worship and adoration is offered up, whether in the temple of God or the temple of nature, let it be the offering of thanksgiving and gratitude.

In this frame of mind I found myself, and sung, as it were, "for a wager with the lark," my hymn between the exordium and the sermon, when I turned my eyes towards a bleak, uncultivated hill, upon which was erected a high gibbet, surrounded by waving multitudes of human beings.

It reminded me of the old story of the shipwrecked mariner, who was cast upon what he believed to be an uninhabited island, till, suddenly beholding a gallows, roared out with a burst of joy, God be praised! I am in a civilized land.

I cannot say this herald of civilization afforded me the same satisfaction, and though I admit their necessity, yet I detest executions ever since I beheld an old man of seventy-five hung at Berne, in Switzerland, for stealing linen from a bleaching ground, about three shillings and sixpence in value; add to which, when I was very young, I saw a poor soldier, in the town of K——, run the gauntlet,* for life and death, merely

* A military punishment, now much in disuse, and, for the sake of humanity, it is to be hoped that it will become entirely obsolete, and be left to moulder among the remnants of barbarism from whence it emanated. It was inflicted in the following manner: two rows of soldiers were placed in parallel lines, opposite each other, armed with a switch; the unhappy delinquent was stripped to the middle, and thus compelled to run between the lines, the length of which was determined by the enormity of the crime; the soldiery were obliged to strike him as he passed, and the unfortunate offender has not unfrequently fallen a victim to its severity.—*Translator.*

for collaring an inhuman lieutenant, but who, notwithstanding, has since become a general of distinction.

It has invariably been my rule, whenever I meet with any thing worthy of observation, not to pass it by unnoticed; I therefore descended from my carriage and mingled among the spectators.

The criminal was a murderer, and circumstances of fearful interest were connected with the deed, and if we assent to the right of justice to proceed thus far, in this instance, at least, she had sufficient excuse.

The organ of cruelty must have been strongly developed in the miserable delinquent, as when young, and during the time he was employed as a shepherd's boy, the juvenile monster took the faithful dog who shared with him the care of the flock, amputated his legs, put out his eyes, and in this horribly mutilated state buried him in the sand up to the head, which he then smeared over with honey. Human nature is outraged by acts of such fearful atrocity!

This instance of barbarity appears to me more culpable than the murder of a human being, which is perpetrated from motives of interest. For crimes committed against the brute creation there is no law, and the highest order of animals can as little judge the actions of men, as we can those of angels or demons.

Would not a better system of education, not only in the seminaries for youth, but even for adults in the great school of society, by a reform and revision of the penal laws, and their improved administration, be the means of sparing humanity a thousand such revolting spectacles?

Sanguinary punishments are of little efficacy in preventing crime, for the state of general intelligence and the tone of public opinion are the soil out of which spring both good and evil: the axe will certainly cut down the full-grown tree, but new sprouts shoot rapidly out of the ground when it is manured with gore.

Society, when she neglects the inculcation of right principles in her members, must eventually be herself the sufferer; but the consequences of crime will overtake the individual still sooner, either by the punishment awarded by the law, or, if he escapes that, by the ignominy and shame which hunt him from his fellow-men; or, if he evades both these, by the stings of an upbraiding conscience, which will constantly goad him with the dread of one of these alternatives, namely, the loss of that

power which protects him, or the discovery of the crime which now lies buried in obscurity.

It is true there are exceptions to all this, but we must feel that it is a dangerous experiment to war against public opinion, to contemn the judgment of those among whom we live; for as man is a being destined for society, he finds that the knowledge of himself is only elicited by collision with his fellow-men. For, as Goëthe beautifully says, "It is only man in a state of society who perfectly comprehends even inanimate nature, and it is certainly only man in a social state who dignifies, exalts, and honours human nature."

Most certainly the boundless universe also acknowledges and exhibits the perfection of God, of that divinity which lives in Him and with Him!

The unfortunate wretch who now stood on the verge of eternity had declared on examination, and without evincing the slightest remorse, that he had murdered his comrade merely to become the possessor of a *new coat*, and that he could not resist the temptation which the helpless condition of his sleeping victim afforded him. For the sake of humanity let us hope that such deeds are committed under the influence of insanity.

For this culprit it was impossible to feel the slightest sympathy, as he appeared determined to display every vice, and exhibited in his last moments the most abject cowardice. He lost all self-possession, and the young priest who assisted him up the scaffold was also much agitated; he repeated with the criminal the Lord's Prayer, the words of which the already half-dead malefactor mechanically muttered.

This prayer was certainly on this occasion ill selected; for it seemed frightfully ironical in a man to pray "*Give us this day our daily bread*," who in a few seconds was to lose his head! The rude multitude laughed, and several revolting irreverent jests fell upon my ear.

The sinner, whose eyes had been already bound, faintly and indistinctly repeated the prayers as they fell from the lips of the ashy-pale spiritual monitor; the last syllable was scarcely pronounced when a melancholy heart-rending groan was heard, and the severed head fell beneath!

"It is very strange," said an old gray-headed peasant, who stood near me, "but there was dancing again last night under the lindens."

"How so, old man? What do you mean?" and I turned with an expression of intense curiosity towards the speaker.

"Ah! it is easy to tell that the gentleman is a stranger.

Look to the left; do you see that other hill, which appears like the twin brother of this on which we are now standing, with the linden-trees on its summit?"

"Certainly," answered I; for that singular group had already arrested my attention, where seven old linden trunks, entwined serpent-like together, formed at the top one beautiful overshadowing leafy bower.

"Now, then," continued my informer, "as long as I can remember, and that is a long time, whenever any person was to be executed on the hill, the night previous to it all those who had formerly suffered were obliged to dance under the seven lindens you see on yonder hill, during the time that the tower clock of Rosenau was striking twelve. The demon ball did not continue longer, but whoever once saw it remembered it as long as he lived.

"The rat-catcher to the Count of Rosenau beheld it from the beginning to the end, the night before Red Nickel was broke upon the wheel.

"The moon was at its full, and so bright that you might have picked pins upon the earth. Old Schuldman, for that was the name of the above-mentioned chamber-hunter (kammer-jäger), was returning home from one of his rat-killing expeditions, singing his little carol in praise of his own prowess: part of the song I well remember, it was as follows:—

'Long time I've reign'd o'er mice and rats,
For lawyers I've employ'd the cats,
Who never cease to snarl and bite
From night till morn, from morn till night.

'One remedy alone I give,
Which, like all doctors' draughts and pills,
Soon bids the small *deer* cease to live,
For Poison quickly cures or kills.'

He did not sing from pleasure, but to chase away his fears in passing the dreaded spot. The poisoning old churl was disliked throughout the whole country, because he took advantage of his influence with the Count of Rosenau to injure those whom he disliked; besides this, old Schuldman was an uncivil ill-natured fellow; and, notwithstanding he was now in the decline of life, yet his surly moroseness made him still feared, but it was now his own turn to tremble.

"The old man had fortified himself well on that day without eating and drinking, because, being at the castle, it cost

him nothing, as it was always his rule at home to have his larder very scantily furnished. On the strength of such good cheer he hobbled along, with an oaken cudgel in his hand, and a large rat-catcher's sign painted on the back of his coat, as fast as his gouty legs would permit, towards the fatal lindens, beneath which his road led him.

"At that moment the tower clock of Rosenau commenced striking midnight! but ere its first stroke vibrated on the air, a spectral figure jumped out of the thick linden branches, attired in a convict's dress, and fell at his feet, but, like a falling cat, immediately recovered his legs.

"The renowned chamber-hunter was almost dead with fear, and lay motionless, as if he had been bewitched; quick as a flash of lightning, another felon sprung from the linden bower, then a third, and before the second stroke of the tower clock, six pair of horrid mutilated figures danced before him.* At this moment, an orchestra appeared in the boughs of the trees; the most frightful-looking figures that human fancy can depict, were blowing horns, beating drums, scraping fiddles, rattling cymbals, in one clash of discord; and then the vocal music! it seemed as if all the choristers of his infernal majesty were let loose upon earth, sounds resembling the mewing of cats, the chattering of monkeys, the roaring of bulls, the whooping of owls, the braying of asses, the death-howl of dogs, the yells of maniacs, all were mingled in one wild terrific concert.

"The appearance of the waltzing phantoms was perfectly appalling; those who had been hung exhibited their livid countenances and blood-shot eyes; those who had been beheaded were tossing their heads in the air, like a French tambour-major, throwing up his staff to keep time with the music; and, lastly, came one who had been broken on the wheel, with his fractured limbs and dislocated joints, dancing before the others like a hampelman, as if he were waiting for Red Nickel, who was so soon to become his partner.

"The fiendish concert ceased, a death-like silence ensued, and the ghosts commenced singing, with sepulchral voices, the following chorus:—

'Oh, Schuldman! thou art now our guest,
But fear not for thy head,
There's nothing in that empty nest,
So thou hast naught to dread.

* As the noble author omitted to furnish his dancers with a band of music, the translator has taken the liberty to supply the deficiency.

'One hundred years thou'lt live, and then
Thy martyred rats may cheer;
For hell's great judge shall thee condemn,
To scratch* behind thine ear.'

"When this was finished, the man who had been broke upon the wheel rushed forward to seize Schuldman, as if he mistook him for his expected partner, Red Nickel.

"The brow of the unhappy rat-catcher was bathed with the cold perspiration of agonizing fear, his hair stood erect, his brain reeled, and, in the extreme of mortal anguish, he mustered all his courage and gave heel-money.†

"Horror lent him wings, and gave the strength and vigour of youth to his gouty legs; once only, as the clock told its last stroke, he mustered courage to look behind him, when he beheld the entire brood sink into the earth with the most horrible howls and imprecations!

"But to conclude the history of the rat-catcher: when he had twice celebrated his jubilee, that is, when he was 100 years of age, he married a young wife; afterward he became childish, and died enjoying the full honours of his profession. The prophecy of the bad spirits that he should go to hell, has not been fulfilled, as the priest, Father W., assured us that his sentence had been commuted to spending 500 years in purgatory as a blacksmith, which, after all, is a trifle compared with being roasted to all eternity in hell-fire!"

* The Germans, in general, when irritated, embarrassed, pleased, or in deep meditation, particularly if the subject of their meditations is not easily comprehensible, may frequently be seen performing this little action with great energy.—*Translator.*

† Fersengeld had its origin in an old German law, which enacted that any person who deserted his companions on the field of battle should pay a fine.—*Translator.*

TUTTI FRUTTI.

A VISIT TO THE ESTABLISHMENT

OF THE

HERRNHUTERS.

AN

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

THE EVANGELICAL BRETHREN,

COMMONLY CALLED

HERRNHUTERS.

As the author of this work received his early education among the society of Herrnhuters (or Evangelical Brethren), and as its pages will sufficiently attest the depth of the tinge which in some instances was given to his mind by his youthful associations, I have ventured to compile a slight account of their customs, manners, religion, &c., which will, at least, tend to elucidate on some points the opinions of our author.

About the seventeenth century, great numbers of destitute wanderers arrived in Saxony from the interior of Bohemia and Moravia, to escape the persecution of the Austrian government, which was at this time completely under the control of the Jesuits; the unfortunate refugees found no safety even in the most inaccessible mountains and impenetrable forests of their native country, from their relentless pursuers; and they were driven onward till they arrived among the followers of Luther, who afforded them shelter and protection. Their exemplary conduct amply justified the hospitality of their benefactors, and made many proselytes to their religion; among these was Count Zinzendorf, who exercised a most important influence upon the destiny of the new sect, and may be termed in a certain sense their founder.

This extraordinary man was born at Dresden, about the year 1700; his father, who possessed a high character for probity and talent, died when he was very young, by which event his early education was confided to the Baroness Gersdorf, his grandmother, who was remarkably pious, and possessed a highly cultivated understanding; the lessons she implanted in the ardent, sensitive temperament of her young

pupil awakened in him the most enthusiastic religious feelings; for, among other excesses of piety, he was accustomed during his childhood to write letters to the Saviour, and throw them out of the window, in the expectation that the Redeemer would find them!

As he advanced in years, his enthusiasm, or rather his fanaticism, grew with him, until it assumed exclusive possession of his mind; finally, he determined to dedicate himself to the support and propagation of his newly adopted tenets. He gave the exiles permission to settle on his estates in Upper Lusatia in Saxony, where they erected villages, the chief of which they termed Herrnhut; this appellation is derived from a neighbouring mountain, the form being thought to resemble a man's hat. A memorial stone indicates the spot where the first tree was cut down by the orders of their benefactor in the year 1722. In process of time he caused himself to be consecrated bishop of the society, and at a subsequent period visited the West Indies, North and South America, and Africa, for the purpose of propagating his religious doctrines.

The indefatigable and ardent industry which he evinced in the prosecution of his favourite object excited the admiration and astonishment of his contemporaries. He wrote upwards of a hundred religious books, tracts, catechisms, and hymns: many of the latter are of a very singular description; a few are inserted by the author in this work. In addition to this he maintained a most voluminous correspondence, in reply to the numerous attacks which were made upon the tenets of the new sect.

After devoting forty years to establish the prosperity of his religion upon a secure foundation, he had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts crowned with success; for the society had become wealthy, numerous, and important, and the consolation was afforded him of dying among them at Herrnhut, in the year 1760. His remains are deposited in the cemetery upon the mountain; a simple slab of larger dimensions than ordinary is the unostentatious memorial which indicates to the society the last resting-place of their revered patron.

Herrnhut is pleasantly situated between Löbau and Zittau, at the base of a chain of mountains; it is the central point of the government and commerce of the sect, and the church here possesses the jurisdiction over the corresponding societies, which are scattered in different parts of the globe.

On several occasions, when demanded the nature of their faith by the sovereigns of Germany, their unvarying answer

has been that they professed the doctrines of the Augsburg confession; but though this embraces the leading points of their belief, yet the distinguishing characteristic of their religion is their constant reference to their inward feelings and inspirations, and the importance they attach to them. In this they resemble, in some degree, the Society of Friends; however, the paramount feature of their creed is their belief in the omnipotent influence of the Saviour; for in the same manner as the Catholics worship and invoke the intercession of the Madona, they offer their petitions to the Throne of Grace only through the instrumentality of the Mediator, the "Lamb of God, who bears the sins of the world;" in whose name all their actions are performed. When any important event occurs, they usually exclaim, "It is the will of the Saviour!" And it is only through the conviction of his internal influence being exercised over their minds that they commence any momentous undertaking. Although it must be obvious that this is the means of leading them into many errors, yet the excellence of their moral character is not surpassed by that of any other religious sect. They erect, as it were, a barrier between themselves and the temptations, the vices, the vanities of the world; all demoralizing amusements are peremptorily forbidden; and even those which, though innocent in themselves, are capable of being perverted, such as romance reading, cards, dice, &c., are equally denounced; but in lieu of these, they have their love-feasts, tea and coffee parties, music, and promenades. They regard the Bible as the revealed Word of God; and the manner in which Divine service is performed is imposing from its simplicity; for this purpose a light spacious apartment is selected, unadorned by gilding, painting, or sculpture, but in which the most scrupulous regard is paid to cleanliness; instead of the altar is placed a table, covered with green cloth. Divine worship is performed three times daily, and each time it occupies about half an hour. The Sabbath is strictly observed by prayer, reading the Scriptures, sermons, and singing; the latter, in which all join, accompanied by music, is the most sublime part of their public worship; it elevates the soul to God, inspires religious sentiments, relieves monotony, softens the feelings, and is particularly distinguished by its grand solemnity, when the universal burst of thanksgiving ascends as incense to the heavenly regions, an offering of gratitude to the Author and Giver of all good! They endeavour by its means to soften the horrors of death; for, when any member departs this life, it is announced

by a performance of sacred music from the highest towers of their churches, and the corpse is conveyed to the cemetery upon a white bier, accompanied by the thrilling blasts of wind-instruments, the character of the music being more indicative of joy and thanksgiving than of sorrow. As far as possible they disarm death of its sting, which they term "going home," and never lament or mourn for the dead.

They have several festivals, some general, and others peculiar to the separate classes; among these the most interesting is one at midnight, on the last day of the year; and that on Easter Sunday, when they meet in the cemetery at daybreak, to commemorate the resurrection of our Saviour, by singing hymns, music, and thanksgiving. The Lord's Supper, which is celebrated every fourth Sunday, is also an interesting ceremony.

Their doctrine and discipline, though on some points bordering on fanaticism, yet challenge in others the most unqualified admiration. The firmness and resignation with which they endure the vexations and sorrows of life, the result of their immoveable conviction in the divine origin of their faith, is not the least beautiful feature of their character, and this undoubting belief in revealed religion tends to make these interesting people more happy than all the philosophical writings of Kant, Spinoza, and other metaphysicians, who have disturbed the world by propagating ideas on a subject which no mortal possesses the intellect to comprehend, and which have only the effect of producing skepticism, and thereby rendering man doubting, discontented, and miserable. For as Beattie in his Minstrel truly says:—

"Dark cold-hearted skeptics, creeping, pore
Thro' microscope of metaphysic lore;
And much they grope for truth, but never hit,
For why? their powers, inadequate before,
This art preposterous renders more unfit:
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders wit."

They have admirable public establishments for the education of the youth of both sexes, and in this respect they have rendered important services to society. Pure religious feelings, untinctured by bigotry, are sedulously instilled, the strictest moral principles inculcated, and their practice enforced. An inviolable regard to truth, obedience to parents and teachers, simplicity of manners, and the practice of industry are taught and enjoined. This system rarely fails of forming virtuous

and valuable members of society. Special regard is also paid to the health of the pupils, who devote part of their time to gymnastic and other athletic exercises; it was originally framed by Count Zinzendorf, who was indebted for its most prominent features to the institution at Halle in Saxony, at that time considered as a model of education in Europe.

In the system of government they have constructed, the advancement of the interests of their religious tenets and of morality have been the primary objects considered. It is invariably administered by men celebrated for the sanctity of their manners, and the integrity of their conduct. It is divided into several departments, each of which is exclusively superintended by its officers, who are answerable for their acts to the general synod.

Their dress is extremely plain, and subject to certain regulations, from which they do not deviate; both brothers and sisters, for so they term each other, on all occasions are attired in the same dark gray. The colour of the riband indicates the class to which the latter belong. The girls are distinguished by pink, unmarried women by a deep red, married by blue, and widows by gray or white. There are separate establishments for the unmarried of both sexes, in some respects resembling Catholic convents, in which various useful arts and occupations are carried on. The profits arising from them are devoted to the general benefit, and deposited in what is commonly called the Saviour's box (Heilands Kasse). Their constant employment of time is not only the means of preserving them from those errors and crimes which idleness and want have a tendency to produce, but it secures to them all the comforts of life, and enables them to provide abundantly for those expensive missions which they send to every part of the world for the conversion of the heathens.

Particular attention is paid to their cemeteries: that on the Hutberg, the prospect from which is extremely beautiful, is remarkably interesting. It is extensive, and appears like a pleasure ground, except that the horizontal grave-stones, placed in regular succession, and upon which are carved the date of the birth and death of the deceased, remind the beholder that "here the weary are at rest." The line of demarkation between the sexes, which during life is so strictly preserved, is not removed in death, as the men repose on the right, and the women on the left side of the cemetery.

Rousseau maintains that, to obtain an insight into the character of the whole French nation, an intimate acquaintance

with ten is sufficient. But the knowledge of one family of the Herrnhuters will make us familiar with all. Industry, cleanliness, neatness, order, tranquillity, and Christian charity are the distinguishing characteristics of the whole community, both individually and generally.

From this slight sketch it is apparent, that though their faith has many features in common with that of other denominations of Christians, yet in their manners, customs, and discipline they differ from most; and though it would probably, on account of the varied character of human nature, be impracticable to carry their religious system into operation on a large scale, yet as it confessedly tends to make good citizens and moral men, it must command the approbation even of those who are not proselytes to their opinions.—*Translator*.

A VISIT TO THE ESTABLISHMENT

OF THE

HERRNHUTERS.

For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.—*Pope.*

I WAS educated among the Herrnhuters until I was eleven years of age, when I left them; and when threescore years and ten have rolled over my head, I shall probably return to their retreat of tranquillity and peace.

The proverb says, that wisdom and age are synonymous; but the aphorism, that wisdom does not protect age from folly, is notwithstanding but too true.

Though I have not yet travelled over the half of man's earthly pilgrimage, yet I have learned to ridicule the follies of others, and to love my own. At a later period I hope to laugh over these also, and to exchange them for others. Therefore, God be praised, during every stage of man's existence, there is something to laugh at, something to enjoy, and something to love, even in folly itself.

If I may be permitted, I shall, without further ceremony, conduct my readers into the sitting-room of the inn at K—— W——, where I had made a rendezvous with a very amiable and estimable lady. It is at present the mode, when any person intends to elope with a young and beautiful girl, to send her for a short time to a Herrnhut establishment, in order that she may prepare herself for the intended tour of pleasure. Le péché en devient plus piquant.

This was however not the case with me at present, for the lady of my heart lives in England; her person is pleasing, and she has entered into that peculiar age of conquest which, it is well known, commences there about the age of forty. We have been for many years the most attached friends, and she is, in my opinion, by her talented mind and kind benevolent

disposition, independently even of her external graces, superior to hundreds of her younger contemporaries; but, above all, she has always evinced towards me the purest and most unchanging affection, which no wealth can purchase, and to me is invaluable: in one word, it is my Julie.

Notwithstanding her moral excellence, she has fortunately some amiable weaknesses, as nothing is more tiresome than perfection. There is also another being besides myself who possesses a large share of her affections, an *enfant gâté* named Fancy, a being as whimsical as he is graceful, and who is occasionally somewhat formidable, at least when he is visited by a fit of ill-humour. This young English gentleman, or perhaps more correctly speaking, nobleman, is a true sprig of the noble Marlborough race at Blenheim, at the hall-door of which palace I purchased him, as the slave-trade in spaniels was then permitted, though it is impossible to say whether this will always be the case.

I then little dreamed what a serpent I was nourishing in my bosom; with the tenderness of a nurse I reared the helpless baby, to become, oh misery! in later days, my successful rival in the good graces of the fair Julie. What ingratitude! after I had carefully transported him over the broad seas in a mixed society of Englishmen,* apes, parrots, and Islanders,† all of which I offered with deep reverence at the feet of the queen of my affections.

The Islanders I found useless, therefore I was obliged to send them back to their land of fogs; the horses fulfilled even more than the duties required of them (a certain method of becoming little esteemed); the apes and parrots occupy their stations in the greenhouse and orangeries,—but Fancy arose to a post of the highest influence and importance; he became first a spoiled child, then an idolized favourite, and finally ruler over all.

He is now become the despotic autocrat of the house; fortunate is that person at whom he wags his tail, and wo to that man whose finger he bites, for he has not only to suffer the pain, but also to bear a sharp and angry reprimand; if it was my lot to be honoured with marks, not of his attachment but his teeth, I should laugh heartily, conceal the bleeding finger, and say that pretty Fancy had been licking my hand.

N.B. Those among my friends who happen to be lords of

* In Germany, horses with short tails receive this appellation.
† A frequent designation for Englishmen in Germany.

the bedchamber, should not neglect to pay attention to the wisdom of this mode of acting; they may be assured, if they follow it, they will secure a golden harvest, even if they should occupy a post as important as that of a starost.

About this time the health of my little friend was out of tune; he was also in that state of mind which the nurses of cross infants are accustomed to denominate fractious; the truth was, my beautiful four-footed darling was too much petted at the Herrnhut establishment, which was a perfect *Rocher du Cancale* in the culinary art. Well do I remember, during the happy days of my childhood, when the *Liebesmahle** were held, that we usually took with each cup of coffee a large piece of the cake termed Süsser Heiland (sweet Saviour), and at the hour of evening prayer devoured another long thick slice of the same excellent composition.

The following are a few of the very edifying hymns which the society were accustomed to sing at that time; I copied them from an old hymn-book in my possession. For instance, "The Virgin's Hymn," "The Marriage Hymn," "The Hymn of the Married," &c. &c.†

Nro. 2270. Vs. 1.

Ihr von dem Flämmelein
Des Bräutigams der Gemein
Brennende Dochtelein,
Ihr Ehe-Vögtelein,
Ihr Elieserlein,
Ihr Vice-Christelein,
Unsres Herrn Jesulein,
Der Euch den Eheschrein
Hat aufgeschlossen fein,
Und Eure Gliedelein,
So sündlich sie auch seyn,
Besprenget und hält rein,
Die Kreuz-Lust-Vögelein
In Eurem Nestelein
Fährt in die Gegend 'nein
Als Wunderbienelein.

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* Religious love-feasts of the society of Herrnhuters.

† The antiquated style of the language, and its mystical signification, render it impossible to do them justice in a translation. In some the author has expressly adopted the Greek character, in order to prevent their meaning from being wilfully perverted.—*Translator.*

Nro. 2163.

Gott Papa, Mama und Bruderlamm
Das Dreieinigkeit ausspann,
Werdet von der Ehmana
Göttlich sigilliret,
Bis den Bore der Papa
Zu der Berje führet.

Das Hochzeitleid, Nro. 1990.

Υιρδ εἱνε Γναδεν—Εσθηρ
υνδ ναχ δεμ Λειβε σχυεϛηρ
Δας βυνδεσγλιεδ γευἁρ
σω σχλιεσσεν σιχ διε σιννεν
υνδ σιε υιρδ ἑιλιγ ιννεν,
δαςς Γοττες σῶν ειν κναβε υαρ.
Ι῾ρ ἑιλιγεν ματρωνεν,
διε ἱρ ιν ἑεθρωνιν
υμ υιζε—χριϛεν σειδ,
ιρ ερτ δας θευρε ζειχεν
δαραν σιε χριϛφ γλειχεν
μιτ ιννιγερ γεβωγε῾ν ειτ.
φ γἑ ειμνισυολλες γλιεδ
δας διε ἑ ελιχεν σαλβεν
Ιησυ ἁλβεν
εἱλιγ γιεβτ υνδ κευσχ εμφητ
ιμ γεβητ,
ιν δεμ υον δεμ ερζερβαρμεν
σελβϛ ερφυνδενεν Ουμαρμεν
υενν μαν Κιρχενσααμεν σαητ,—
σει γεσεγνετ υνδ γεσαλβτ
μιτ δεμ βλυτ,
δας υνσερη μαννε
δορτ εντραννε
φῦλε ἑισσε ζηρτλιχκειτ
ζυ δερ σειτ
διε φυρ λαμμς γεμἁλιν ωφεν
σειτ δερ σπηρ ἱνειν γετρωφεν.
δας ωβιεκτ δερ ἑελευτ.

Das Ehelied Nro. 2114.

Κνηβλειν, δειν μηννλιχες Υησεν
ιϛ μιρ αρμεν ζυμ γενησεν,
δαςς ιχ αλς ειν ϛρειτερ κναβε
Θειλ αν δεινερ κινδἑιτ ἅβε,
δεινε ἑιλ’γε ερϛε Υυνδε
σαλβε μιχ ζυμ εἑβυνδε,
αυφ δεμ γλιεδε μεινες λειβες,
δας ζυμ νυτζεν μεινες Υειβες
υνδ δας πυρπρυρωδε ωηλε
φλιεςς αυς μεινερ πριεϛερ δηλε,
υνδ σιε ρεχτ γεσχικλιχ μαχε
ζυ δερ πρωκυρατορσαχε

Δαςς ιχ μεινε Θευρε ριεβε
μοεγ' ȣμφασσεν μιτ δερ λιεβε,
δαμιτ δȣ μειν Υειβ ȣμφανγεν,
αλς ες διμ ζȣρ σειτ' αȣσγανγεν.
ζȣ δεμ βλȣτ'γεν λιεβες σχμερζε
σεγνε ιχ μειν εξερζε,
ȣνδ δας βλȣτ δερ ερϛεν Υȣνδε
μαχτ δας ψωλ βειμ ἒ εβȣνδε.

Nro. 1813. Vs. 6.

Gottlob! wir wissens nun, wer Gott ist,
Es ist der Zimmermann Jesus Christ,
Der am Kreuz gestorben zwischen den Schächern,
Von dem es schallet auf tausend Dächern—
Seit einiger Zeit.

But to resume the thread of my narrative: my tiny friend had three cakes with his coffee, at least so I afterward learned from the waiter, who had just returned from a missionary tour,* from which pole I forget, but where he had to endure many mortifications of the inward man, as his external appearance sufficiently testified; these unlucky cakes were productive of much mischief, which is not surprising, when it is remembered that my dear Fancy, who possesses an understanding almost similar to that of man, followed the instructions of the missionary, and took one cake before, another with, and a third after his coffee; the consequence of which was, that he now lay at the point of death. A veterinary surgeon, who had formerly practised in Nova Zembla, was summoned, and administered an emetic; but apprehensive of its explosion, he was placed for the present in an under apartment, on a field bed, and every five minutes the gamekeeper brought in the bulletin.

An hour elapsed without any appearance of a successful result of the remedy, when suddenly the nurse, i. e. the gamekeeper, burst into the room, delight beaming in his animated

* Another missionary, who, instead of eating, was nearly eaten himself, but escaped with the loss of his scalp, during the time this painful operation was performed, composed and sang the following hymn:

"I am the corn which Jesus sowed,
And now I shall be ground,
Then baked, and by his gift bestowed,
I shall in grace be found;
And should I please his taste, my joy will be
Bright, full, and perfect through eternity."—*Author.*

countenance, exclaiming that a crisis had taken place, and that the medicine which was intended to excite a commotion in the upper house, had produced a stormy debate in the lower house of the constitution. The news was received with a burst of applause, but in me it produced a train of serious reflections; this, thought I, affords another instance of the importance of a constitution, which has become already a favourite word among the people. And we know, " out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

At present, however, instead of an upper and lower house, we have in front a visible power, and behind an invisible, but of much more potent influence; the acts of the former consist in deliberations, the deliberations of the latter are made known only by their acts, for, as old Field-marshal K—— used to say, " sie kommen mir ganz so vor, wie mein H—— Beide haben Sitz und Stimme, aber beiden nimmt man es verdammt übel, wenn sie laut werden."

But to return once more to my narrative. As tranquillity was re-established in the house, I took advantage of the moment to visit the whole establishments of the brothers and sisters of the Herrnhuters.

If the clean, cheerful, and unpretending external appearance of the village does not excite approbation and pleasure, those feelings must be called forth when the innate virtues of the inhabitants are known. Whatever may be the opinion entertained of their religious tenets, they have in their practice much which commands the most unqualified admiration.

Tedious and vexatious litigations are unknown among them, and crime is almost equally a stranger; they are united together by bonds of amity and mutual kindness, and their virtues recommend them alike to sovereign and subject. Peaceable and orderly, they give to God and the emperor what they believe is due to them. They are the objects of much ridicule and sarcasm, hypocrites and canting sharpers are among the epithets applied to them, still they perform the duties of good citizens; for myself I confess I esteem them most sincerely, although I cannot deny that some of their customs verge on the ludicrous.

The institution of the brothers, and that for the education of children, I found, if I may be allowed to use the phrase, austere and rigorous.

From the time of entering the seminary till my arrival in the dining-room, my olfactory nerves were reminded in a very disagreeable manner, that the best dinners in the world have a most undignified, untempting commencement.

In these venerable halls, as in China, the mania of modern innovation was unknown; each shade, each custom, each diversion, and arrangement for the employment of time remained unaltered.

Ketta, the favourite diversion of my childhood, was at this moment the occupation on the green of a delighted herd of innocent happy beings, frolicksome and gay as lambs; behind them was the tutor, leading in each hand one of his favourites. I also visited the garden, in which every boy had his small flower-bed. It was here that my passion for gardening first awoke, and I well remember how often I planned and invented, in order to change its diminutive form and improve its appearance.

One day, while in great haste, I had the misfortune to strike a school-fellow on the head with my hoe, while he stooped down unperceived; his blood streamed upon my flowers, and destroyed my taste for gardening for some time. He was a lovely boy, the Count H——, who, when arrived at maturity, evinced the most promising talents, but in consequence of an unhappy love-affair, shot himself. His bleeding head, which recurred often to my memory, seemed as it were an omen of his future fate.

After viewing the establishment of the brothers, I was conducted to that of the sisters and the female children. I was much pleased to observe in the latter, that the most studied neatness and cleanliness pervaded the whole, and notwithstanding the warm season of the year, the rooms were still heated to a most feminine temperature.

The old superintendent had much the appearance of an abbess; her manners, compared with those of the people of the town, were dignified and respectable, in short, she blended in her own person those of the world and the cloister.

As might be expected, she endeavoured to exhibit her establishment in the best point of view, and among other things showed me several sacks full of provisions, and particularly pointed out the different descriptions of work which were executed in the house. "Shoes," said she, "are the only articles of dress that we do not manufacture ourselves. Yes, yes," cried the old lady, "we provide every thing by our own industry."

The sisters were divided into different rooms according to their ages; in that which contained those of fifteen to sixteen years, I found several interesting and beautiful girls. They rose from their work when we entered, and the superintend-

ent demanded of each what part of the world she came from.

"Frederica, from whence comest thou?"

Courtesy: "From Otaheite."

"And thou, Henrietta?"

Courtesy: "From Labrador."

"And thou, dark-eyed Amelia?"

Courtesy: "From Africa."

"Certainly from the Cape of Good Hope," added I; for the person of this damsel was of such ample dimensions, that I concluded she was related to the Hottentot Venus. I was however mistaken, for she had come a still longer journey, from Madagascar.

"And thou?" continued the never-tired abbess, to a flaxen-haired girl.

"From Greenland."

The whole exhibition seemed like a menagerie of beauties from every clime and country, and they whined out their answers mechanically like parrots.

I asked several if they were not frequently tormented with a desire to return home, but they all replied in the negative, except the fair charmer from Greenland, who, by-the-way, was not much distinguished for personal loveliness; but I presume she pined for the delicate viands of her native land. Perhaps she had tasted train oil, or even spermaceti, which, I have often heard, tends to make the consumers of them patriotic; at least, this has been frequently remarked of those Greenland invalids who come to St. Petersburg to renovate their decayed lungs in that mild climate!

During my progress through the establishment for young ladies, I again met Julie, who had brought thither a relation, a wild little girl.

Sister Kiebitz, a plump, good-natured looking young woman, was our conductress. The pleasing expression of her countenance, and the kindness and sincerity which beamed in her eye, atoned for the absence of all worldly tournure; her general appearance was a mixture of the agreeable and the ludicrous; and, conformably with the fashion of the place, she made a low courtesy every time she answered one of our questions. Whenever she executed this pretty feminine evolution, she carefully placed one foot in advance, then drew the other slowly until it came in contact with its companion, and thus completed her performance. The young pupil that accompanied her was so lively and volatile, that I thought every mo-

ment she would have jumped into my arms; the two were delightful specimens of happy innocence, and prattled like a pair of magpies.

We also found here several exotic plants, but this heterogeneous mixture of children all appeared pleased at heart, and exhibited that gayety and contentment which is the best evidence that an establishment for education is well conducted.

Our own little giddy butterfly was at first timid, but soon formed her intimacies and friendships with children from every clime, and when we visited her in the evening, she was perfectly at home.

Happy age, when each blessed illusion appears invested with the reality of truth!

As my fair friend was waiting to keep a rendezvous, we continued promenading. The scenes which I have so often performed at the theatres, such as mysterious love-affairs, secret murders, &c. &c. always appeared to me unnatural; but I now found that they were perfectly consistent with the realities of every-day life. We were in the centre of the town, and yet an almost undisturbed solitude reigned in all its streets; and whenever we did encounter a mortal, he continued on his way slowly and silently, like a shadow, unnoticing and unnoticed.

The most animated part of the town I now discovered to be the churchyard, which served as the central point of reunion, conversation, &c. to the Herrnhuters. When my companion left me, I entered through an elegant gate of a bright green colour, over which was the following inscription in gold letters,

"REPOSE WITH SECURITY."

The whole area was enclosed by a cheerful-looking thorn hedge; in the interior were rows of trees with white seats underneath them: the grave-stones lay before me on each side, appearing as if each separate folio volume was spread open, exhibiting in its titlepage the record of the name, birth, and death of the author. What an interesting library to him whose imaginative glance could penetrate beneath, and decipher the eventful history!

A few of the sisters were seated in attitudes of repose or listless thoughtfulness, and looked as if they formed part of the cemetery. Lost in reflection, I wandered backwards and forwards, when I beheld the gate open, and a tall man enter. As we walked near each other, after a few minutes' silence

I addressed him, expressing my approbation of the beauty and neatness of the cemetery. "I beg pardon," returned the stranger, in a broad Saxon dialect, "I am not a Herrnhuter, I am from Dresen."* His naïveté amused me, as the good man appeared to believe that I praised the churchyard for the sake of complimenting him, which he modestly declined: like the well-known honest Austrian, who, when hearing a sermon which had the effect of dissolving the whole of the congregation in tears except himself, on being reproved by one of the most violent mourners, answered confusedly, "I hope your grace† will not be angry, as I belong to another diocess." At a ball which was given at the Hotel de Ville, the Emperor Napoleon demanded of a pretty little Parisienne the profession of her husband. Her naïve answer was, "Mon mari fait dans les draps." My companion in the field of death appeared to be a dealer in the same article, at least if I might judge by the rolls of various colours which he carried under his arm. But as he commenced complaining of the bad times, I thought his comic side was worn out, and took my departure. As I was about to quit the burial-ground, I observed a second inscription, the exact words of which I forget, but the meaning was,

"THOU ART NOW IN THY TRUE HOME."

This inscription did not please me. I do not approve those religious doctrines which inculcate that we are here only on our passage to another world. That we shall all enter into a new state of existence is most certain, and, fortunately for the happiness of man, the truth of this is indisputably established; we should therefore profit by the opportunities which Heaven has afforded in taking advantage of, and making ourselves useful in, our separate stations. Does not the circumstance of our having entered into life prove it to be our true home? and while we have life, here, and here only, is our abiding place.

Nature never uttered a falsehood; she is all truth,—clear, convincing truth; and it is only those who view her in an erroneous light that misunderstand her.

How unhappy is that child who, careless of the sports and pastimes incident to his age, languishes for those pleasures which appertain to a more advanced season of life! or, if

* The patois for Dresden.

† A common expression of courtesy in Austria.

youth, throwing aside the enjoyments within its reach, seeks only for the cares and toils of manhood, will it be contented? No. Or should manhood, despising the dignified pursuits, the important occupations which solicit its attention, be only anxious to anticipate the torpid tranquillity of age, would not every stage of existence be deprived of its bloom? Would not the flowers which Heaven has planted in the path of life be trampled upon in our eagerness to pass onwards?

Man is, in the truest sense of the word, a sublunary being. His intellectual and moral faculties are not only the best calculated for this state of existence, but for any future one that may succeed. Jesus Christ has been in this, as in every other respect, the only true instructer, where his precepts are properly understood, and not perverted.

On the contrary, by our distempered fancies, groundless apprehensions, and pining discontents, we convert life into a wilderness of sorrow, and it is doubtful in this respect whether the worship of the senses of the Catholic religion in the earlier ages has not been productive of many beneficial results; but peculiarly unfortunate is the epoch which is neither that of childish superstition nor yet of pure intellectual religion.

Let it not, however, be supposed that I wish to intrude my opinions, as every person, on a subject of such immense importance, and in such an age, is the best judge in what manner he ought to form his decisions.

Thus I soliloquized, as I sat at the dinner-table with Julie, who, after I had related the occurrences of the journey, held up her finger threateningly, saying, "Carl, Carl, thou art too skeptical; take care of thyself, or perhaps this very night the Frau Rasius may again appear, and teach thy doubting faculties belief; think of the prophetess of Prevorst, she turned the heads of wiser men than thou."—"It is too true," returned I, a little disconcerted, at the same time putting my hand to my throat, in which I thought I felt a violent pain; "it is too true; we are all frail and credulous mortals, liable to every deception,—no single moment of our existence is like another, and it is only during the brightest of them that we should form our determinations."

"It is very true," said the good Julie; "but you have made yourself so merry, and displayed so much pleasantry at my expense, and that of my pretty Fancy, that I am entitled to laugh at you, whose follies and weaknesses exceed mine tenfold." I will now terminate my visit to the Herrnhuters' establishment, and as they are a pious fraternity, I will take

leave with a pious ejaculation. May the eternal God of Love, without whom there is no life, no love, no happiness, have mercy upon us all!

I had scarcely arrived at my country-seat, when I was attacked with a dangerous fever, together with a violent quinsy, which momentarily threatened me with suffocation. During the greater part of my illness I lost all recollection, and was occasionally delirious. Frightful visions floated before my eyes, and I remember having had another visit from the Bocksberg apparition. Again the horrible phantom approached my couch with a sneering grin and an angry countenance. Again she laid the cold key upon my suffering throat, which caused an attack of pain and cramp so violent that nature almost sunk under the conflict, until at length the doctor, my constitution, or my good spirit triumphed.

That I at this time departed on a tour into the unknown world, I am not prepared positively to maintain, though it was currently reported and believed, at least by my kind readers, that such an event had actually taken place.

TUTTI FRUTTI.



THE

ALBUM OF AN ACTIVE MIND.

THE

ALBUM OF AN ACTIVE MIND.

"Could I imbody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
Into one word—
Austere, sublime, severe, and simple Truth."—*Byron.*

By this time I dare say my readers are of opinion, that I ought to employ myself upon subjects more serious and important,—they are right; why should we waste our time in relating trifles as unimportant as the toys of children?

The great theatre of life exhibits scenes of the most deep and varied interest, upon which we may expatiate with credit to ourselves and advantage to others, scenes which can only be accurately described by those who occupy a station which enables them to behold the springs that set the machinery in motion.

What, then, in life is really important? or what among its events may be termed the pastimes of children? To which of these classes belong those political occurrences which have been recently acted?—for instance, the gentle, peaceful murder beneath the walls of Antwerp; or the prisoners who were captured by the French in the spirit of friendship and amity; or the incognito war of the English, carried on behind a screen; the heroic bravery of the King of Holland, and the freedom of Belgium; or the French revolution, which, like the Olympic games, returns at stated periods; or their duelling challenge to 4,000 men; or the enormities which filled with tumult and alarm the streets of Frankfort.*

* The insurrection to which the author alludes occurred at Frankfort on the Maine, in April, 1833. The conspiracy was formed by the students of the neighbouring universities, and the sons of many of the most re-

In opposition to all this is the stationary policy of the other great powers, who, for the sake of maintaining eternal peace, slowly reduce their subjects to beggary, by supporting numerous and expensive armies. For this purpose ministers are compelled to sport with the happiness of the people; yes, whole nations are treated as toys, or as fools, governed by fools!

To such conduct it is impossible to give a rational solution. But I often think that it is more advisable, during the present critical state of affairs, to remain passive, and endeavour to be useful in our own small circle. For is it not the greatest wisdom contentedly to employ ourselves in planting cabbages and cauliflowers, adopting the motto of the Scottish knight, "I wait my time?"

The political *mouvement* which has succeeded the reign of Napoleon appears to me not unlike the ballet after the tragedy. As yet we behold only the figurantes practising; the principal dancers have not yet made their appearance, with the exception of one important spring, which has been taken in the east. Still there is in the whole theatre a disagreeable pressure, and a decided increase of suppressed tumult is perceptible in the *parterre*, while those in the boxes are, from fear and apprehension, almost suffocated with heat. If amateurs are wise, they will remain at home.

For the amusement of my speculative readers, I have sub-

spectable families were compromised. They selected the Easter recess, as during that period the fair was held, and calculated upon receiving assistance, not only from the citizens of Frankfort, but from the multitude of strangers and foreigners who assemble from all parts of Germany and the adjacent countries. The students, about fifty in number, wearing tri-coloured scarves of black, red, and gold, the national colours, surprised the two principal guard-houses of the town, disarmed the soldiers, and succeeded in obtaining possession of the arsenal, but all their endeavours to excite the people to arms were ineffectual. At length they were attacked by several battalions of the Frankfort garrison, and after a brave and desperate resistance, overpowered and dispersed: a few of these courageous but imprudent youths fell subsequently into the hands of their pursuers, and are still detained in prison, awaiting their trial. The object of the conspiracy was said to be, to make prisoners of the members of the German Confederation, who were then assembled, and proclaim a Republic. Since this event the free town of Frankfort has been garrisoned by Austrians and Prussians.—*Translator.*

joined an old prophecy found at Freiberg, in the Erzgebirge* (i. e. metalliferous mountains), in the kingdom of Saxony.

* This chain of mountains is situated between Saxony and Bohemia; in some places they rise to the height of 3900 feet above the level of the sea. It is the Siberia of Saxony, abounding in mines, some of them extremely valuable; in the middle ages it was the Mexico and Peru of Europe; cornelians, jaspars, amethysts, and other precious stones were formerly found in great abundance. During the winter the houses are frequently buried in snow, and the inhabitants are obliged to bore a hole through it for the purpose of egress from their dwellings, and to place planks upon the top for walking, in the same manner as we see practised in Lapland. Grain is raised here with the greatest difficulty, and in some places it is found utterly impracticable to produce it; but cattle are bred in great numbers. The food of the inhabitants has been little altered since the days of Tacitus; it consists of oaten cake, milk, curds, &c.; their favourite dish is composed of bilberries, cream, and sugar: they also use as a vegetable that species of arrach called chenopodium viride, and distil a spirituous liquor of an agreeable flavour from the apples of the fir-tree, which abound throughout the whole district. The inhabitants are extremely industrious; their principal manufacture is lace, in fabricating which great numbers of the inhabitants are employed; old people and children find in this a constant occupation; sufficient is produced to supply most of the fairs in Germany, and it is exported in immense quantities to America.

The capital of this district, Freiberg, was at one time a town of great importance, strongly fortified, and the seat of the sovereign princes of Saxony, many of whom are interred in its cathedral; the most interesting is the monument of Prince Maurice of Saxony; he is represented in a kneeling posture, with a sword in his hand, and the armour which he wore at the battle of Sievershausen is suspended over his grave, together with the trophies and colours which he captured during life; his deeds are recorded on twenty plates of black marble. Here also reposes the great mineralogist Werner, the founder of the fame of this celebrated mining academy, where are to be met with pupils from every part of the world, who receive theoretical and practical instruction in mineralogy and botany.

In the immediate vicinity of the town are valuable and extensive mines, which employ upwards of twelve thousand persons, and number more than six hundred pits; the miners are under the command of mountain officers, the chief of whom resides at Freiberg; they are exempt from custom-house duties, excise, and conscription; their dress is a dark uniform, with green caps, and that of the officers iron-gray, with red caps; they have a patois peculiar to themselves; the usual salutation is "Glück auf" (happiness to you).

The duration of life is affected by the air and the water, both of which are impregnated with the poisonous exhalations from the mines; the maximum of their age is fifty, and they rarely reach sixty; their countenances are of an unhealthy gray colour; consumption, blindness, and other disorders arising from the fumes of the metals are frequent; notwithstanding this, they are light-hearted and cheerful, have dances every week, and the certainty of receiving their weekly pay and a pension exempts them from all anxiety for the future.—*Translator.*

Wer im Jahr 1834 nicht verdirbt,
Wer im Jahr 1835* nicht stirbt,
Wer im Jahr 1836 nicht wird todtgeschlagen
Der hat im Jahr 1837 von Glück zu sagen.

1834. { This year the man that loses not
His fortune, fame, or peace ;

1835. { Or sinks in this, by hate forgot,
Where pain and suffering cease ;

1836. { Or does not now, mid war and strife,
Resign his fleeting breath,

1837. { May now proclaim, mid hope and life,
He fears not fate nor death.

During the time I was in England I met with a little boy, the well-known Thelluson, of whom I was informed that he would one day be the possessor of from ten to twenty millions of pounds sterling. Happy mortal ! what an enviable privilege to be the heir of such immense wealth ! Nothing is more ludicrous, or more evidences a contracted mind, than the exclamation we so frequently hear, " How could I employ such an enormous fortune ?" Oh, ye men of limited and confined intellect ! if I had been destined by Heaven to be so highly favoured, how quickly I should form and execute my plans for expending, ay, even the capital itself ! It is only with such fortunes (and how few possess them) that human nature can be benefited.

I should not squander it in luxury. No, that would be too common, the practice of every day ; even my charities would be the same as they have been hitherto, that is, extended only to the helpless, and the employment of the poor in useful and profitable labour, which is, after all, the only effectual method of exercising benevolence.

As for schools, I should leave them to the care of the state ; they are already too numerous, and those who go to them receive more nourishment than they can well digest.

To building churches, which, by-the-way, is again become the prevailing mode, I should certainly not appropriate my wealth ; they are sufficiently numerous, and the multiplication of them seems to me to be about as useful to religion as the fourth gate, built by the Schildaers, for the purpose of augmenting their custom-house duties.

* When the great comet is to return again, and other most important events.

For the same reason I should not convert the heathens. My negatives will, I fear, so provoke the patience of my readers, that I imagine I hear them exclaim, What then would you do? Oh, trifles—agreeable whims—only they would be of a colossal character and dimensions.

The first would be, that I should cause to be carved a statue of Napoleon out of one of the highest Aiguilles of Mont Blanc; in the prosecution of this alone I should expend millions, but then I should have the satisfaction of raising an immortal monument to his gigantic mind, which would exist as long as his memory, or perhaps to all eternity. For my friend Nürnberger recently informed me, that he had proved by demonstrative evidence, that the universe would remain for ever in its present form, and that it did not contain the slightest principle of destruction. But what doctrines are too abstruse for the comprehension of man! None, at least according to his own opinions; truly the Almighty himself must descend from heaven, and go to school to mortals, to learn his own nature, and why he created the world!

When employed about my statue of Napoleon, I should find it necessary, when forming his head, according to the rules of physiology, to make it of such large dimensions that it would contain more brains than those of all the potentates upon earth *in natura*. Further, I should despatch two expeditions—the first to Africa, to seek in every direction of the compass for the source of the Nile, and the gold mines in the Mountains of the Moon; to ascertain the existence of the fabulous unicorn, and also to procure for my aviary a specimen of the bird *Roc*. It is also perhaps possible that I might send with this expedition a company of missionaries, and half a million of Bibles.

The destiny of my second would be the conquest of Japan, if it were for nothing else but to evince my contempt for those tasteless barbarians, who will only admit the Dutch to visit them; or perhaps my motive would be curiosity, to know what they really possess of art and wisdom, which they so hermetically close against the whole world, that they even neglect to rescue the drowning mariner who is so unfortunate as to be wrecked upon their inhospitable shores, always taking care first to ascertain that he is not a Dutchman!

What a Mæcenas of geography! what a promoter of science and universal knowledge should I become when I had accomplished these works of public utility! But the money—I fear by this time there would only be remaining a few miserable millions: *n'importe!* they should be employed in digging

a pit a mile deep in our national sands—as Maupertuis had already advised Frederic the Great—and when the last dollar was expended, I should throw myself in. What a magnificent tomb! at least it would be so deep that the voice of the critic would be unheard. No! I will not encroach upon the privileges of the reader, let him fill up the blank ad libitum; I give him a carte blanche.



A QUESTION.

Appian relates, that the ancient Romans were permitted to praise, or censure, their conquering heroes as they pleased, and that the triumph decreed to the victors should be free and unconstrained; each citizen was allowed to express his real sentiments upon it. It was the freedom of the press of that period. Why is it that modern statesmen are so ticklish upon this point? are their intentions less pure than those of the Romans? or have satire and ridicule become more dangerous?*



SECOND QUESTION.

What is the reason that the Germans exhibit such a propensity to *Diablerie?* Is it because they conceive themselves united by ties of consanguinity with his satanic majesty? or is it from the opposite reason, that man always pines for that which he does not possess? If I may be allowed to decide for my countrymen, it is, perhaps, a little owing to this, that the Devil is of all the persons in the new mythology the most poetical, upon which account Milton made more fame than Klopstock.

* In truth I know not whether this idea originated with me, or has been inserted by some other person in my album. It appears altogether like a reminiscence; however, it corresponds admirably with the rest of my tragedy, where in Heaven's name let it remain.—*Author.*

VISIONS OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.

In a deep vale, or near some ruin'd wall,
He would the ghosts of slaughter'd heroes call.
Dryden.

As the evening was beginning to cast her sable mantle over created nature I commenced my solitary ramble in the Park; being fatigued, I threw myself down upon the grave of the Unknown in the valley. There was no light save that emitted by the fires of the potteries, which the stormy wind blew into a thousand fantastic forms. Absorbed in the contemplation of the chapel, which was one day to be my final resting-place, from the cares and sorrows of life, dreary thoughts chased each other through my mind like so many ill-omened birds; among others, I reflected upon this singular peculiarity of man, namely, the value and importance which all classes attach to their sepulchre, and, according to their customs and education, the different tastes which they exhibit in constructing and adorning them.

At that moment the moon, red and full, passed over the battlements of the old towers; it seemed like a beacon conducting my imagination to ages which had long passed by.

The barriers of nature appeared to give way before my creative fancy, and in my magnetic sleep I was suddenly transported into the gray shades of antiquity; there, as plainly as if it had been indeed represented before my organs of vision, I beheld the last honours paid to the barbarian chief who had once held here supreme dominion.

Multitudes of colossal warriors, clothed in the skins of animals, hovered about the sparkling fires, or mingled in wild confusion around a high and new-made hill, at the foot of which was a dark grave, destined to receive the departed warrior. Groups were groaning and lamenting, while others were carousing and drinking, in savage exultation, out of the sculls of their fallen enemies.

At a short distance, amid groves of ancient oaks, were the

priests, whose external appearance was of the most revolting description; they were diligently occupied in celebrating the sanguinary mysteries of their religion; and occasionally gave signals, that were succeeded by periodical returns of the most deafening war-whoops and uproars, which overpowered the moans of the wretched victims who were sacrificed on the rude stone altars in honour of the victory they had obtained and of the obsequies of the barbarian chief.

I turned with horror from the revolting spectacle; at the same time, night, like a curtain, fell before me, and the sweet oblivion of sleep succeeded.

On awaking, I again sank into one of my dreamy reveries, and the panoramic scenes of other days once more flitted before me. The savage character of the scenery had vanished, and I now beheld smiling fields and verdant meadows. Before me lay the inanimate body of Mosca, the Roman adventurer, who, our chronicles have recorded, was slain on this spot; in the centre was a magnificent funeral pile, upon which the body lay extended, and the air breathed the most fragrant perfumes and spices; groups of Roman soldiers, companions of his glory, stood mournfully around, intermingled with a few of the wild half-civilized natives. Here also were priests—(where are they not?)—sacrifices were offered up, but it was only the blood of animals which crimsoned the earth as it streamed from the shrines of their partially humanized gods.

This scene passed away, and a view of the feudal romantic era, so loved by artists and poets, and so hated by the undistinguishing leveller, was placed before me.

The once undaunted sovereign earl reposed on his bier in a full suit of glittering armour, the trusty sword lay by his side, he was followed by his noble charger with black housings, and a troop of warriors bearing black standards. His beautiful weeping widow, seated on her palfrey, was accompanied by her two blooming boys, who sorrowfully turned their eyes towards their afflicted mother, and occasionally looked down with a haughty glance upon the assembled multitude.

The heathen priest in his long white robes had disappeared, and I beheld instead a plump, well-fed little monk, riding meekly upon an ass, elevating the conquering cross in his right hand; thus the long procession passed before me, accompanied by muffled martial music, to the cathedral, where the once proud knight was consigned for ever to his bed of tranquillity and repose, amid the mournful and prolonged blasts of trumpets.

The veil of darkness now fell before the picture, and another scene was created by the aid of the mind's magic. What I now saw was at a much later period; one of my own ancestors was reposing in the sleep of death on the silken cushions of the magnificent state bed. He was one of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, but the red jacket, the short white small-clothes, and the unpicturesque clumsy boots made him resemble more a modern tailor or shoemaker than a noble knight.

The shutters were closed, and twelve tapers, in silver candelabras, beamed upon the corse day and night; and, conformably with the singular fashion which then prevailed, the place selected for this exhibition was the dining-room.*

At length the corpse, in which decomposition had already commenced, was carried at midnight by six noble vassals to the plaee of interment; hundreds of torches illumined the gloomy heavens, the bier was covered by draperies of black velvet, and thus were the remains of the knight consigned to the family vault, where a numerous company were already assembled; suppose for a moment they should rise up, when no earthly eye is waking, to welcome their new guest, and to tell him the secrets of the grave.

Who can fathom the depths of futurity? who can tell the precise point where life terminates and where death commences? The dark side of nature is closed to our view, and the sunny side, man's terrestrial existence, is not less an enigma.

From whence arises the inexpressible horror which is felt in the presence of the dead? whence the fear of their reappearance? whence the dread of nocturnal darkness? whence the icy shuddering before those who once had life, and now appear before us divested of the veil of mortality which covered them?

The elastic spirits of youth surmount the influences of fear —in the zenith of my manhood and youthful courage, I ordered the trap-door which conducted to the family-vault of my ancestors to be unlocked, and I entered alone at midnight.

Three coffins had been previously opened at my request. When I found myself in the charnel-house of centuries, I experienced an indescribable sensation—it was not fear, nor grief, nor pity, nor horror, at the hideous forms before me, but

* To this day, in Denmark, the bodies of distinguished persons are placed upon the dining-table, like a *surtout de table*, and the death-feast is held in this *agreeable* neighbourhood.

it seemed almost as if the very springs of life were frozen within me, as if I was myself a corpse.

My grandfather, who had died at the age of eighty-six, was the first object I examined; his snowy locks had become, through the influence of the leaden mantle which enveloped him, of a blond colour, his head was not lying in the usual position upon the pillow, but was turned towards me, and his eyeless sockets were staring as if in reproof for violating the sanctuary of the dead; but I consoled myself by remembering, that if my beloved parent was living, he would not frown upon me, his character was too mild, and his mind too candid and enlarged.

I now passed on to another receptacle of the dead; it contained a skeleton wrapped in a cloth embroidered with gold; this had been a brave and powerful warrior, who commanded in the thirty years' war, and was governor of the margravate of Lusatia; a superb portrait of him now hangs in the ancestral hall of my castle, as he appeared at the head of his cuirassiers, under Pappenheim, charging the flying Swedes—Ah! how long is the laterna magica extinguished, which once illumined that beautiful painting; one of the remaining fragments of it is now before me.

The third coffin contained a lady, who, during her life, was called the beautiful Ursula; the small scull had assumed a disagreeable dark brown colour, the whole body was enveloped in a long wrapper of flame-coloured silk, in a wonderful state of preservation; I wished to raise her up, but at the first movement she crumbled into dust, and myriads of millepedes crawled through my fingers and the broken joints of the mouldering skeleton.

I meditated for some time over the long range of coffins, absorbed in deep contemplation, then fell upon my knees and prayed, until the ice which had frozen over my breast dissolved into consoling tears, and whatever I had felt of horror, superstition, or fear vanished before my God, leaving only a deep feeling of pious resignation; I kissed, without experiencing the slightest repugnance, the cold forehead of my venerable parent, and severed from his head a lock of his hair as a memento of my visit; and if he had at that moment arose in his coffin and taken my hand, it would not have caused the slightest shudder of terror in my bosom.

Wonderful is the effect of prayer; its value consists not in this alone, that by our supplications to the throne of Mercy in the hour of peril and distress, we can turn aside the im-

pending shafts of danger and misfortune; Oh, no! even if Heaven should grant our supplications, it might be the means of destroying our happiness, for we may be assured that the true end of prayer is to fortify us against the temptations which may assail us, and to enable us to bear with firmness the sorrows and sufferings of life. By prayer we become as it were the companions of the Almighty—if this powerful influence therefore be a delusion, it is one of comfort and happiness to the whole human race.

But to resume my gallery of sepulchral pictures—those of former days we have already seen, and we will now look forward into futurity, to behold the rites that shall accompany my own sepulture.

But how can this be done to agree with the spirit of the times? The present epoch reflects as a mirror to our view in ideal romance the turbulent power of former days.—But this poetry is intimately mixed with the elements of skeptical metaphysics, —rank has become an evil-sounding word, the universal rights of man are now boldly asserted, equality has already become more captivating than liberty, the distinctions and diversities of station have commenced essentially to depreciate.

I must now record the manner in which my obsequies shall be solemnized, or, more correctly speaking, celebrated.

I will not be carried to my last resting-place by my vassals. Vassals! the very word has become ridiculous—as to the old mouldering vault, I will leave that in possession of my ancestors.

No, my good, faithful, robust Vandals, to whose service my whole life has been devoted, and whose interests and prosperity I have been so instrumental in forwarding, by employing them in works of useful industry, shall alone carry me to my final home of rest. I think I may at least calculate upon one day's gratitude, when they shall convey me to the hill from whence is visible my favourite prospect, and where my grave shall be excavated; or, better still, my corse shall be consumed by fire,—but I believe the church does not permit it, they only burn the living! Many years have certainly elapsed since they have perpetrated this enormity; but it is no fault of theirs, we are indebted to ourselves for the benefit. I abhor torchlight funerals; the glorious sun shall beam his resplendent rays upon my bier; music shall not be omitted, only it must not be mournful. I should prefer the modern church music of Rossini out of Count Ory, for instance, or the hunting chorus from Der Freischütz!

Why should we mourn? God still lives though we are dead; it is also, strictly speaking, not the end of our existence, only a new commencement of it, not death, but only a new birth, that we are celebrating.

When my corse is laid out, I solemnly protest against being arrayed in the usual absurd grave-clothes;* I equally dislike the gay splendid uniform and the ungraceful modern frock, waistcoat, &c., but above all I bequeath my curse by anticipation to any person who shall profane my lifeless body by decorating it with orders. The only robe which I desire for my mouldering form is a white sheet, in the same manner as heaven wraps the departing year in a mantle of fleecy snow.

Affection alone may be allowed once more to lift the mysterious covering. Affection! for thee alone there is no death! for thee, there is nothing appalling even in its most revolting form! Thou dost exist for ever in the kingdom thou hast created of eternal beauty.

Oh merciful Providence, grant that it may be my enviable fate for one truly affectionate heart to beat over me when mine has ceased! that the tear of heartfelt sorrow may bedew my pallid countenance, and that its trembling hand may encircle my inanimate brow with the wreath of roses; then, surely my repose would be softer and sweeter for this sympathy and tenderness.

A hundred years have elapsed since the termination of my mortal existence—where now is love and the fond ties of domestic affection? The age of industry is in its zenith, with its machinery and its wealth, whose potent influence is paramount to every other, and which, during my life, had already begun to burst forth like the first crimson streaks of dawn.

Where is the unsophisticated rustic? Where is the classical scholar and the romantic poet of my varied and ever-changing age? All have vanished, and man is now alone governed by the consideration of what is useful.

The wand of the magician again passed over me, and I beheld those grounds, to the beautifying of which I had dedicated the principal portion of my life. Merciful heavens! what do I see? The river, which was formerly a bright crystal stream meandering through my park, has been made, for the purposes

* In Germany it is customary to inter persons of rank in their state uniforms, the citizen is attired in a simple suit of mourning. Another peculiarity in that country, which I cannot avoid mentioning, is, that the dead (and in some instances, it is to be feared, the living) are consigned to their tombs within forty-eight hours after their decease.—*Translator.*

of commerce, navigable; timber yards, bleaching grounds, and cloth manufactories have usurped the place of my dark groves and blooming meadows. But what do I behold? My beautiful castle! Do not my eyes deceive me? Oh, no! it has become an establishment for cotton spinners! Maddened with indignation, I vociferated loudly for the proprietor. I was answered, that he lived in that small cottage surrounded by an orchard and vegetable garden. Is that all, exclaimed I, that remains to my descendants of what I once called mine? "Most certainly," was the reply, "it has been divided among hundreds, and has now become the property of the Trades-Unionists? You are surely not insane enough to expect, that so large a possession should continue to belong to one person in this land of liberty and equality?"

I turned from the speaker with sickening disgust, and penetrated by a magnetic glance the interior of the cottage, where I beheld, forsaken by all, in a corner of one of the rooms, the master of the house expiring; I then heard the sons saying to each other, "Our father is undoubtedly dead, let his body be carried out of the house."

My beloved reader will naturally demand where is the grave, where is the cemetery in which to inter the corpse? Why, truly it was conveyed to a place where it could be still useful —into the fields, for manure!

THE EPILOGUE.

"Ere thou plunge into that vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile, look down and see
Thy future mansion."—*Porteus.*

It is not alone the realities of life which are essential to our welfare, but the empire of mind; not alone the constant advancement of that mind, but wisdom in its control and direction; not alone religion, but also its holy rites. Although it is revealed to each individual in the hidden recesses of the soul,

that there is a higher intelligence than any this world can impart; yet, as it has been beautifully and eloquently observed, "The Church, which should unite all mankind in one common faith, the universal assembling place in the middle of the mountain of life; to which those who dwell at its base may ascend with confidence, while those enthroned upon its summit may descend with humility, whenever they require consolation from the kingdom of Heaven;" this church,—the genuine and the true, the absence of which principally entangles us in the path of error,—should we alone seek, to terminate all religious disputes and uncharitable feelings.

But you, my friends, heed it not, seek for, and endeavour to obtain, only liberty and equality, and think that will suffice. Yet, be assured, you will be disappointed in the result, for it is only when freedom is united with charity that it will conduct you to the goal of your wishes.

That equality, which you are so wildly attempting to establish, can never exist in this world consistently with the general welfare and happiness. The Almighty in his wisdom has decreed that it shall not be, and even if it could be obtained, it would prove to man the second apple, that would drive him from all that remains of Paradise.

It is true, there would be no more slaves nor taskmasters; no more enslaved nations depending for happiness on the caprice of a despotic monarch; no insatiable ambitious conqueror to lead his legions to victory and slaughter; no proud, ostentatious aristocracy intrenched in their splendour; no pauper would be driven by his fellow-man from the door of wealth; there would be no intolerant hierarchy; no persecuted heretic; there would be less covetousness and envy, for there would be nothing to desire. But where would be the enjoyments of existence? A long train of heavenly virtues would become extinct; charity, self-denial, humility, filial obedience, disinterested affection, noble, generous, tender feelings, all would become withered upon the steril and unproductive soil of liberty and equality. Justice would be paralyzed by selfishness. There would be no longer friends and lovers, but companions, united according to the dictates of circumstances and convenience, or for the increase of population.

In the place of parental authority would be substituted the state police; in lieu of a king we should have a president; knights would be exchanged for citizen soldiers; domestic servants for mercenary hirelings; and as a climax to all, in-

stead of an Almighty Creator to worship and adore, we should have a constitutional sovereign of the world *in abstracto.*

Poetry and art, taste, science, learning, luxury, and magnificence would disappear, and carry with them all the delights of intellectual enjoyments; to each individual would be supplied all that is necessary for the support of animal existence, but a superfluity would be accorded to none; ambition would cease to exist, for there would be no lofty summit to ascend, no temple of fame to animate our endeavours after excellence; to secure a sufficiency of the common necessaries of life would be the ultimatum of our endeavours.

In one word, my beloved posterity, I fear that a death-like gloom is destined for you, and that fate is already weaving a dark web for the ages yet unborn.

For myself, it will affect me not, as I shall sink into the tomb before my beautiful old variegated world is transformed, which I anticipate with the same tranquil delight as the Roman Catholic experiences, when he looks forward to repose beneath the splendid dome, lengthened aisles, painted windows, and glimmering feeble light of his vast and venerable cathedral, instead of the humble, unornamented, barnlike church of a reformed assembly.

Is this a phantasy, my friends, a picture like every other, or is it true? Oh God, what is true? every thing and nothing. All receives its value only from opinion. The hero that was yesterday crowned will perhaps to day be stoned. A crown of laurel in Rome was the emblem of victory; in Greece, it was the accompaniment of humble prayer.—I read so yesterday in the Morgen-Blatt!

I will now proceed to the consideration of practical subjects.

ADVICE TO LANDED PROPRIETORS.

' Songez à vous, amis ; contemplez les misères
Qu'accumulent sur vous des brigands mercenaires,
Subalternes tyrans, munis d'un parchemin
Ravissant les épis qu'a sémés votre main."—*Voltaire*

IN our anti-Midas century, where every thing bearing the form of gold is transmuted into paper, there is certainly no speculation more profitable than to retransmute paper into gold ; this may easily be effected, either by the wide field of writing or by the establishment of paper mills.

From the results of my own experience, I beg leave to recommend the adoption of both, but particularly the latter, to my dear colleagues, compatriots and proprietors of landed estates. We know but too well, that—since the happy epoch, when the glorious battle was fought which secured peace to the universe and long-desired liberty, that most magnificent donation of the Holy Alliance to the nations!—the world has become poorer, and, above all, landed proprietors (a class, however, of the least possible importance to a state) perceive their incomes gradually decrease, while, on the other hand, taxes multiply tenfold, like towering weeds, which grow in rank luxuriance, and overshadow the valuable products of the earth.

One class of proprietors are however an exception ; these are indemnified for their losses by their invaluable paper mills, our only refuge in the hour of necessity.

It may therefore easily be imagined what a lofty station old rags will occupy in our annals !

We must certainly feel the highest confidence in the wisdom of our government ; but how are we to reconcile with that wisdom such measures as the sudden destruction of old institutions, and the equally sudden creation of new, instead of waiting till the ripening hand of time should have gradually operated their overthrow.

Besides our venerable institutions frequently require not re-creating, but renovating: as bread, which has no other fault but being old, should not on that account be thrown away, but rebaked, by which means it will acquire an entirely different taste, although it will notwithstanding still remain the same bread. Such at least is the doctrine of our most able statesmen. But the foundation of these changes must be first firmly laid. What then, if we strictly examine and consider in its true light, has been the principal cause which has produced these changes? Undoubtedly paper and writers. What is therefore further to be desired? Nothing, certainly, than still more paper and still more writers; the remainder will naturally follow;—I think this reasoning is as plain as it is logical.

When therefore our employés heap folios upon folios, pour streams of ink, but not one drop of blood, they make little progress in negotiation, but multiply their writings ad infinitum. By these means they are the benefactors only of those who accommodate themselves to the spirit of the times, and among these the proprietors of paper mills occupy the first station.

The deep thinker anticipates a still more mystical aim. I shall now merely raise a corner of the curtain, and say, "Remember to how many innumerable purposes paper can be applied, reflect that out of manure corn springs!—but enough,—sapienti sat."

We will now be more explicit in our language. If parchment were to become the general material for writing on, then the feeling of discontent that would be created might carry with it some appearance of plausibility, as the colossal folios would become too heavy for the *asses* to carry; besides, in this untractable, inconvenient material there is a mixture of inelegance and durability, which is no longer adapted to the age in which we live; au contraire, the evanescent character, the perishable nature, and frail instability of paper accord admirably with the refined manners, and fanciful, chimerical, ever-changing plans of the present era.

To an impartial observer our position must appear most enviable. It is true we are poor, but then we have the indescribable felicity of an expensive government, and it is notorious that all expensive articles are the best of their kind, for a cheap and a bad article are synonymous. Are we not then highly favoured in having a government who labour for our welfare day and night with the most untiring activity; and is not this a blessing which demands from us the highest praise and gratitude in return? It is true they study the increase of their

own wealth and importance with admirable foresight and precaution, though at the same time indigence is doubled and trebled. That we shall not run into error from the want of a vigilant government is most certain, and it is undoubtedly a great happiness for all nations that none can be deprived of their leading-strings.

How exhilarating is the present, but how many glorious hopes may we not expect to see realized, from the direction intellectual culture has taken! How much is reserved for futurity!

Let us contemplate for a moment one of our turnpikes.* Though dumb, yet it speaks volumes; the colours are full of eloquence; how much is implied by them; the beautiful white is just as if it had descended in snowy flakes from heaven, while the ebon black emulates the jetty plumes of the raven, and their powerful oratory in this great philosophical age has begun, as it were, to unfold its buds in the form of ink and paper.

Thus, instead of war, we have diplomacy; instead of cannon-shot, ink-spots; instead of a jury and a constitution, interminable paper: truly it is the most sublime invention of this or any other age. One thing only is wanting to attain the ideal of perfection, and that is, if one of our ministers could succeed in baking cakes out of old acts and waste paper.

The most lively imagination absolutely becomes giddy in anticipating the results that would ensue to our country, the "poule au pot" of Henri Quatre would then be more than realized. Already my spirit sees an eternal holyday shining around us; the whole nation ennobled or made privy counsellors; yes, even the Lord's Prayer will be ennobled. Instead of praying, as at present, merely for bread to alleviate the pangs of hunger, we shall boldly cry, assured of the accomplishment of our petition, "Lord, give us this day our daily cake." Until that time, patriots, be contented with your black bread, whether you have it or have it not. In the latter case, write or become paper-makers. Probatum est.

To the inhabitants of Smyrna, Apollonius of Tyana ad-

* To those of my readers who have never seen a German turnpike, a description of one may be acceptable. Instead of a gate, a long and thick bar of wood is placed transversely across the road, to one end of it is attached a strong iron chain, by means of which it can be elevated at pleasure. It is always painted with the national colours of the state in which it may happen to be situated. Our author alludes to those of Prussia, which are black and white.—*Translator.*

dressed these remarkable words:—"A disunion in the different parts which compose a government is absolutely essential to ensure a perfect administration of it." Was not this the idea of a constitution? What else could he have meant? And is it not this that we wish to see realized, merely to afford equal scope to the aristocracy and the democracy, both as regards their debates and their decisions, and to reconcile the dissonance by the unappealable authority of the monarch?

Even our own earth seems to follow this principle; in her we also find an everlasting, restless, intellectual democracy,—the whole human race; and a powerful unbending aristocracy,—the elements. Above all is an entirely ideal constitution, framed after unalterable laws, without prejudice, without partiality,—the government of God. So long as the laws against luxury are in force, we must not even dare to think of a constitution, which is indisputably the dearest fashionable article in the market; and therefore we may with justice fear, that there will be many disastrous bankruptcies among its lovers, before a country through it will become rich. We must therefore endeavour to find a constitution, where all the principal appointments (the throne always continuing à la tête) should be annually presented to those who least seek for them.

It is, perhaps, the truth, that it is not a constitution which gives happiness and freedom, but the ability to appreciate and the disposition to profit by it. It is only the moral condition of individuals that finally provides and procures, in the end, that law—the constitution. From what does this receive a definite form? does it frame this form for itself? It may be done by concession or by occasional wise reforms, or the overwhelming force of public opinion, or by a revolution; but the people must be ripe for such a change, otherwise it will not long continue to exist. Behold Spain and Portugal, and I fear for France and Belgium.

Is it not a wonderful century this of ours? We behold in the east the Turkish sultan feeding the Muscovites with almonds and raisins, while in the west a citizen king and an abdicated emperor from the New World are riding through the streets of Paris in procession, to lay the first stone of a monument which was to be erected to the honour of three revolutions!

Apropos of revolutions. When the Saxon diminutive one

took place, and the Kämmerchenvermiethen* which followed it, began, the venerable preacher Dinter tranquillized his insurgent peasantry from the pulpit in the following words:—"Beloved children, give yourselves no unnecessary trouble; it is all the same whether one or six hundred reign in Dresden, still you must obey, pay, and work;" but what is more astonishing, the peasants were prudent enough to profit by his advice.

It is indeed a real pleasure to see how mild, I may even say how domestic, is happy Saxony, since the new order of things has been established.

For instance, how philanthropic was the last discussion over the long and short taille of female servants, and how chivalrously did the Baron C. take up their defence. But with a still more sympathizing heart I read lately that one of the chambers, I know not whether it was number one or two, had appointed a special committee to examine into and consider the petition of the Reverend Mr. Gehe, upon the sin of capturing and confining in prison singing birds. Excellent, innocent chamber! leave the merry little rogues to pipe, and you will preserve your gravity; but when the voice of public opinion, thy founder, shall be directed towards thee, which is not impossible, then, out of the wish that all should be made free, you have already, as a preparatory step, declared the very slates of the houses vogelfrei (as free as a bird.†)

The Gazette de France of the month of February, 1833, says:—"Yesterday the Chamber of Deputies acknowledged the inviolability of kings, and this factum is honourable to them. But when that inviolability of kings is received as a holy principle, how can it be explained, that the members are justified, as it would become violated if applied to the three holy kings now at Prague."

This is important, as we know now, should a new Johanna Southcott be about to give to the world a Saviour, where the three holy kings are to be found.

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* Literally, chambers to let. A child's play, termed in England puss in the corner.

† This is a sarcasm, in reference to the late debates in the Saxon chamber of deputies upon the slates of houses.

In a review of the Literary Gazette (attached to the Morgen Blatt), which through Menzel has become so instructive and interesting, I read the following passage: "The eulogium which the author of the allotment system pronounced deserves mature consideration. Let the proportion of land be what it may, it is capable of nourishing the greatest number of men by being divided into small allotments and built upon, and also with more advantage to the soil; add to which, peace and order is invariably the object of the small landed proprietors, while that of the serfs, as soon as they awake from their stupid ignorance, is anarchy and revenge."

I must beg leave to make a few observations relative to these assertions, particularly with reference to the application in Prussia of the allotment system, the proceedings respecting which are announced to us, from time to time, in pompous proclamations from the general commissioners; their contents are, however, extremely inaccurate.

It is a fact demonstrated by evidence, that the state of agriculture in Great Britain, where are to be found the most extensive landed proprietors, compared with that of France, where the division system has been for so long a period in operation, is in every respect more advanced and flourishing, and the cultivators in a more prosperous condition.

On the other hand, the small English farmer, living upon his master's property, and employed by him, becomes as much a dependant, and even a slave (if we accept the interpretation of the word given by the reviewers), as our own serfs. In this they are similarly circumstanced, that the labour of both is principally devoted to one master; but the former, although he works like a slave, is notwithstanding free, because he holds his farm only for a limited term, and can resign it at pleasure, unless previously bound by a written contract.

Still, on the whole, the situation of our peasants was infinitely preferable to that of the majority of the small English farmers; like these they farmed the land, but, in lieu of rent, surrendered to the landlord a part of the produce, and dedicated to his service a portion of their time; this mode of payment was productive of great benefit to the farmer; but since the redemption of the services of the serfs to the proprietors, the effects are but too apparent in all poor countries. During the existence of the old system, the proprietor, in most cases, would gladly have commuted services for money, even at half the usual rate of labour; however, his wish in this respect remained ungratified, owing to this, that the peasant seldom performed the work

himself, but sent as a substitute a child, or a servant, in order that it might be executed as cheap as possible.

What, then, were the conditions which the proprietor himself had to perform? He generally gave wood for burning, straw, forest-hay, kept the dwelling-house in repair, rebuilt it, if destroyed by fire or any other accident, and, besides this, he had to replace the lost materials, furniture, &c.

Could these people, therefore, be termed slaves, merely because they were bound to perform the services I have described? Certainly not, any more than that civil officer of the crown who sits at his writing-desk and earns his subsistence by the labour of his hands, or the artist, the hired labourer, in short all who are compelled to work or starve.

I cannot, therefore, understand how our reviewer could, with such ideas, have retained a servant in his employ without being haunted by a troubled conscience. Slavery, in my opinion, consists in a man being forcibly compelled to labour without receiving any recompense. This was by no means the case with our peasants, particularly since the abrogation of hereditary servitude, with which vanished every trace of slavery in our country.

But although hereditary servitude was both a lawful right and a source of profit to the proprietor, yet the government has not indemnified him for the loss. Previous to the late changes, the peasant was employed upon the proprietor's estate on conditions unalterable by either party, founded, however, on the principle of mutual advantage.

The Prussian allotment system, and the law for dissolving the relations between the proprietor and peasant, abrogated this state of things in some degree arbitrarily.

It was enacted, that each serf or peasant was to continue to hold the farm as it had been secured to him by his predecessors, together with the stock (or inventarium), and two-thirds, or, according to circumstances, the moiety of the ground belonging to it, to be secured to him as his own property, the remaining third to be surrendered to the proprietor, either as an indemnification *in natura*, or proportional rent. Besides this, the peasant was to have the privilege of collecting wood, either dead or fallen, straw, and the range of the forest; at least this was the case in Lusatia, where it has been carried into execution, and my own property having been divided in the same manner, I am perfectly competent to judge of it.

The third modus, namely, the supernormal indemnification, where the expenses of each single contract were borne mutu-

ally, has been the source of dissatisfaction to all parties, on account of the endless and complicated difficulties which attended carrying it into effect.

It is very evident, that by the method in which these measures have been accomplished, there has been little regard paid to the rights of the proprietor.

In other countries, namely, England and the United States of America, the rights of property have been respected in all attempts which have been made for the extinction of slavery. In these countries it would be impossible to execute such a measure without awarding an equitable recompense, that is, an indemnification equal to the loss of property.

Let us draw a parallel case with that of England; there, granting a lease for the term of one hundred years would be considered by the proprietor as disadvantageous to his interest.

Cannot our government, then, at the expiration of a hundred years, with the same degree of justice as they have now invested the serfs with the privileges of free proprietors, assert for them the right of hereditary possession, and a second time *indemnify* the proprietor, by returning to him half or one-third of his property? The intention of the measure was undoubtedly humane, and for both parties, in many respects necessary, particularly as it was imperiously demanded by the spirit of the times; a circumstance which must, in some instances, be admitted as a palliation of an injustice.

If it had been carried into effect without any unnecessary vexatious interference, and at the least possible expense; if proper attention had been paid to the various local circumstances which presented themselves in the different provinces; if it had been carried on with energy, and the difficulties determinately surmounted, there would have been little cause to complain.

But, instead of this, the inhabitants have been exposed to a tedious and harassing process, in furtherance of which, multitudes of new appointments have been created under the name of general commissioners, for the purpose of separating and dissolving the connexion of the serf with the lord of the soil.

A whole army of economy commissaries have been enlisted, principally consisting of bankrupt proprietors, ruined farmers, discharged civil officers, bonneteurs, and engineers, the whole brood let loose upon the already impoverished land and miserable inhabitants, who have been through their instrumentality betrayed into innumerable disputes, and subjected to various and expensive pecuniary charges.

We have witnessed these commissaries enriching themselves at the rate of more than two thousand rix-dollars annually; many of the overseers have become small capitalists, while the valuable crumbs which fell from the table of the principal commissioners have dropped into the pockets of their clerks and underlings.

Notwithstanding all this expense, the regulation remained in most cases defective and undetermined, and in many instances it has been well attested that the charges attending the fulfilment of this law, even before it was completed, exceeded the whole worth of the indemnification to the proprietor, so that he not only lost the services of the peasant, but was absolutely obliged to pay for being deprived of these services.

I shall instance a striking example of this, the particulars of which I am well acquainted with. It was that of the principality of Muskau, together with the manor of Branitz, both belonging to the same proprietor, and including, in the circumference of the domain, forty-five villages. The regulating of these has continued more than ten years, and at present only one single process is definitively closed, and that has only been effected by mutual convention between the parties, principally through the liberality and sacrifices of the dominii. The proprietor had also the good fortune to engage the services of an eminent lawyer; and the commissary he maintained exhibited in his profession dexterity, talent, and an anxious desire to promote such a conclusion as would be advantageous to the interest of all parties. Otherwise, every thing would have been in complete chaos, and those who were interested, embroiled in process upon process.

Thus the proprietors of landed estates and the peasants are naturally becoming poorer and poorer during these wearisome, protracted, and expensive proceedings, and behold, with a state of mind bordering on despair, an evil averted for the sake of carrying into effect a theory, which will be productive of advantage to none except a mass of civil officers, whom the government has created without necessity, and when the business is terminated will be turned adrift upon society, thereby producing a still greater necessity; and, to accomplish this, the interests of one generation are sacrificed! This sounds harsh, but it is too true. Notwithstanding these causes of complaint, we have abundant reason to be thankful for the various national blessings we enjoy, under a government which, though purely monarchical and military, yet contains the elements of more personal freedom than is to be found in all the

constitutional monarchies combined; and over which reigns one of the best and noblest kings, whose ear is never closed against truth, and whose constant aim and study is the happiness of his people.

Under such a government, therefore, we may be permitted to proclaim our grievances and wrongs; for certainly the dissolution of the ties between the peasant and his lord is a subject of the most serious and painful interest, on account of the insupportable exactions which it has given rise to, and the pernicious effects which are even now consuming the landed proprietors, the only true and real support of a country.

The author with whom this system may be said to have originated died confined in a mad-house. His mind had, for some time previous to this melancholy event, been wavering between reason and insanity, notwithstanding, he was generally considered a man of intelligence and influence. The subject was subsequently adopted by some of our visionary enthusiasts and learned theorists, and although the measure itself is full of philanthropy, yet the manner in which it has been reduced to practice has almost entirely neutralized its happy effects.

My opinion of the subject is, that the peasants are reduced to a still lower grade than they were before, and their former masters have nearly sunk to a level with those who were formerly serfs. Unfortunately the poor are everywhere slaves, even in the midst of the most advanced state of civilization and liberal institutions; and the most enthusiastic admirers of the unlimited independence of the peasant, whose views I entirely coincide with and wish to see adopted, where it can be done without endangering the rights and interests of those more immediately interested, must agree with me in lamenting the unhappy results which have ensued.

We shall now take a view of the unfortunate inhabitants of those countries which are at present suffering with a superabundant population, the result of the too wide extension of the allotment system, and who are now emigrating in thousands to escape a deeper poverty than that of our own peasants during their condition as serfs.

Upon this subject I shall have much opposition to encounter.

The system of large landed estates in England I have already highly eulogized, and yet my readers may be surprised

to hear that her inhabitants are also emigrating—this however originates more in their adventurous dispositions and restless spirit of speculation, than in any real necessity. The principal portion of the English emigrants carry with them a larger amount of capital than, with very few exceptions, is usually employed by the most opulent farmers in our own country.

Still, it cannot be denied that there is much misery in Great Britain, which is not produced by the large extent of the landed estates, but by many other well-known causes, particularly the heavy burden of the clergy, who have grasped the land with iron claws by means of the tithe system, and, like a myriad of hungry leeches, suck the very substance of the earth; they are also principally to blame for the quantity of land found in that country uncultivated, appearing to the eye like a desolate common.

Experience has incontestably proved, that the allotment system is little to be depended upon for creating a population of orderly peaceable citizens. England, though occasionally disturbed by violent agitation, is far less turbulent and wavering than France, which has been a pattern of a successive series of revolutions from her first wild burst of sanguinary anarchy to the present time—agitation in England produces reforms, in France revolutions!—this is caused by the want in the latter of large landed proprietors, which are the very pillars of monarchy; and by that ill-judged, imprudent allotment system, which only tends to give existence to an eternal struggle after a visionary and unattainable equality.

A connected consolidated body of large landed proprietors can alone impart stability to France; the want of such a body is probably leading her to destruction, and this her most sagacious politicians know too well. Why then should we hasten to imitate this example? Surely we should pause and consider whether it will repay us for the sacrifices we are called upon to make. Theories at all times are most appalling—they have already thrown down many of the pillars of our house. The innovators should commence erecting their magnificent new buildings with the roof instead of the foundation, and in doing this they would follow the example of the Turkish sultan.

But how unlike the prudent Mehemit Ali and every other wise reformer!

Important political changes, whether they are made slowly or rapidly, must be always conducted with the highest prudence and circumspection, and the consequence of destroying the ancient structure maturely weighed; but, above all, we

should keep pace with the grade of intellectual culture, and ascertain whether the change we contemplate is in accordance with the state of the country and suitable to the condition of the people, and also whether it is adapted to this particular epoch.

Minutolis's and Prokesch's Travels in Egypt are, upon this subject, both entertaining and instructive; and the barbarian pacha, as he is termed, understands far better the art of governing than many of our free-thinking law-givers, who have always a supply at hand ready for immediate use.

In another German periodical publication, the editor, when treating upon the Utility School, has amused himself at the expense of the Frenchman Villeneuve, who asserts, in his "Privat-Hypothese," "that ruins and ancient monuments are the most splendid ornaments which can adorn a country"—we, continues the other, "are entirely of a contrary opinion—new buildings, canals, public roads, are far more glorious than mouldering ruins, dilapidated aqueducts, and decaying castles, and modern distinctions are preferable to old nobility."

These observations appear to me characteristic of the times—we behold the French again awakened to romantic and poetic feelings, and seeking in them for consolation amid the unquiet, troublous objects which surround them; but the German matter-of-fact daily prose will not permit us to discover that ruins are beautiful. Most certainly, thou Goth, the contemplation of the ruins and monuments of olden time will not satisfy corporeal wants, and, to a hungry man, a baker's shop would, no doubt, be preferable; but are there not men that require sustenance for the mind and imagination? to these they will be always delightful. Why are not the ancient nobility to be preferred to the modern? I grant, as they are at present esteemed, neither the one nor the other are of much value.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A PATRIOT.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria scripsi.

The state of a country with a redundant population consists, not only in the inability of the land to produce sufficient to nourish the inhabitants, but in the advanced state of its civilization, which gives an impulse to the people, and, as it were, propels them towards activity and general improvement. The universal diffusion of information renders it difficult for many to succeed their own country; thus they naturally look abroad to those less favoured, as a wide field upon which to display their superior intelligence. Great Britain already suffers in the highest degree from her dense population, although perhaps a third of her land is uncultivated, or laid out in pleasure-grounds which yield no profitable return. In such a state of things colonies are absolutely necessary, to serve, as it were, for conductors to the spirit of restlessness and enterprise, or, when this is impracticable, incessant wars against less civilized nations.

A state that has not this channel to drain off its superabundant population, or will not take advantage of it, must in process of time fall a sacrifice to internal commotions.

It may appear as if we wished to establish as a rule this exploded maxim of former ages, "that political morality differs from that of individuals." This, however, is not the case, for the same maxims of right and justice apply as certainly to the whole community as to the individual; still we may err by excessive generosity as well as by extreme selfishness, but with this difference—that as an individual, man may pass the strict line of justice, he may act generously; but an individual at the head of a state, being the representative of a commonwealth, if he acts generously, he is unjust to the general interest.

It is indisputable, that every individual is invested with the

right of self-preservation; for example, a man in the act of drowning has the right, in the moment of danger, to seize those swimming around him, with the hope of saving himself; by the same law of nature, a man in a state of starvation may take bread whenever he can meet with it.

Even the man roofing a house was not censured, who, seeing his leader seized with giddiness and staggering, and foreseeing to a certainty that the man, when falling, would drag with him both himself and comrades, hurled the unhappy being, whom it was impossible to save, sidewards to the ground.

I consider it defensible in a state, when it finds that it is nourishing in its bosom the seeds of intestine commotion and rebellion, to take advantage of every common means to avert the danger; this may probably in some cases incidentally tend to the benefit of others; thus every conquest made by a civilized nation over barbarians conduces not only to the advantage of the victors but also of the vanquished, who by this means become instructed in the arts of civilization. In this point of view it would have been productive of benefit to Asia if she had been conquered by Russia; and Russia is extremely fortunate in having in her immediate vicinity a conductor to turn aside the electric stream of intestine commotion from herself.

Without the Turkish war, the disturbances which took place in Russia would have assumed a more threatening aspect, and if the Polish army had been employed in that war, or in securing the freedom of Greece, it is more than probable that the insurrection in Poland would have been prevented.

Prussia is rapidly approximating towards that state of over-population which France and the south of Germany have long since arrived at, and to which perhaps the continued restlessness of those countries is principally referable. France, in proportion to her extensive population, possesses but few facilities for the encouragement of emigration; South Germany none. Hence assistance was sought for in theoretical constitutions, representative constitutions, but without success; even the least exceptionable form will fail in its effect, for it is only when mankind possess internal evidence that they deserve it, that true liberty will arise and flourish, and till then every attempt to create a constitution will be found abortive.

But as this subject has been already discussed, I shall return to our own country.

Prussia, as I before mentioned, is fast verging towards the same condition; the perpetual advancement of her citizens in

activity and intelligence continues to contract the theatre for her exertions; her commerce, her manufactures increase daily, for which we are indebted partly to the moral freedom we enjoy, far exceeding that of many other nations (and this, notwithstanding the absolute form of our constitution), and partly to the universal diffusion of intelligence, an intelligence which commences with the sovereign upon the throne, and shades with its mantle the lowest subject in the realm.

The only impediment to the future power and greatness of Prussia is the want of a channel in transmarine countries. An extension of her frontier in her immediate neighbourhood, though perhaps more desirable, is not at present to be expected; still even this, in process of time, is by no means improbable, as the universal tendency of civilization to create large empires is becoming every day more clearly demonstrated.

But, if I may be permitted to inquire, what obstacle is there to prevent Prussia herself from becoming a maritime power? That she should become sufficiently strong to support a naval contest with any of the European maritime powers is not probable; but if she could form colonies, it would conduce to her own preservation, give an impulse to her commerce, and secure to her firm commercial stations in other parts of the world.

It has often been asserted, that 20,000 Englishmen were more than sufficient to conquer the whole of China; without attempting to propose such an adventurous undertaking, it is a question, whether the possession of a few islands in the Chinese seas would not be the means of commencing and establishing advantageous commercial relations with China and other Asiatic empires. Why should England alone enjoy these benefits? why does she alone assume the right, and embrace every means to interrupt and impede all others? Yes, the force of public opinion has already moderated the power of England in this respect. Thus we see that the French have not been interfered with in their conquest of Algiers; which they undoubtedly would not have been permitted to retain a few years ago.

If we had the possession of such outlets, we might found a Prussian Botany Bay, and thereby abolish the law of death; it would be the means of reforming our malefactors so as to become useful citizens, and fathers of a new people; we might, to such a colony, make an assignment of the moiety of our lawyers, and of other restless intriguing heads at the same

time; yes, I should go with pleasure myself as a volunteer, and like my kinsman Latour d'Auvergne, who became the first grenadier of France, I should endeavour in our new colonies to become the first Prussian hussar. Most certainly I recommend the establishment of maritime commerce; it is a case that deserves the most mature and serious deliberation; by this means a species of East India Company might be founded *en petit;* and you, my dear country, would acquire more fame in China, than your commerce in tea and Indian curiosities has hitherto produced you wealth.

We may examine with the most candid impartiality, and study with the most earnest attention, all philosophical systems, and, after adopting them in succession, we shall arrive at the conclusion, that the utmost grasp of our intellect is incompetent to solve that most exalted problem of speculation,—GOD. An absolutely abstract, immaterial principle is no more the true God that our piety requires, than a material substance bounded by space and destitute of an all-pervading influence, but which, however, is cognizable by our finite understanding. The union of these two properties of God, personal substance and divinity interwoven in one and the same Being, is a doctrine that neither Spinoza nor any of his followers have made intelligible to popular comprehension, and my own opinions upon this subject are equally obscure and undefined.

We are not satisfied with the internal conviction of the existence of an invisible, all-supreme Being, to worship and adore; but we must, so to speak, actually behold him; and for this purpose, we form a representation of the Deity in the likeness of the most perfect human being which imagination can conceive, and which may be properly termed an incarnate God. This visible representation has been the object of all religions since the creation of man; and according to their degree of intellectual cultivation, and the era in which they lived, it has been varied and modified.

The result, therefore, must naturally be, that the religion which can conceive the noblest ideal, such a one as would satisfy the feelings, reason, and understanding, is to be preferred; in this sense, every educated reflecting human being must be a Christian in the fullest sense of the word, at least so long as we are unacquainted with any higher standard, particularly as in this doctrine eternal advancement is a most es-

sential feature; but then, if I may venture to give my opinion, no class of divines should, as they have hitherto done, endeavour to congeal this stream of perpetual advancement, and to erect themselves into the privileged life-guards, the unchanging aristocracy of the Heavenly Empire. This is highly censurable, as they degrade the ideal of the incarnate divinity to that of a mere human being, invested with such passions as are sufficient to obscure the highest holiness.

Pure Protestantism now endeavours to inculcate more correct principles, but alas! its doctrines are little impressed, and as yet of little influence. In the first place, the clergy must become examples of virtue—kind, affectionate teachers and expounders of the holiest necessities of man; true genuine pastors for all, whether Jews or Christians, Turks or heathens, without advancing any pretensions to an exclusive and political support of their faith by the state; without any earthly aim of the slightest degrading tendency; without the mechanical constraints of the dogmas of the schools, and without the unworthy motive of a pecuniary recompense.

Then would the church become the highest institution for perfecting human nature; then would Christ appear again upon earth, and the millennium would commence of a practical practised religion. Then it would be no longer demanded, what do you believe? but, how do you act? So entirely different from what is practised in our days, which is an epoch as irreligious as it is turbulent; as disturbed as it is selfish; and which perhaps may be best defined by denominating it the juridical era, founded only upon that miserable sentence, mine and thine, and followed by the eternal disruption of all those humanizing relations which bind man to man.

We have already partially discussed the subject of slavery, but it is by no means exhausted; for, as freedom is undoubtedly the most ridiculous word of modern times, so is slavery the most gloomy; the abuses of the latter have originated in our own moral debasement; for slavery, by which I mean the uncontrolled power of one class over another, cannot, properly speaking, be termed an evil, any more than existence,—for are we not all, in the fullest sense of the word, slaves of a higher and unknown power? And does there remain to man, any more than to the slave, under their fearful sufferings (beneath which both too often sink), any other consolation than that de-

rived from their own feelings and sentiments? This consolation arises from two different sources; it either emanates from a pious conviction, that in all the vicissitudes of life, an almighty, all-gracious God guides us by his own wise counsels, which, though invisible to our dark and cloudy vision, are yet directed only for our benefit; or it springs out of the congratulations of an approving conscience, from the conviction that our actions have been regulated according to the dictates of right and justice; that they have been equally balanced between self-love and benevolence; thus, though hell may be convulsed, the strength and justice of our conviction will remain firm as the rock imbedded in the waves of the ocean.

We will, for the sake of argument, assume, that the masters of the slaves are right-minded and just (although in reality deficient in these qualities); or that the slaves believe them to be such, which will produce the same effect (as, for example, artful deceivers often exercise over a blinded, uncultivated, ignorant people, a power despotic and tyrannical, and yet are requited by their veneration and affection); so that the condition of slavery has nothing worse in it than that of man; indeed, the state of slavery was absolutely necessary during the dark, rude, and unintellectual ages of the world.

This reasoning is self-evident; it will, however, be long before we arrive at the conclusion, that the moral influence of our minds, when applied to check our own love of dominion, is frail and weak; for not only does man assume more power than he is entitled to, but he also abuses it, and at length we perceive but too plainly, that no political form of government can permit his encroachments consistently with its own security.

Let any person travel through those countries where the white man exercises an almost despotic power over the slaves, and he will find that the regrets and commiserations of the newly-arrived European for the condition of the slave are laughed to scorn, and he is sneeringly told that in process of time he will change his opinions; it is too true; and how mournful is it to behold the rapid progress of the human heart, as it becomes petrified in mercy (notwithstanding the influence of education and religion), when the prejudices of society, and the law of custom, allow free scope to the indulgence of the passions!

It is a melancholy but irrefragable truth, that the nature of man claims more affinity with that of the tiger than the lamb;

a love of destruction is deeply implanted in him, and, like this most voracious of animals, when he has once tasted blood, his desire for it increases; indeed, it is the opinion of many, that war and the chase are the satiators of this appetite in Europe, and in those countries where it prevails—slavery! What a painful thought!

I doubt much whether the various attempts made to accomplish the abolition of the slave-trade have been upon the whole beneficial to the negroes. My reasons for these opinions are grounded upon the following arguments.

In the first place, the negroes in their present situation cannot be considered an intellectual, well-organized class of men.

In the second place, slavery exists in its most abhorrent form in Africa itself, where the unhappy victims are subjected to the most heartless barbarities that inventive cruelty can inflict; so that it would be beneficial, and tend to the progress of civilization in this unhappy race, if no obstacles were interposed to their transportation from Africa.

In this case, however, it would be absolutely necessary that the severest punishment should be inflicted upon those who treat them with cruelty, either during their voyage or at any subsequent period.

The relative situations of master and slave should be controlled by a more humane system of laws; still, however, leaving with the master the right of compulsory labour, which would not abrogate that species of slavery entirely, but in the most essential manner diminish it, without intrenching upon the rights of the slave proprietor.

The period of compulsory labour should be limited to a certain number of years, and at the expiration of it care should be taken that those negroes who would not voluntarily serve as day-labourers should be united together in free colonies, in the same manner as is practised by the Dutch government; by which means the slaves would be certain of providing for their own subsistence, and at the same time, by the pursuance of useful and profitable industry, render important services to the state.

By this method the negroes would be transformed into beings capable of appreciating the advantages of true liberty, which the existing regulations of the slave-trade have altogether failed in accomplishing; while, on the contrary, by awakening in them a delusive hope, their condition has been rendered more deplorable than it was previously.

However, it is highly probable that the discovery of the source of the Niger may be the commencement of an entirely new era for Africa; the evil can now be attacked in its very foundation, and the seeds of intellectual cultivation more extensively sown, which has been hitherto so ineffectually attempted.

I am not sanguine in the amount of good to be anticipated from the system of slave emancipation which has originated in England; and I fear, like the application of constitutional principles in Spain and Portugal, will fail of success; for the diseased state of a commonwealth must be gradually remedied by its own members, and not by the intrusion of principles unsuited to their station in the scale of social existence.

It has been said, that virtue would be insanity if God did not support and protect her.

That no earthly being could conceive virtue, if she had not been revealed by a higher power, is most certain. Her home, alas! is not upon earth, for here she is so little loved, that, were she perfect, she would be driven to find a refuge from persecution in the desert. Happily we are not called upon to witness this melancholy spectacle; for Machiavelli maintains that man is neither possessed of sufficient courage to surrender himself entirely to her guidance, nor yet of such reckless hardihood as totally to abjure her control.

Those politicians who expect that Providence will interfere in the termination of a cause, merely on the grounds of their human ideas of its justice (independently of all considerations derived from religious theories), have not sufficiently studied history, or they would be convinced that Providence, who is the invisible agent in the events of this world, never interrupted the chain of causes and their analogies to operate any specific effect.

The cause of justice would be always certain of success, if it were at the same time the most powerful; for although this very justice constitutes its strength, yet it is frequently neglected to be taken timely advantage of. "Assist yourself, and God will assist you," is as pious and Christian as it is reasonable. We must, alas! acknowledge that the noblest senti-

ments, when exposed to the test of experience, are not proof against the troubles and vexations of life; for instance, all that is glorious upon earth, justice, equity, freedom, virtue, just retribution, &c. &c., are warred against and ridiculed, and their ultimate success is uncertain. In fact, the only earthly power certain of a triumphant result, so long as it can support itself, is—Force.

It has been justly asserted by a popular author, "That the fine arts will never fail to degenerate, if divorced from religion;" and then, continues our author, "music is the only one of the fine arts that can be properly said to be an integral part of divine service. It must therefore be adopted as the best medium by which we can once more establish an intimate union of all the arts with religion."

This is a singular conclusion; the fine arts are degenerated because in the present epoch genuine religious feeling, like all poetry, has become weakened in the breast of man; let this be strengthened, and the fine arts will again bloom. But if it is necessary to be invigorated by music, then, perhaps, the most effectual concert would be the roaring of another thirty years' cannonading; the groans of thousands expiring of the plague, or the lamentations of those overwhelmed with a partial deluge, or on the point of being ingulfed by an earthquake.

It seems inexplicable to some persons, that the inhabitants of the United States, though apparently deficient in the imaginative faculty, are, notwithstanding their advanced progress in political science, divided into religious sects, professing the most fanatical and, in some instances, the most ludicrous tenets. To me it appears perfectly consonant with the usual course of events.

Young nations (and such is America—but who, like a young giant, strangled a serpent in its cradle) are always religious, while ancient countries are generally more skeptical; in the same manner as childhood blindly believes, and mature age, perhaps, as blindly doubts. The strength and vigour of youth is faith, the foundation of religion. At a future period, with the decrease of strength and vigour, and the accession of experience, the season of reflection commences upon the acts of

our earlier years, which is the foundation-stone of philosophy. Perhaps, still later, the views of both will obtain such an insight into truth as to form an entirely new religion.

Those who are hesitating in their faith would do wisely, if the mind will yield its assent, to continue to believe.

But to demand it as a duty from those who in this view of life are without it, would be nothing less than compelling a person to become young again. That would be impossible.

A nation cannot return a second time to a state of infancy, but it is not so with individuals; they may again sink into childhood,—for instance, the devotees of our day. God, the all-bountiful, has in his wisdom discovered the true means of operating this miracle of renewed youth, as it has been ordained from the beginning, from eternity to eternity, the endless unerring means of renewing youth for all. What is it? Death!

Generally speaking, governments are not friendly towards men of genius who are aspiring or ambitious; but in so doing, it is most certain they evince weakness, or want of discernment, in not availing themselves of their talents. Prudence enjoins a contrary method of proceeding, namely, to employ them; they are thus won over to the interests of the state, and thereby rendered both innocuous and useful.

It is ever to be deplored that Frederic the Great, in a moment of ill-humour, sacrificed the talented Lander; and the Bourbons would probably have escaped their melancholy fate, if their vain and frivolous court had condescended to win over Mirabeau, instead of clinging to the fickle and incompetent Necker.

The first syllable of the name of the minister who signed the incorporation of Poland with Russia, and the abolition of her constitution, was Grab (grave)—Grabofsky.

Is this for us Germans a presage or its fulfilment?

Be this as it may, this piece of intelligence is certainly a fortunate omen, namely, that a foreign order has been conferred upon a *Russian minister*, and made hereditary in his family. How beautiful! While the ungodly St. Simonians are striving to abolish hereditary titles to wealth, to thrones,

to rank, &c., the Russian-Persian order of the Aurora, which is about being created and made hereditary, imparts a certain hope of immortality: is not this reasonable? are not *orders* become so numerous as to attract the attention of all governments?

After the various emancipations of the present day, such as the people—the sound of that has gone forth into the ends of the earth; the children—behold our schools; horses and asses—see Schefer's novels; the serfs—look to the Prussian allotment system; the West Indian slaves, and finally the Jews—read the debates in the English parliament,—are we not therefore justified in anticipating an emancipation of the *orders?* and the day on which the power of hereditary debate would be conferred on *all orders* will be hailed by many with the greatest satisfaction and delight!

I frequently censure the English, and for this reason,—because they are so great, and yet so little!

To-day, as I laid the newspaper out of my hand, I felt for them undivided veneration. The emancipation of the Jews, which I before mentioned, is a glorious token of the advanced state of their intellectual culture, and will produce the most beneficial results, by moderating their religious zeal; for one step taken in the path of charity is always the precursor of one still higher. Thus, by retreating from an evil, we escape another of still greater magnitude.

Hail to thee, noble, illustrious people! How numerous are the clouds of error which have vanished before thy enlightening influence! and now thou hast laid the axe to the root of that remnant of barbarism—the persecution of a numerous class of our fellow-creatures, which has so long existed to the eternal disgrace of civilized Europe!

It is a glorious victory of justice and humanity, and a proud example to the world; but I voluntarily drop the veil over the dark stain which the continued disabilities of the Jews leave upon Germany.

I know not what the feelings and opinions of those who term themselves Christians may be upon this subject, but for myself I can truly assert that, since I arrived at maturity, I never conversed with a well-informed Jew without experiencing shame and humiliation, or without being impressed with the conviction that we have no right to despise the arti-

clės of their faith, but that we have afforded them too much reason to doubt the charity of ours.

Still the progress of events cannot be arrested; the present age, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of those dangers which now lie hid in the womb of futurity, yet tramples in the dust prejudice upon prejudice, in rapid succession; and even if, in a moment of excitement and delusion, a prejudice is reinstated, the effect is but momentary, as an immediate reaction takes place, and they must finally arrive, conformably with the divine laws, "at the haven where they would be"—the empire of reason!

I cannot forbear noticing a singular instance of the incongruity of the human mind. During the same session of the English parliament which originated the noble, magnanimous proposition for the emancipation of the Jews, a ludicrous bill was introduced to enforce the better observance of the Sabbath, which among its enactments numbered one for the punishment of those who read newspapers or even sought for political information on that sacred day, together with other nonsense of a similar description. And, singular to say, the discussion terminated with about the same majority against the exalted measure for the amelioration of a numerous class of our fellow-creatures, as against the other* merry-andrew attempt at legislation.

CONSIDERATIONS ON A LANDED ARISTOCRACY.

The station of the landed proprietor is undoubtedly one of the last importance in a country; nay, it is even a question whether it is not paramount in importance to every other; and yet no class have become more diminished in influence: this is particularly evident when they happen to be not only landed proprietors, but nobility. Indeed, the only individuals of this class whose interests have not deteriorated are those who hold some office in the realm, or pursue some lucrative employment

* Quære, does the author intend here to pun upon the name of the honourable introducer of this bill, Sir Andrew Agnew?—*Translator.*

in conjunction with their agricultural occupation as landed proprietors.

Various causes have combined to operate the unexampled decay of this class: modern innovations have had no inconsiderable effect, but landed proprietors are themselves principally to blame in resting supinely ignorant of the fine arts and of general knowledge and information. I regret to say they evince, in some cases, an absolute indifference, if not contempt, to all that is ornamental, beautiful, or intellectual. Perhaps a still more powerful cause of their declension is to be found in their utter apathy to whatever peculiarly relates to themselves.

In constitutional countries the great landed proprietors, the aristocracy, are a most influential body; but, in the legitimate sense of the word, Prussia may be said to be destitute of this powerful class.

Under an absolute monarchy an aristocracy is not, perhaps, so essential; but unquestionably it forms an integral, indispensable part of a constitutional monarchy, for it is necessary, not only as a security for the throne, but as a bulwark to protect the rights of the people; and we may be assured that a mere titular nobility, without wealth or influence, forms a very inefficient substitute.

The influence that a true aristocracy exercises upon the affairs of a state is powerful and multifarious; it originates in their possessions, and, as it were, grows with and emanates from them. Thus, in the discharge of their public functions, at the same time that they advance the interests of the community they benefit their own; we must, however, assume that they have imbibed correct opinions relative to the policy, institutions, and peculiar character of their country; consequently the provisions made by a wise aristocracy, if in conformity with the spirit, or in advance of the age, are in a manner guarantied by their immense stake in the welfare of the community.

But how seldom is this visible even in those countries where similar relations already exist, although perhaps imperfect; for instance, in England the head of the family, i. e. the landed proprietor, does not usually enter the service of the state, unless incited by the instigation of ambition, the consciousness of possessing commanding talent, or the pressure of pecuniary losses; while, on the contrary, the younger sons, who are destitute of landed possessions or aristocratical influence, consecrate themselves with alacrity and pleasure to the public.

service, and not unfrequently become elevated to as much importance and power as birth had secured to the elder branch of the family, as they had always considered this to be the path marked out for them to pursue, and had prosecuted it with integrity and honour.

These felicitous proportions have long since slowly bloomed on the other side of the channel, and have there grown into a machine so admirable in its nature that, notwithstanding its defects and abuses, it has originated a liberal, enlightened public feeling, and a greater degree of personal and national freedom than is to be found in any other country in Europe.

Such a fabric is to us a stranger, and it seems from various causes too probable that it will long remain so, as those discordant elements which at present menace us must first be hushed to repose; this can only be effected by the creation of a solid durable aristocracy, namely, an influential body of landed proprietors, which, when it exists, is the pride of a country; such, for instance, as adorns England, and extorts from every foreigner his unqualified admiration and respect.

Freedom of the press seems to have become indispensably necessary to the nourishment of our minds, since the discovery of the rights of man, in the same manner as tea and coffee have become essential to our corporeal sustenance since the discovery of the commerce of the world.

THREE PIECES OF IMPORTANT INFORMATION EXTRACTED FROM NEWSPAPERS.

1. "During the night of the 18th, a rat escaped from his hiding place and made towards the Hotel de Ville, carrying the tricoloured flag, and shouting with a tumultuous noise, 'Vive la Liberté!'"

2. "A famine is not now to be apprehended in Maestricht, as the Duke Bernhard has approached to the assistance of the town with 400 magen (stomachs)!"

3. "Two steamboats, one from Havre, the other from Cologne, arrived this day in Antwerp, and held a long consultation with the governor of the citadel!"

The government of Z——, long celebrated for its genius, extended its love of governing even beyond its own frontiers. Very shortly after annexing part of the kingdom of R—— to its dominions, overlooking the circumstance that the town of N—— continued under its former sovereign, they transmitted a mandate of punishment to the bookseller Schöps of that town, for selling a prohibited book.

His laconic answer was as follows:—" My name of Schöps* being widely diffused in the neighbouring provinces has, I presume, been the innocent cause that the excellent and wel ordered government of Z—— has done me the honour to number me among its subjects; but may I be allowed to inform the high and mighty government that the town of N—— is proved by every rule of geography still to constitute a part of the kingdom of R——, and hitherto it has not even been rumoured that it has fallen under any foreign jurisdiction; it is therefore advisable that our fines and punishments should continue to be awarded by our own government. I most submissively subscribe myself to the high and wise government of Z——,

" F. Schöps, jun."

That sweet solace of man's terrestrial cares, hope, never forsakes us, but gleams from on high like that planet which day by day, each morning and evening, smiles on the weary traveller, but still retreats from him, wearing the semblance of Lucifer, of Venus, of the morning or evening star, and in this *quadrinity* and *quadrupity*, it marches for ever onward, onward, like a vision seducing us to follow it; yet where is the human being who could exist without cherishing the delusion?

A PORTRAIT.

A terrific giant appeared to me lately in a dream, one of his legs was the spire of the Cathedral of Strasburg, the other was that of St. Stephen's at Vienna; he wore a sky-blue uniform; on his left breast was the planet Venus and the Ura-

* Sheep; figuratively, silly fellow.

nus, and on his right three comets; his head was powdered like that of a lord of the bedchamber, and, upon a nearer inspection, I discovered that this identical head was the Tschimborasso.

He extended his finger, and the streaks of the northern lights appeared in the heavens, and out of the fiery colours a glowing spark whirled downwards from the immeasurable heights; with shuddering eyes, I observed his dimensions alternately dilate and diminish like an *ignis fatuus*, till he finally assumed the form of a man.

As that undefinable being stood before me, I found it was the devil! we very soon became upon the most friendly terms; but, gracious heaven! what a different being is he in reality from what he has been represented to us. The immortal Hauff, who was also most intimately acquainted with him, is the only person who has given a rational description of him. The awe inspired by his first appearance soon wore away, for man becomes accustomed to every thing.

A very amiable female acquaintance of mine, with whom he has been more familiarized than either of us, lately wrote upon three leaves of paper sewed together a description of my newly acquired friend, which, having fallen from her writing-desk, I had the good fortune to find.

The feminine naïveté of it charmed me; the following is an accurate copy.

"Think not that Satan is hideous, or that he wears horns, or that he is adorned with that appendage with which he is usually represented—a tail; but least of all that he has cloven feet.

"On the contrary, he is, I assure you, well-grown, tall, slender, and of an elastic form, with finely proportioned limbs; ah! in all this he is not deficient; his eye beams like a star, perpetually varies in expression, and is full of animation; his countenance is replete with interest and variety; in a state of repose it appears like that of a poet invested with the most touching melancholy. I never saw him angry; his general aspect is friendly and good-natured; and though occasionally a great enthusiast, yet he is always prudent and subtle: his ordinary demeanour is becoming and decorous, he blushes like a miss in her teens, and is easily excited to tears; his hair is an infernal jet black, but I observed a single red one on the left side of his whiskers, which he will not allow to be extirpated; his countenance is pale, but the skin fine and smooth; he has slender lips, white teeth, long delicate fingers, and small feet; his dress is plain, but arranged with the most recherché negli-

gence. This interesting exterior is united with the greatest subtlety of character, of which he avails himself as often as he finds necessary; his action and deportment are graceful and pleasing; at one time he assumes the bearing suitable to his rank, while at another he is familiar and condescending. Yes, yes, thought I, 'that silly race of sheep,' the sons of men, who expect to find in him a revolting apparition, are altogether ignorant of his nature. His most peculiar characteristic is that he never permits an insult or jesting, yet, at the same time, is always ready to practise it towards others. He is possessed of extraordinary talents; his wit is inexhaustible, and he is inimitable in his saucy bashfulness.

"He is a most accomplished master of all the arts of deception; is fond of reading and of having books read to him, particularly *Goëthe's Faust;* above all things he delights in playing the incognito, and, like all great men, is averse to being discomposed; he is perfectly well acquainted with all the arts of enjoying the pleasures of life, and generally dines alone; after which he cracks nuts, and then throws the shells in the faces of those around him, never forgetting however to make an apology.

"He endeavours to seduce every person who approaches him, particularly the fair sex: oh! the betrayer! from which it would appear he loves the sinner more than the sin; and wherever he finds he has obtained an entrance into a heart, and that it is impossible to eject him, he immediately assumes the most insolent indifference, acts the rôle of an English dandy, and meditates new conquests."

Thus far the young lady.

I can also add a few not uninteresting traits from my own observation and experience; among others, I can decidedly affirm that he had at one time the intention of residing among the devotees, but his bold aspiring nature was unable to endure the confinement; in a few weeks, however, he cast his skin, which, together with his horns, cloven feet, and sulphureous perfume, he left to the holy assembly as a most valuable legacy. Since this epoch he composed his modern metamorphosis. He has recently (for he can never detach himself from the spirit of the times) become a Liberal, and is earnestly engaged in originating and forwarding all sorts of reforms; indeed it is reported that he intends to establish a constitution even in hell itself.

Many unhappy souls are consequently flattering themselves with the hope that, for the future, they will not be left to re-

ceive their punishment from an offended God, but will first debate and then choose it for themselves. Thus being in possession of glorious, blessed freedom! they say they could endure double the amount of their present sufferings.

Public opinion is peculiarly a thing in itself. It is sometimes victorious even over personal interest; for instance, we are surprised at the Dutch (I mean the ancient), whom nothing tended more to enrich than the great discovery of salting herrings, and their immense commerce in this article with Catholic countries, which originated in the numerous fasts enjoined by that church. This was carried on to such an extent as to give rise to the proverb that "Amsterdam has been built upon the heads of herrings," and this, notwithstanding the Dutch themselves were the most zealous Protestants, abjured fasting, and were most anxious that all the world should embrace the same opinions, even if they were not to dispose of a single salt herring! Many similar instances might be adduced, but perhaps none of greater disinterestedness.

In the works of Shakspeare, comedy and tragedy are almost invariably blended together; it is also thus in the drama of the world; at present, however, it is not easy to assign the palm of ridicule to one particular country; but it appears to me, that certain Southerns pre-eminently merit it, who, when performing the part of vaunting, boasting braggadocias, did not condescend to wait for the attack, but ran. The most amusing part of it is, that these slaves, whose only real charter consists in the rod with which they beat up their maccaroni, might even go so far as to hang upon their infallible pope a constitution in the form of a hair bag, as an object of devotion.

We complain, and perhaps not without reason, that a spirit is abroad to lay prostrate old institutions, without having the power to erect a superior fabric. It may be so, but is it wise, when a room is newly painted, to pronounce upon the effect at the moment when the old colour is removed from the walls, and the new has only commenced penetrating? Would it not

be better to defer our decision till it is completely finished? and then, if the result is unsatisfactory, we may say with truth that it would have been preferable to have suffered the old to remain.

The Germans are reproached, and perhaps not unjustly, with their imperfect system of public instruction. Education may be compared to dress, for, as the proverb truly says, "fine feathers make fine birds," not that it changes the essential part of man, but merely his exterior appearance; education produces similar effects, it conceals the weaker, and calls into action the nobler parts of the intellect, till the whole is arrayed in the most becoming manner; it places us under the restraints imposed by custom, which are as it were a sacrifice for the benefit of society. For a considerable period, public instruction was conducted with too much freedom; but, at present, the danger lies in pursuing the opposite extreme. In Austria, for instance, I have been informed that the universities, like the schools, are divided into classes, and that the students in the last of these receive manual correction!

In opposition to this, they err so far on the side of liberality as to permit the custom that during the disputation of a student, previous to taking his degree, there is such a discordant noise of trumpets and horns that it is scarcely possible to hear a word; in this manner, the incapable are generously supported, and thus "radically" are their degrees conferred.

In saintly Berlin, education is conducted according to the injunctions of the Holy Scriptures, "the last shall be first;" thus, in the universities, a bedel receives 800 rix-dollars, and a professor only 400! In the Saxon universities the most important changes have also taken place; no one can now invest himself with the title of doctor, as was once the case with Dr. B——. Those who were formerly denominated magistri have been deprived of the privilege of dealing in stockings, suspenders, soap, and clothes-balls, which constituted a source of great profit to them. As a recompense for their loss, they have been advanced to the title of doctores philosophiæ, most probably without having become thereby more philosophical.

One of the most cautious systems of education that I have ever known was that pursued with the young Count D——, of Berlin. Among other rigorous restrictions, he was never allowed to walk out except in fine weather, and then only in

the company of his tutor; this had the effect of creating in his mind the singular desire to be thoroughly drenched with rain, but his wishes remained unaccomplished, for he was vigilantly watched; at length it so happened, that during a heavy fall of rain, the tutor was suddenly called away, he took care, however, first to secure the door, and had scarcely left the room, when the youthful count threw open the window, mounted a chair, and leaned out as far as possible. He was charmed with the cold bath, but hearing the returning footsteps of the tutor, he attempted to spring from the chair, when his foot slipped, he fell from the window, and broke his neck.

On the last day of last year, a landed proprietor in my own immediate neighbourhood hung himself precisely a quarter of an hour before midnight. This man must have had a dreadful presentiment of the year 1833. Quære, perhaps the comet, &c.

AN ANECDOTE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
Shakspeare.

A young student, whose name we shall beg leave to suppress, but who seemed isolated from the common ties of society, was recommended to Mr. K——r, an opulent civil officer in the neighbourhood of Leipsic, to superintend the education of his children. P., for so we shall denominate our student, conducted himself entirely to the satisfaction not only of his pupils and their parents, but he won also the admiration and respect of the whole surrounding country, by the talents he displayed in several distinguished lectures and sermons which he delivered in the neighbouring parishes.*

Thus three years passed over, when one day, at a public

* Theological students are permitted to officiate in the church, previous to being ordained.

entertainment, Baron N——, a gentleman of large landed estates, addressed our young student, who was sitting opposite to him, in the following terms :—" Mr. P., I beg in the name of the whole company now present, and also in my own, to express to you the respect and admiration you have excited by your talents as a preacher. To your edifying discourses we are indebted for elucidating and enforcing the divine truths of Christianity, with such persuasive eloquence that the conduct of your hearers has been materially influenced ; and I am happy to add, that the blameless tenor of your life has corresponded with the precepts you have delivered. For myself, I hoped that you regarded me as a friend, and I cannot but feel surprised that you have not calculated securely and confidently on my good disposition towards you."

Mr. P. now attempted to reply, but the Baron N., hastily interrupting him, added, " Are you not aware that one of the most lucrative clerical appointments in the whole country has been vacant for the last six months, and that it is in my gift ? and yet you are the only theologist in the neighbourhood who has not offered himself as a candidate. But I know very well," continued he, smiling, " that your only fault is modesty. I will therefore make myself the first advances, and offer to your acceptance the vacant station at S——; do not be apprehensive, in acceding to my proposition, that your kind friend Mr. K. will consider you ungrateful ; he entirely coincides with me in desiring your consent to my proposal, and participates in the feeling of pleasure which we all entertain, that we have at length an opportunity of rewarding your high merit."

At this unexpected communication the countenance of Mr. P. became alternately red and pale, and he appeared very much agitated and disturbed ; after pausing a few moments, he stammered out a few incomprehensible sentences of obligation and gratitude, adding, that he would fully explain himself after dinner. The company were astonished, and the Baron N., appeared not a little piqued at the unexpected reception of his offer. During the evening our student sought a private interview with Mr. K.; when they were alone, the latter expressed his surprise at P.'s want of gratitude for the generous offer that had been made to him. " My God !" answered the student, " you know not in what a singular predicament I am placed."—" How is this—in what does your difficulty consist ? what possible objection can you have to accept one of the very best appointments in the whole district,

and which has been offered to you in a manner alike honourable to the donor and yourself? But what is the cause of your hesitation, is it attachment to my children? or is it a prior engagement? speak!"

"Neither. Sincerely as I am attached to my pupils, yet I am perfectly aware that I cannot always remain with them, but"—he then paused, apparently in great mental distress, then as if speaking with an effort, he added, "I must divulge it, I am not a theologist, but a jurist!"

"Is it possible! I am certainly very much astonished: what then could have induced you to give instructions in divinity? why have you led every person into the belief that you were a theologist? however, I am happy to find that you have nothing worse to confess; and after all, when rightly viewed, it offers no impediment to your clerical preferment, your acquirements and capabilities render you admirably qualified for a divine: we will procure for you testimonials at Leipsic; you are able to support the severest examination. Let me arrange it for you, and it shall remain for ever a secret between us, you understand me?"

"Noble, generous friend!" replied P.—"it cannot be." He then added in a faltering tone of voice, expressive of the deepest shame and humiliation, "I have grossly deceived you; be not horrified, I am not only no theologian, but also I am not a Christian!"

"No Christian! you have lost your senses!"

"No, I am not mad, but I am a—Jew."

Mr. K. started, and seemed much discomposed; but after a few minutes he accommodated his mind to the circumstances, and expressed not a little apprehension at the consequences that might ensue in a bigoted land (as Saxony then was), particularly as he himself was deeply compromised. At length he said, "There is no other alternative but that we set off to-morrow morning by daybreak for Dresden, and confess every thing to the court chaplain Reinhard; you must be baptized, as you are of course a Christian in heart and feeling, for you never could have uttered such sentiments and ideas if you had been a Jew."

P. offered no objection. Reinhard was a lenient judge, and, after hearing a few sermons and receiving absolution, our student was baptized. Fortune was determined to pour her best gifts upon the head of the hero of our tale, for a few days afterward, the rich widow, Madame B——, fell violently in love with the young proselyte; she did not allow "con-

cealment like a worm to feed upon her damask cheek," but through the medium of the court chaplain conveyed the knowledge of her favourable sentiments; and as he was too wise to refuse a good offer, he accepted the charming widow and her dollars; and no obstacle now existing to prevent it, he was inducted into the vacant parsonage; subsequently, through the influence of his gentle and interesting wife, he became a counsellor of the court, and rose high in public estimation. He is at present a much admired author, and the editor of a very popular periodical publication. How singularly does fate dispose the chain of human events!

TUTTI FRUTTI.



EXTRACTS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

THE CONGRESS AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

September, 1818.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our stern alarms are changed to merry meetings.
Shakspeare.

The amiable Madame Gai and her lovely daughter Delphine, the Muse and Isaure of France, who was at that time a faithful picture of a genuine French girl adorned with all the grace and pleasing vivacity of her nation, will perhaps one day call to mind the promenade we made together with several other ladies, to see a ruin, the name of which has escaped my memory.

The weather was delightful; it was a glowing crystal day in autumn, of that peculiar melancholy clearness which is so characteristic of this season of the year, a season which to the imaginative mind is always typical of the matured period of human existence, when memory, like a mirror, exhibits to us the past, but promises little of joyful anticipation of the future; still we secretly cherish the flatteries of hope.

How different is the spring, which, like the bloom of youth, presents to us the contemplation of the blue heavens and the verdant earth, the bright prospect of a thousand new pleasures and agreeable sensations; little occupied with the past, but enjoying the present and anticipating the future.

However, we were at the time in the most brilliant spirits, and a circumstance which added not a little to our hilarity was, that, in returning, we missed our path and wandered we scarcely knew whither. The ladies were witty and full of animation; one of the exuberances of their mirth and gayety was attempting to excel each other in springing over the

ditches which interrupted our progress. A friend of Madame Gai, Madame Gail, a lady of most superior and original talent, was victorious over all her fair competitors in her gymnastic exhibitions, which drew from her fair friend a torrent of playful indignation. "Consolez-vous, madame," said I, "elle a *un l* (une aile) de plus que vous."—"Ah, l'horreur!" cried Madame Gai, "on me prend mon calembourg."

"Je vous jure, que je n'y connaissais pas vos droits."—"Mais les beaux-esprits se rencontrent. . . . ," and in the same instant I stumbled over à stone and fell into the arms of my amiable antagonist. "Mais, monsieur, ce n'est pas ainsi au moins que les beaux-esprits se rencontrent.". . . . "Madame, mille pardons," stammered I, much disconcerted; "c'est pourtant la loi de l'attraction seule qui m'a ainsi entrainé, et vous vous êtes malheureusement trop bien apperçue, que je n'y ai pas cédé légèrement."—"Allons," rejoined Madame Gai, laughing, "pour un Allemand vous ne vous tirez pas trop mal d'affaire." By this time we arrived at our carriages, where some of the party left us. Madame Gai and her cortège entered my barouche; I mounted the box and drove my four *Englishmen* back to Aix-la-Chapelle.

We alighted at the house in which resided Mademoiselle Lenormand, the celebrated French sybil, with the intention of consulting her concerning our future destinies; here we met several acquaintances.

The far-famed Pythian sorceress was an ill-looking old woman, with very vulgar manners, dirty hands, and still dirtier cards in them; I remember the whole exhibition as if it had taken place yesterday. She told a young Russian "qu'il serait pendu;" upon which he answered with great sang-froid, "au cou d'une jolie femme j'espère."* Of the writer of these pages, she prophesied that he should visit the East, and there, by some unexpected circumstances, arrive at great celebrity, and that he should die in a place entirely surrounded with water.

I paid little attention to the remainder.

It was late when we left the house of the prophetess, and we determined to pass the soirée with Madame Gai. The beautiful Madame Recamier adorned the circle with her presence; our hostess even surpassed herself; the witty, animated

* I have since been informed that the prophecy was accomplished, in consequence of his being compromised in an insurrection at St. Petersburg.

Koreff was in her best spirits; General Maison related some interesting anecdotes of his campaigns with the simplicity which characterizes him; a nephew of the great Alfieri, especially distinguished for loquacity, accompanied the musical performance of Madame Gail. In short, we spent a most delightful evening, and the time passed *utile dulci.*

The company at length departed, and I alone remained. —"Do you know," said Madame Gai, "that our amiable friend Madame Gail can unravel the thread of destiny even better than Mademoiselle Lenormand?"

"Oh pray," said I, turning towards her, "solve me some of the riddles of the old sorceress by again surveying the cards." —"Volontiers," answered the obliging lady. Cards were brought; she commenced preparing for her lecture, and seemed absorbed in studying the aspects of the pretty little painted oracles which lay before her. She spoke occasionally, but her words were unintelligible. The clock struck midnight—she started at the sound, again cast her eyes upon the cards, turned deathly pale, threw them down, and, to my great astonishment, suddenly burst into a violent fit of sobbing. "My God!" exclaimed I, alarmed, "what is the matter? Am I to die to-night, and have I to thank you for shedding tears of sympathy for my fate?"

"Non," said she, "tranquilisez-vous; ce n'est pas votre mort que j'ai vue dans les cartes—c'est la mienne!"

We attempted to turn the thing into ridicule, but were unsuccessful. Madame Gai, who resided in the same house with her friend, shortly after left the room much agitated, and I took my departure; as I returned home illumined by the pale moonlight, I felt as if invisible spirits were my companions.

A few days after this I met the Chancellor Hardenberg, who demanded if it were really true that I wished to be appointed ambassador at Constantinople? "God forbid!" replied I, "it was only yesterday that Mademoiselle Lenormand prophesied that I should die in a place surrounded by water, and is not Constantinople nearly so? No, no, I assure you I intend to remain on terra firma." The chancellor laughed heartily, and we spoke no more of Turkey.

Three months later, I received a letter from Madame Gai; part of its contents were as follows:—

"Notre pauvre amie n'existe plus. Une fluxion de poitrine l'a emportée en trois jours; elle s'est souvenue de vous, plus d'une fois, sur son lit de mort. A minuit précis elle a rendu le dernier soupir."

October.

A lady celebrated for her poetical talents, who is profound as she is lively, and well informed as she is amiable, gave to-day a grand entertainment, which was honoured by all the sovereigns, rank, and beauty of the place.

My loyal and patriotic feelings were strongly excited on beholding our beloved monarch; though plain in his appearance, and unaffected in his deportment, yet the sovereign beamed in his countenance.

The next great personage that arrested my attention was Prince Metternich, whose peculiar characteristics I had often observed during the time I was acquainted with him (when very young), at the commencement of his career as ambassador at the court of Dresden. He always appeared to the greatest advantage in the society of his superiors in rank. It is impossible to behold this great man without imbibing the opinion that he was born to direct the destinies of a great empire; and certainly, in this respect, he has very few superiors. This is no "ideologe;" Germany is not at present conscious how deeply she is indebted to him. History will assign him a station superior to that of Kaunitz, and rank him with the greatest politicians of former ages; with a Cecil, a Richelieu, and other truly great men. It cannot, of course, be expected that a man of his grasp of intellect should accommodate his plans to every visionary theory. If Heaven had cast the destiny of Prince Metternich in England, in France, or even in Prussia, he would on many points have displayed a character and sentiments altogether different from those he has exhibited, but he would still have remained true to himself; he would have comprehended and adapted himself to the circumstances and events which he had been called upon to guide and control.

But he is part of Austria, and when her interests are threatened, his adversaries will do wisely to avoid a collision with him.

Prince Metternich displays in private life many traits indicative of being a skilful, courtly tactician, and shows equal address in repressing the assumption of arrogance, or in flattering the vanity, which he deems can be made subservient to his purpose.

A friend once related to me the following anecdote, which is highly characteristic of this talented statesman.

"The prince was accustomed in the evening to hold a sort

of levee. Two Russian noblemen of high rank, attached to the court of the Emperor Alexander, demanded an audience of him; but the prince mocked their impatience by leaving them to remain at least an hour in the antechamber. He was in an adjoining room, occupied with an artist, who was explaining to him the beauties of some paintings which he had recently purchased; the door between the rooms not being entirely closed, it was evident to those in the anteroom that he was not in any haste to receive his Russian visiters; for we observed him kneel down, examine, and then roll up several paintings himself.

"The Muscovites, who, by-the-way, were officers, began to exhibit symptoms of great impatience; at this moment the diminutive Count M—— entered from the prince's cabinet, glanced rapidly around, and was in the act of returning, when one of the Russian generals prevented him, and requested, in a tone of the bitterest mortification, that Prince Metternich might be informed of their presence. But alas! no attention was paid to the intimation; they were obliged to rein in their impatience as well as they could, and submit to wait another hour. At length, Count M—— returned, and with that ultra politeness of voice and manner which is only contempt in disguise, made innumerable apologies for the prince, who, he stated, could not have the honour of receiving them, on account of the important business which then occupied his attention.

"The northern warriors, after muttering a few polite sarcasms, hastily made their congé and departed. I immediately followed, as I had merely remained for the sake of witnessing the denouement, and I cannot deny that my German heart expanded, and that I experienced a proud feeling of exultation. Then, thought I, if we had an emperor of Germany, his prime minister truly wanted not a ——; but why should I say further what I think; thoughts, though duty free, must not always pass the frontiers of our lips."

The Duke de Richelieu, by the dignity and elegance of his manners, and still more by the ashy paleness of his countenance, which seemed as if all the blood had retreated from his cheeks, was an admirable representative of France at that time. It was impossible not to remember the words of Talleyrand, "C'est l'homme de France, qui connait le mieux les affaires d'Odessa;" and however frequently this place was spoken of by those who were desirous to please him, it did not appear to give him the slightest annoyance.

The Emperor Alexander was all condescension; he pre-

sented tea to the ladies, relieved them of their empty *tea-cups*, and charmed all by the affability of his manners. His courtiers successfully imitated the high example of their master. Capo d'Istrias formed the only exception, he appeared to exist for himself alone.

What is the cause that it is impossible to approach Austria without feeling as if we were enjoying a holyday? and whence does it arise that no person, at least no German, can draw near to her emperor without experiencing a feeling of love and veneration for his most sacred person? There is a fascinating spell thrown over that country and its sovereign which has often been visible in history; it is more decidedly felt than it is easy to define. Personal manners have great influence, but it is not entirely referable to them.

All eyes were turned upon the Duke of Wellington; he glittered alone and above all, wreathed with the laurels of the conqueror. The civic crown of thorns had not yet encircled and lacerated his brow; his bearing was lofty, noble, and *distingué*; his countenance bespoke deep thought, boldness, and decision, but little genius; his periphery was evidently filled, but narrow.

Lord Castlereagh, with his pale complexion and melancholy smile, looked like a vampire deprived of its nourishment. Near him was Hardenberg, the state-chancellor, a venerable-looking man. In his features were traced nobility, refinement, and genius, but still something like weakness might be discovered. His general demeanour was that of an accomplished man of the world, but when compared with that of Metternich it was not so commanding and unconstrained; it also bordered slightly on what might be termed timidity.

A truly antique group were formed by General Benningsen and his lady; he was at that time in disgrace, nearly blind, and age or sorrow had long since imparted a snowy whiteness to his flowing hair. His figure was tall, imposing, mournful, and emaciated: and as he was led in by a handsome young Polish lady he reminded one of Belisarius. His appearance awakened many interesting reflections. His conversation, however, corresponded little with his impressive exterior, as he talked of nothing else but horses and the battle of Eylau, where, however, it was asserted by many that it was entirely owing to him that Napoleon, even at that time, was not entirely defeated. But the good effect of his counsels was neutralized by timidity.

Madame Catalani sat down to the piano; the Emperor of

Russia, ever ready to perform the little offices of politeness, placed the music-book before her; the delightful warbler commenced "God—" At that moment the postboy's horn sounded a long discordant blast immediately under the windows of the lowly dwelling, which completely overpowered the lofty note of the lovely songstress, and produced a smothered laugh among the auditors. The diligence now drove past, and she began again, "God save—," but alas! proceeded no farther, as the accompanying carriage to the diligence was blessed with an equally musical postillion, and a second harsh protracted blast was most provokingly winded by the post-horn, unfortunately even more inharmonious than its predecessor. This was too much; gravity was put to flight, and one universal burst of laughter resounded through the apartment. The disconcerted warbler was obliged to chew another cud of rhubarb (which I was informed she invariably carried with her), before she was able to recommence her performance. This time, however, she succeeded in singing "God save the King!" without any further interruption, and concluded amid the most rapturous applause.

I returned home with Count ——, whose domain had passed into other hands, and who had come to the congress for the sake of seeking the deserter, but with as much probability of success as there is of finding "a needle in a bundle of hay." At present his possessions were limited to an old Dutch uniform: his external appearance was extremely ludicrous; he had the misfortune to be much inclined towards embonpoint, and the half worn-out uniform seemed to hold him together like the rusty hoops of a barrel, they encircled so tightly his projecting paunch that he resembled one of our own deceased garde-majors.

He amused himself by drawing caricatures of many of the celebrated personages we had just left, with no inconsiderable degree of humour, and occasionally dashed them with strokes of the most poignant satire. There were certainly some among them not a little distinguished for their eccentricities. Lady C. bore the palm of rank; her toilet, her figure, her conversation, all harmonized with each other; her deep-toned voice, colossal figure, ample bust, and the ostrich feathers waving in concert at each word that she spoke, made her appear at the same time the champion and the nurse of Old England.

I was informed that she occasionally wore, as a trophy encircling her brow, the garter (of the order of that name)

which belonged to her husband. But whoever once beheld her in negligée, when mounted on horseback, enveloped in a great-coat, a red handkerchief tied over her mouth, and a broad-brimmed hat upon one side of her head, would have felt assured that he was contemplating Falstaff in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

There were very few German ladies here, but these were patterns of every thing delightful and amiable. I shall only mention the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, and her lovely, charming daughter.

That our evening's entertainment should not be destitute of the elements of laughter, our obliging experienced hostess provided even for this, as Elise Bürger, painted red and white, like a wig-block, declaimed with the most shuddering pathos,—

"Da unten aber ist's fürchterlich!
Und der Mensch versuche die Götter nicht
Und begehre nimmer und nimmer zu schauen,
Was sie gnädig bedecken mit Nacht und Grauen."

THE UNWELCOME VISITER.

At his own bidding, unsolicited,
He came.

Schiller.

I recently perused a book which contained several amusing anecdotes; it is very popular, although it contains internal evidence that it was not written by a man who had mixed in good society, but belonged to that class of authors, "*qui a écouté aux portes,*" so accurately and strikingly delineated by the Abbé Voisenon.

My reason for alluding to this work is for the purpose of pointing out an article in it respecting a Danish state prisoner, the Baron Müller, concerning whom a dark, mysterious history has been circulated, and thereby imparted to him a degree of importance of which he is totally undeserving.

As I was intimately acquainted with him, and renewed the connexion against my inclination, I am perfectly competent to

rectify the erroneous reports concerning him, and my little memoir may perhaps be permitted to find a place in this volume.

Müller was in reality a finished *aventurier;* besides this, in the plenitude of his own imperial power, he created himself a baron, a colonel, and if he entered Denmark as an officer of the Legion of Honour, this decoration was also conferred by himself.

He was possessed of an imposing exterior, and exhibited every mark which indicates a man of the world; he was not deficient in personal courage, as a portion of the following narration will sufficiently testify.

He was thus, at all events, capable of exercising a profession which, if he were fortunate, might procure him wealth and consideration.

I was young and unacquainted with the world when I first made his acquaintance in Switzerland, and by his vaunting accounts of the various great deeds he had performed (all of which I received as current coin), he easily imposed upon me; and during my fourteen days' abode in —— he took care to support himself entirely at my expense. Several persons kindly warned me of his character, and informed me, among other things, that in consequence of his bad conduct he was an alien from his family, who would acknowledge neither affinity nor connexion with him; but as he did not attempt to deny the charge, and merely assigned motives honourable to himself as the cause, I completely disregarded it, particularly as I was at this time precisely in the same situation, and was then residing in voluntary exile in a foreign country.

With all the unsuspecting confidence of youth I disclosed every secret of my soul, and consulted him respecting the intention which I entertained, of gratifying the wishes of my father by abdicating my right to my inheritance, and accepting in lieu of it a life annuity.

His reply, which was that of an experienced man of the world, was to this effect,—that I ought not to execute this determination, for "that time would bring forth roses,"* when I should bitterly repent having acted under the pressure of urgent necessity without mature reflection.

I shortly left ——, and the next place that I met Müller was at Strasburg; as yet he was neither a baron nor decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour, he was simply dressed in a Swiss militia uniform. Here he presented a petition to the Emperor Napoleon, who happened to be passing through

the town, but which was returned unnoticed. He was at this time struggling with great pecuniary difficulties; I should have assisted him with pleasure if I had not been, as he well knew, exactly in the same predicament—we parted, and I entirely lost sight of him.

Many years had since that time passed over, and, as my readers may imagine, his image had nearly faded from my memory.

My father was numbered with the dead, and my inheritance had descended to me unimpaired. It was the shooting season of the year, and my castle was filled with guests, when one day I received the following laconic note.

"My dear Friend,

"I am inexpressibly delighted that my good advice has been the indirect means of producing such an abundant harvest; I am coming for a few weeks to have the pleasure of enjoying it with you, when we can amuse ourselves by talking over the vexations of our younger days.

"Entirely yours,

"Baron v. Muller."

I attempted, but in vain, to recall to my mind the writer of this letter, a dear friend, a Baron von Müller, who had given me "good advice."

I laughingly handed the letter to my guests, saying, our circle would be shortly enlarged by a mysterious stranger, who, although he was my dearest friend, was yet entirely unknown to me. Many of my friends considered it a joke, but others more conversant with the world hazarded a conjecture that came nearer the truth.

The following day, during the time of breakfast, my servant informed me of the arrival of a stranger, who had at that moment driven over the drawbridge of the castle. Curiosity led me to the door, where I saw a singular antique-looking carriage, drawn by four horses, with a large trunk fastened behind, but destitute of baggage or attendants. I descended one step, when a tall man, who at first was entirely unknown to me, presented himself—he had also forgotten me, as he demanded if the Count —— was at home? announcing at the same time that he was the Baron von Müller. In a few moments the recollection of my Swiss friend flashed across my mind. His appearance, person, equipage, &c. made such an equivocal impression; that, when I introduced myself to him, I coolly expressed my regret that all the apartments in my

house were occupied by my guests, and concluded by requesting him to descend at the inn, but hoped that I should have the pleasure of his company to dinner at seven o'clock. I immediately took my leave, giving orders to my servant to conduct the postillion to the neighbouring inn.

The baron "swallowed the pill" and departed; he re-appeared at dinner in a dress which had been once elegant, but was now more venerable than consisted with beauty. He exhibited very evident symptoms of ill-humour. In the interim we had learned that the baron, at the last stage, had exchanged the diligence for the patriarchal coach, which he hired, together with the old trunk, for the sake of making an éclat. From this circumstance, united with his general appearance and manners, my aristocratical friends assumed towards him the most frigid politeness; for myself, satisfied that the castle was not to be his dormitory, I determined to treat him with the same urbanity as my other guests; but the baron, on the contrary, played the *rôle* of the aggrieved, and during dinner omitted no opportunity of showing it. Knowing his situation, and regarding myself as partly to blame, I was very considerately deaf to language which it was expedient not to hear, till at length the bounds of moderation were past.

I had introduced into my house several English customs, though I had not yet visited England. The conversation turned upon that country, its customs, manners, and institutions, upon which Müller remarked with much asperity, that it afforded great amusement to him to observe the various customs which Anglomania had introduced upon the Continent, and which *certain people* in their ignorance termed English modes, while those who had really travelled in that country immediately detected the delusion and laughed at their folly.

This excited my displeasure, and I indignantly replied, that numbers visited England who were not qualified to be introduced into good society, and therefore unable, from their want of experience, to judge correctly of its manners, as they were incapable of obtaining any information except such as was supplied through the medium of their companions in fortune-hunting.

My friends, who were quite disposed to enjoy a little mischief, laughed heartily; the "Herr Baron von Müller" was silent, and made a precipitate retreat *à la Française* immediately after dinner, to the great relief of all present.

The next day I rode out with the lady of the Hanoverian ambassador at Dresden, the Frau von Bothmer, when we en-

countered our friend the baron; he was in a somewhat lowly situation, seated upon a truss of straw in a peasant's cart, having taken his departure a few hours previously. He pulled his cap quickly over his face, and must have felt convinced we had recognised him, though we were too considerate to permit him to observe that the sudden exclamation of surprise uttered by the lady had been excited by his appearance.

About eight days subsequently, I received a challenge from him, dated from a neighbouring town; although I was now perfectly acquainted with the nature of the station which he occupied in society, yet I considered it my duty not to refuse him the satisfaction he demanded, particularly as at that time a duel was an event which I contemplated with the utmost indifference.

The place I appointed for the rendezvous was upon the Prussian frontier, where I possessed an estate. I set off, accompanied by two friends, who are still living, to keep my appointment; but instead of the redoubtable challenging colonel, appeared a letter! announcing that his seconds had "left him in the lurch," adding a long dissertation upon his doubts and scruples to meet me. This foolish termination of what threatened to be so serious an affair was probably the effect of his conviction that his projected invasion of my treasury had miscarried, and that it would not be wise to stand fire when it could not be productive of either preferment or wealth.

Many years again passed over, and in the year 1814, immediately after the abdication of Napoleon, I arrived in Paris with the allied armies as adjutant-general in the service of the reigning Duke of Saxe Weimar. I was crossing the Place Vendôme, when a man hastily followed me, saying, "I am now come, count, to demand the satisfaction which is due to me." It was my quondam friend Baron von Müller. I calmly answered, "that he had already, in the most dishonourable manner, refused to receive that satisfaction, and if he did not depart instantly, I should have him arrested as a vagabond." This was sufficient, and he left me muttering threats of vengeance. After reflecting a little, I considered this would be an auspicious moment to throw the adventurer off for ever.

I therefore waited upon Field-marshal Blücher, who was my *chef*, related to him the whole history, and requested his orders. The prince participated in my view of the case, and referred me to our celebrated countryman Count Rastitz, to whom the arrangement of the affair was confided.

The next morning I received a visit from the director of

police, who informed me that the *mauvais sujet* was arrested, and that I should receive no further annoyance.

Two months afterward I met the same individual at the door of an hotel in London, but he pretended not to remember me; and subsequently, while still in England, I was informed of his duel with the Swedish Count L., and also of his final imprisonment in Denmark, where I am not certain whether he still lives, or has terminated his earthly career.

It is sincerely to be deplored when men like him, whom nature has so liberally endowed, do not turn their talents into a nobler channel; circumstances not unfrequently degrade that man into a captain of robbers who, under the influence of a kindlier destiny, would have become an Alexander!

AN AERIAL VOYAGE.

SEPTEMBER, 1817.

"What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
And to be lord of all the works of nature,—
To range in th' air, from th' earth to highest sky."
Edmunde Spenser.

I HAD scarcely recovered from a severe illness, when Mr. Reichhard, the aeronaut, came to Berlin, and paid me a visit, for the purpose of receiving introductory letters. He is a sensible, well-informed man, and his interesting narrative awakened in me an irresistible desire to soar once in my life to the empire of the eagle.

He interposed no obstacle to the gratification of my wishes, and we decided that he should construct a balloon at my expense. Truly the sum was no bagatelle, as the different items amounted to 600 rix-dollars. But even at this rate the pleasure I enjoyed was cheaply purchased.

The day which we selected was one of the most heavenly that could be imagined; scarcely a cloud was to be seen in

the firmament; half the population of Berlin were assembled in the streets, squares, and on the roofs of the houses.

We entered the car, and out of the centre of this motley multitude ascended majestically towards the heavens. Our frail aerial bark, not much larger than a child's cradle, was surrounded by a net-work, as a protection against any giddiness that might ensue; but, notwithstanding the weakness which remained after my indisposition, I did not experience the slightest disagreeable sensation.

As we gently and slowly ascended, I had sufficient time to salute and receive in return the farewell salutations of my friends below. No imagination can paint any thing more beautiful than the magnificent scene now disclosed to our enraptured senses. The multitudes of human beings, the houses, the squares and streets, the highest towers gradually diminishing; while the deafening tumult became a gentle murmur, and finally melted into a death-like silence. The earth which we had recently left lay extended in miniature relief beneath us; the majestic linden-trees appeared like green furrows; the river Spree like silver thread; and the gigantic poplars of the Potsdam Allée, which is several leagues in length, threw their shade over the immense plain.

We had probably ascended by this time some thousand feet, and lay softly floating in the air, when a new and more superb spectacle burst upon our delighted view. As far as the eye could compass the horizon, masses of threatening clouds were chasing each other to the immeasurable heights above; and, unlike the level appearance which they wear when seen from the earth, their entire altitude was visible in profile, expanded into the most monstrous dimensions—chains of snow-white mountains, wrought into phantastic forms, seemed as if they were tumbling headlong upon us.

One colossal mass pressed upon another, encompassing us on every side, till we began to ascend more rapidly, and soared high above them, where they now lay beneath us, rolling over each other like the billows of the sea when agitated by the violence of the storm, obscuring the earth entirely from our view. At intervals the fathomless abyss was occasionally illumined by the beams of the sun, and resembled for a moment the burning crater of a volcano; then new volumes rushed forward and closed up the chasm; all was strife and tumult. Here we beheld them piled on each other white as the drifted snow, there in fearful heaps of a dark watery black; at one instant rearing towers upon towers, in the next creating

a gulf at the sight of which the brain became giddy, dashing eternally onward, onward, in wild confusion. I never before witnessed any thing comparable to this scene, even from the summit of the highest mountains ; besides, from them the continuing chain is generally a great obstruction to the view, which, after all, is only partial ; but here there was nothing to prevent the eye from ranging over the boundless expanse.

The feeling of absolute solitude is rarely experienced upon the earth ; but in these regions, separated from all human associations, the soul might almost fancy it had passed the confines of the grave. Nature was entirely noiseless—even the wind was silent ; therefore, receiving no opposition, we gently floated along, and the lonely stillness was only interrupted by the progress of the car and its colossal ball, which, self-propelled, seemed like the roc-bird fluttering in the blue ether.

Enraptured with the novel scene, I stood up, in order to enjoy more completely the superb prospect, when Mr. Reichhard, with great sang-froid, told me I must be seated, for that, owing to the great haste with which it had been constructed, the car was merely glued, and might therefore easily come asunder, unless we were careful.

It may readily be supposed, that, after receiving this intimation, I remained perfectly quiet. We now commenced descending, and were several times obliged to throw out some of the ballast in order to rise again. In the mean time we dipped insensibly into the sea of clouds which enveloped us. like a thick veil, and through which the sun appeared like the moon in Ossian. This illumination produced a singular effect, and continued for some time till the clouds separated, and we remained swimming about beneath the once more clear azure heavens.

Shortly after we beheld, to our great astonishment, a species of "fata morgana" seated upon an immense mountain of clouds, the colossal picture of the balloon and ourselves surrounded by myriads of variegated rainbow tints. A full half-hour the spectral-reflected picture hovered constantly by our side. Each slender thread of the net-work appeared distended to the size of a ship's cable, and we ourselves like two tremendous giants enthroned on the clouds.

Towards evening it again became a little hazy ; our ballast was exhausted, and we fell with alarming rapidity, which my companion ascertained by his barometer, although it was not apparent to the senses.

We were now surrounded for some time by a thick fog; and as we rapidly sunk through it, we beheld in a few minutes the earth beneath glowing in the most brilliant sunshine, and the towers of Potsdam, which we distinctly beheld, saluted us with a joyful carillon.

Our situation, however, was not so full of festivity as our reception. We had already thrown out our mantles, a roasted pheasant, and a couple of bottles of champaign, which we had taken with us for the purpose of supping in the clouds, laughing heartily at the idea of the consternation which this proceeding would cause in any of the inhabitants of earth who happened to be sleeping upon the turf, in case the pheasant should fall in his mouth and the wine at his feet; but we could not forbear hoping that it would not descend upon his head, as, instead of an agreeable excitement to his brain, it would act the part of a destroying thunderbolt.

We were ourselves, like the other articles, tumbling, but, to our great consternation, we saw nothing beneath us but water (the various arms and lakes of the river Havel), only here and there intermixed with wood, to which we directed our course as much as possible. We approached the latter with great velocity, which appeared to me from the height like an insignificant thicket. In a few seconds we were actually hanging on one of the branches of the shrubs, for such I really believed them to be; in consequence of which I commenced making the necessary arrangements to descend, when Reichhard with great animation called out, "In God's name, stir not; we are entangled on the top of an immense pine!"

I could hardly believe my eyes, and it required the lapse of several seconds to convince me that what he asserted was really true, having entirely lost, in a few hours, the capacity of measuring distance.

We were most certainly perched on the highest branches of an enormous tree, and the means to descend set our inventive powers at defiance; we called, or rather shouted, for help,—first in solo, then in duetto,—till we began to fear that we should be obliged to support our character of birds by roosting in the tree, for night was fast approaching. At length we saw an officer riding along the high-road, which caused us to renew our cries with redoubled vigour; he paused, but thinking it might be robbers, who were endeavouring to inveigle him into the wood, galloped off with the rapidity of lightning; but as we continued vociferating, he gave a heaven-directed glance, discovered us, raised himself in the saddle, reined in

his horse, and with outstretched neck and distended eyes, endeavoured to ascertain, if possible, the nature of the singular nest he beheld in the gigantic pine. At length, having satisfied himself that we were really not of the winged creation, he procured men, ladders, and a carriage from the neighbouring town.

But as all this consumed no inconsiderable space of time, we remained perched in mid-air; and it was quite dark when we arrived at Potsdam with our balloon, which, by-the-way, was very little injured. We took up our abode at the Hermit Hotel, at that time badly conducted, where we, alas! had ample reason to regret the loss of our supper.

Eight days afterward a peasant brought me my mantle, which I still preserve; and fifteen years later, as I entered a Prussian post-house with the intention of sharply reprimanding the post-master for detaining me, as I wanted a relay of horses, he came forward, good-humouredly looked at me, smiled, and then suddenly exclaimed, "Good heavens! certainly you must be the gentleman I delivered out of the balloon;" adding, "at present you must wait still longer." I instantly remembered his countenance and voice; and after conversing with him for some time, I found he was an old comrade, who had fought with me in various battles, which had been the means of delivering our country from foreign dominion; tales upon tales rapidly succeeded each other, until at length the impatient and repeated blasts of the postboy's horn compelled me to press the veteran's hand, and take, what will probably prove, a last adieu.

I think it is also time, patient reader, to bid you farewell for the present; and as you have followed me thus far, may I hope that you will continue to accompany me.—Nil desperandum! Cras ingens iterabimus acquor.

TUTTI FRUTTI.



SCENES AND SKETCHES

OF

A TOUR IN THE RIESENGEBIRGE.

SCENES AND SKETCHES

OF

A TOUR IN THE RIESENGEBIRGE.

Through weeds and thorns, and matted underwood,
I force my way; now climb, and now descend
O'er rocks, or bare or mossy, with wild foot
Crushing the purple whorts; while oft unseen,
Hurrying along the drifted forest-leaves,
The sacred snake rustles. Onward still I toil,
I know not, ask not whither! A new joy,
Lovely as light, sudden as summer gust,
And gladsome as the first-born of the spring,
Beckons me on, or follows from behind,
Playmate or guide! The master passion quell'd,
I feel that I am free.—*Coleridge.*

I HAD long led a very solitary life in my castle, as my society consisted only of architects, gardeners, &c. &c. This annoyance originated in my passion for building, landscape-gardening, and other improvements, which alternately afforded me vexation and delight. At length this long-continued feverish excitement exhausted me, and I eagerly pined for tranquillity and repose, pure contemplative recreation; for though the creating impulse is one of nature's most precious gifts, yet care and anxiety are too frequently its concomitants.

It was on a cheering, radiant morning that I determined to tear myself away and commence a pedestrian tour to the distant blue mountains. I travelled through dark, dreary forests, and gay smiling plains, in search of new adventures. Not that I was armed with the lance and sword of the middle ages, but merely with the peaceable paraphernalia of the nineteenth century—a walking-stick in my hand, and a note-book in my pocket.

I gave orders to an old groom to follow me at a distance with one of my best hunters, and with what would have been called, in the aforesaid middle ages, "a sumpter horse:" the former, I intended, should relieve me occasionally from the fatigues of walking, and the latter was the bearer of a canteen, amply supplied with such necessaries as I required, when I might feel inclined to breakfast or dine al fresco. I did not forget, also, to provide for my mind's nourishment by taking with me a few books. This gipsy method of enjoying life contains, in my opinion, an indescribable charm, of which I have never become weary.

The aspect of the weather became threatening; but I had scarcely completed about twenty miles, when the azure blue of heaven appeared in streaks behind the dark veil of the gray clouds; the sun's golden beams glanced brightly over the range of hills, covered with the blooming heath and the purple-berried bilberry-bushes, while each glorious ray caused in my bosom a thrill of delight and pleasure; for it seemed as if the all-bountiful, all-gracious God looked down upon me from the blue depths above. It was long since any such manifestation had revealed itself, for my ideas and feelings had become so absorbed in the occupations of active life, that I had entirely lost my God; at least, I sought in vain for the admonitions of the silent monitor within me, so that at length I seemed as if removed from my own proper element.

I now felt released from the trammels which had confined me, and enjoyed my reawakened religious feelings, together with the blessings and beauties of nature; a pure stream of happiness ran through me, resembling the life-giving influence of magnetism. For, oh! how powerful are the delights and consolations of religion!

Cheered and inspirited, I travelled more rapidly; and as the evening was throwing her sable mantle over the earth, I arrived at the extremity of the forest, and beheld the hospitable dwelling of a landed proprietor, with whom I had formerly been on terms of intimacy, and shared various scenes of many-coloured life. We had not met for many years, and it was only report that informed me of several domestic afflictions, which had carried sorrow into his peaceful retreat. The heaviest blow of fate was, that his daughter, universally celebrated for her beauty, lost her reason in consequence of an ill-fated attachment to an inferior in rank, disapproved by her father, and which so alarmingly increased, that it was found necessary to confine her in a mad-house in the neighbouring town of W——.

Several years had elapsed since this mournful event, and I hoped to find that the deep distress of her parents had become softened beneath the lenient influence of time; I therefore determined to demand hospitality for the night.

The dust-covered pedestrian entered unannounced into the garden, where, under a linden bower, which the departing rays of the setting sun had tinted with gold and purple, the family were assembled at their evening repast. The domestic arrangements of my friend were made conformably with old customs and with military punctuality; he dined precisely at twelve, and supped at eight, being the same division of time as is followed by the fashionable world in London and Paris, only with different appellations.

Some minutes elapsed before I was recognised by my old comrade, and I had equal difficulty in identifying the stooping form and silver hair of the being before me, with the undaunted, fiery, dark-haired captain of cavalry; upon announcing myself, I was immediately remembered, and his reception of me was most kind and cordial.

He introduced me to his lady, whose general demeanour was extremely imposing; the deep lines of melancholy in her countenance were united with the bearing of a haughty, determined spirit. I was then made acquainted with their son and daughter-in-law, between whom was seated a lovely boy about ten years old, that I concluded was the son of the young people; but upon making an observation to this effect, I was answered by the pretty young woman slightly blushing in the negative, adding, that he was only a near relative. A suppressed sigh, and the dark cloud which passed over the countenance of the elder lady, afforded me a clew to the nature of the boy's relationship. I instantly changed the conversation, when I was informed that his lady, their son and daughter-in-law intended to set out that night for the metropolis, to arrange some important business relative to an estate entailed on the baroness, which rendered their presence indispensable; the major, whose health was impaired by wounds he had formerly received, remained at home, and he urged me to beguile him of his solitude by passing a few days with him. We conversed much upon the aspect of the domestic political horizon, with which he was extremely dissatisfied; for instance, he considered it oppressive, as an old subject of Saxony, that notwithstanding the solemn pledge of the Prussian government to the contrary, the landed proprietors,—who under their former rulers had been exempt from custom-house duties, from

being compelled to purchase salt from the government, from excise, from having soldiers billeted upon them, and other similar exactions,—were condemned to see all these privileges wrested from them without the slightest indemnification; added to the loss of income, they were burdened by a variety of new taxes; this, united with the emancipation of the serfs, had reduced them to a condition both hopeless and miserable.

The old gentleman was particularly irritated against the vexatious interference of the civil officers, whose ignorance of local customs, of the peculiar relations between the proprietors and the peasants, and of the law as it formerly existed, aided by their presumption, arbitrary power, and love of chicanery, had betrayed them into innumerable errors. "You know, my dear H——," said my friend, "that formerly a commission consisting of thirty or at most forty persons was sufficient for the administration of an entire province, whereas at present, for half a province, one hundred additional commissioners are appointed, and the nobility, who exercised in public affairs an influence proportionate to their rank, have sunk into insignificance.

"One of my friends, the late regretted president of the government of Erdmansdorf, informed me, that when he was sent to take possession of the government of Cleves, he found there only a prefect and four counsellors of state; yet every thing was in order, the accounts perfectly balanced, and nothing omitted that was necessary. The new government was installed, whose officers exceeded twenty, and when three months had elapsed, the corporation had contracted a debt to a large amount.

"The French minister judged correctly, when he said, that by the side of every prefect a gallows should be erected, upon which to hang him if he should prove a perfidious servant of the community.

"On the contrary, in our hydra-like corporations, each head governs according to his own judgment, and to the utmost extent of his authority. We have prefects, landräthe, and representatives who no longer represent the people, but are become mere civil officers of the government, whose commands they are obliged unhesitatingly to follow. Civil directors of every description, commanders of the landwehr, press upon me on every side; when I require the services of my domestics and labourers, I am told they are obliged to leave me for several weeks to practise military evolutions! In the mean time, I have the pleasure of contemplating all my affairs at

home remaining in statu quo. You might perhaps suppose that my horses, at least, received the benefit of the Sabbath-day, and were allowed to doze peaceably in their stables. Oh, no! their presence is required to perform the duties of cavalry chargers; it is really ridiculous. Some time ago, my bailiff, who to me is almost indispensable, was summoned to attend a shooting exercise, about thirteen leagues from hence, for fourteen days; even the officers were convinced of its inutility; for, as my bailiff told me, when he returned, 'This important exercise consisted in discharging a few shots out of a bad firelock; whereas, if he had remained at home, he could have practised far more effectually with his own fowling-piece, and at the same time have fulfilled the duties of his office.'"

"Stop! stop! my friend," exclaimed I, "no declamatory tirade against the landwehr; every thing is capable of two interpretations; inconvenience, and even abuses, may sometimes arise from it; but what can be the reason that a man of your penetration and judgment is not convinced of the important benefits which result to the country from that great institution! No, my friend, you may depend upon it, that the arming of a nation in the same manner as it exists in our country is the pride of the present century! Since the time of Napoleon, nothing so stupendously magnificent has appeared in Europe, and future ages will acknowledge and appreciate its importance. I concede that, in some instances, it is productive of individual inconvenience, and may be prejudici alto the advancement of national industry; but this is unavoidable, and how many important benefits does it not confer upon the nation to counterbalance the evils! The advantages, when considered in a military point of view, are incalculable; its influence upon civilization is no less striking; a decided amelioration of the national character is already visible, and displays itself by more refined manners and improved morality; the degree of intelligence and information which are, by its means, already diffused, must excite astonishment and admiration; the extraordinary difference in those who are engaged in military duties and those who are not is palpably evident, not only in their external appearance, but, generally speaking, in their conduct.

"No persons are more competent to decide on this question than the landed proprietors, for we behold in the landwehr the only elements of obedience and subordination, particularly as these valuable ingredients in the formation of the social character are become nearly extinct; compare our military with our civil department, contemplate the arrogant presumption

of the latter, their conceit, their ostentatious display of authority, their restless endeavours to bring rank and hereditary power into disrepute, and you will, like me, feel perfectly convinced, that we are indebted only to our military system, united with the high veneration and deep affection which the entire nation entertain towards the king, for all that we enjoy of good order and tranquillity; when nearly the whole of Germany was in a state of feverish excitement, Prussia, not through a deficiency in general intelligence, but in the midst of its diffusion, remained undisturbed. A military organization of the whole nation has been repeatedly pronounced to be a dangerous and unmanageable engine, but the result has been entirely different, for this very organization has been the means of effectually restraining the factious and turbulent. We owe this blessing alone to its founder, our revered monarch; to that elevated individual, who has devoted the activity and energy of a whole life to perfect a system which has produced the happiest effects.

"No, no, my brave old comrade, leave to me undisputed possession of my beloved landwehr; this tremendous newly-invented machine is too excellent to be even partially defective; on the contrary, our pen and paper despots I willingly resign to the castigation of an old officer of the grand army."

"Protect them," answered the old hero, with a mixture of animation and bitterness; "that would be a difficult undertaking; we poor tormented land-proprietors may sing the old song —'No peace by day or night, just like Leporello.' Look at that packet on the side-table, which the postman brought a short time before your arrival; I am afraid to open it before supper, for fear of destroying my appetite; in fact, every week produces a new ordinance or a new regulation, as if for no other purpose than to increase the revenue of the post-office; they frequently chase each other day by day like threatening thunder-clouds. One day, for instance, I received commands to erect, under penalty of a fine, in our miserable village, three lazarettoes for the reception of those infected with the pestilence, together with such a multitude of attendant accessories, that I positively think it would make bankrupts of the whole community; at the same time the unfortunate peasants, in the midst of their haymaking, were obliged to leave the fields and form a cordon against the cholera. Another day a mandate was transmitted enjoining me to construct, within the space of nine days, finger-posts at all the cross-roads throughout my domain; and if I neglected the injunction, I was to be fined

ten rix-dollars. On a third occasion orders were sent me to repair what is usually termed a soft road, that is, one principally composed of sand.

"Well, after much trouble and expense, I erected a lazaretto in each of the miserable villages, and, *pro forma*, despatched a few villagers to manœuvre on the frontier, for the purpose of defending it against the attacks of the dreaded Azreel, who was now advancing. The ensuing week I received a confidential note from the prefect, saying, that government, for the present at least, had changed their plans respecting the mode of defence against the invader; secondly, the chaussée, which proved an expensive undertaking, is finished, and now it is discovered that no person can drive over it in wet weather, as they must either continue their route as usual, over cornfields and meadows, or consent to remain in the road of mud all night. My finger-posts were maliciously transplanted by some of my wicked neighbours, and I was obliged to 'chew the sour apple' and replace them by others; a friendly neighbour, however, kindly advised me to wait, as I might possibly receive contrary orders. Like myself, he also planted his finger-posts, but wisely wrote no directions upon them, and they have never been molested. Besides, of what utility can they be? the natives are well acquainted with the roads, and strangers rarely visit our wilderness. I followed his advice, and heard no more of the finger-posts.* It was probably a dream of some theoretical state-commissioner that direction-posts would be productive of great public usefulness, and having demonstrated the proposition to his own satisfaction, it was decreed that we poor *souffre-douleurs* should bear the cost of constructing them. The mandate went forth, but its execution was never inquired into.

"But as the climax of all our miseries, the pettifogging lawyers, a brood of venomous insects, have daily multiplied since we have become subjects of —— : these prowl about the villages like wolves, instigating the peasants to commence processes against their lords, in order that they may at their own convenience 'catch fish in the troubled waters.' I have been already, *bon gré, mal gré*, embroiled in ten or twelve such processes; but this is a mere trifle, for my neighbours

* The most singular plan of making finger-posts that I have seen practised was that of the eccentric Count O——, who in a Catholic province transformed all the crucifixes at the cross-roads into direction-posts, and the outstretched arm of Christ was to be seen pointing, with the distance and the name of the next town written upon it.

are plunged through their instrumentality into such a vortex of litigation that, however incredible it may appear, in a population of fourteen thousand upwards of three hundred are engaged in endless law contests. The blessings of modern liberalism, and the great rôle which the peasants are one day to act, has driven all common sense out of their heads; our former rulers compelled them to keep in their proper places, because they were conversant with the real state of affairs; the present only concern themselves about destroying all obstacles that obstruct the execution of their own theories. The most nonsensical appeal is listened to with attention, and driven through three courts; but then we know that, out of humanity, the complaints of the peasants must not be neglected. As in the Catholic religion every thing must be believed, even that five is the sum total of twice two, when the pope commands it; so it is with us, every grievance, real or imaginary, is attended to: for instance, if A. maintained that B. was his father, and therefore claimed of him the means of subsistence, this appeal would be regarded with favourable attention, even if it was proved that A. was ten years older than B.

"The court of law seldom releases those who are once caught by its fangs, if the unfortunate victim has money; but if the suitor is destitute of this life-blood of a law-suit, then they inquire if the adversary is rich, because they always manage affairs so conveniently, that the principal share of the costs shall fall upon the rich man, while he who has nothing to lose is protected by his plea of poverty; and even if the rich man should win the process he gains nothing, because his adversary is a beggar.

"The provincial government had lately occasion to write to me respecting my distilleries, when, notwithstanding my military grade, notwithstanding my patent of nobility, which must certainly be of some value so long as titles are permitted to exist,—in spite, I say, of both these, the superscription of that interesting document was 'To the Brandy Distiller of ——!' I have preserved the envelope as a curious memorial of the present manners of the acting government commissioners in our country."

This was too much for my gravity; "Do not be angry, my dear friend; depend upon it the writer of that letter was a wit, who was acquainted with your weak side; we cannot feel displeased at so excellent a joke, and I do not doubt you will guard that important *couvert* with the same care as your letters of nobility of anno 1100."

This remark did not provoke the faintest smile on the countenance of my friend, who continued with renewed energy, "I tell you the country is becoming every day poorer, partly owing to the causes I have mentioned, and partly to the taxes, which are trebled. Another circumstance, which I cannot omit mentioning, is the ill-advised lenity of the government towards malefactors, which has contributed not a little to deteriorate the morality of the lower orders. Robbers, poachers, and vagabonds of every description have increased in such fearful numbers that they have almost obtained the mastery.

"I had myself a rascally gamekeeper, who, instead of discharging the duties of his office, became a poacher, and had even the effrontery to acknowledge that he had only sold seven head of deer! And what was his punishment? Why, six weeks' imprisonment and the loss of his cockade! the annunciation of the last part of the sentence had no other effect upon him than to produce a violent fit of laughter. In extensive wooded districts, there is frequently more wood stolen than is sold, and it is so difficult to obtain decisive evidence, as the people mutually assist each other, that detection is nearly impossible. I regret to say, they seem to regard perjury as a species of entertainment, in consequence of the disuse of all religious solemnities when oaths are administered, which are treated with as much levity as a comedy, and give rise to the most irreverent pleasantries. I recently heard a fellow say to his neighbour, in a court of justice, 'My first feelings are Preus'ch courant' (Prussian money); with this he parodied the hymn, 'Mein erst Gefühl ist Preis und Dank' (My first feelings are praise and gratitude).

"Four of these wood-stealers and poachers were, a short time since, found in the very act. A battle ensued, and one of my gamekeepers was dreadfully wounded; for this, the scoundrels were merely condemned to three weeks' imprisonment, because I could only produce one competent witness, and the law requires two! the testimony of those in my own service not being admitted; yet the fact was so clearly proved, that justice itself could not doubt the offence; and, as might be expected, the rascals gloried publicly in the deed. Owing to this immunity for crime, it could be no matter of surprise, that the vagabonds very shortly repeated their visit, when a second battle was the consequence; they defended themselves with desperation, and during the conflict one of them was dangerously wounded by a blow from a huntsman's dagger,

given by my gamekeeper. When the trial of the faithful fellow came on, they set up a dreadful shout, and threatened the most horrible vengeance if their comrade should die: as fate would have it, this did not happen; and I was indebted alone to some accidental but fortunate circumstances, that the poor fellow escaped the dangers which menaced him; the whole affair, however, put me to very great expense.

"The bias of justice in favour of the canaille is but too generally prevalent; if, however, their opponent in a court of law happens to be possessed of birth and wealth, without being an officer of one of the civil commissions, then he has no chance: this is very natural in a country where the aristocracy, i. e. landed proprietors, have been supplanted by the *bureaucracy*. For, as a talented author lately remarked with some degree of truth, 'Prussia is unjustly termed a military state, whereas in reality she has been long a state under the sway of civil officers.'

"In future, I shall endeavour to protect myself as well as I can, but I would not advise any poacher or wood-stealer to meet me alone in the woods. I know how to act, and as our most *merciful law* will not condemn a delinquent unless on the testimony of two witnesses, I shall endeavour to turn this circumstance to my own advantage. The impunity with which offenders escape is not confined to wood-stealers and poachers; for, a short time since, three or four very aggravated cases of house-breaking occurred in my immediate neighbourhood. The delinquents were universally known. But what does that signify? When one of these nightly depredators breaks in through the window, the unfortunate master of the house must submissively demand whether the unwelcome intruder really intended to steal or murder, or whether he had any other benevolent determination! after making these preliminary inquiries, if he still resolutely keeps his ground and seizes you by the throat, then, and not till then, are you justified in attacking him; that is, if the power of protecting yourself is left! But even this must be done with the greatest care and circumspection, for fear of injuring the person of the beloved robber! However, as I before told you, I am determined to defend myself with blows, and that quickly."

"I am really astonished," said I (interrupting him somewhat impatiently, for I had become ennuyé), "how you have escaped with life in this den of thieves; but come, come! pause a little, or you will be choked with your own philippics. I fear, my friend, that you are one of those who are never con-

tented with things as they exist, and see every object with a jaundiced eye; believe me, I could, if I pleased, in a few minutes, turn the whole of your arguments against yourself. I suspect the reason you are so imbittered against the civil officers is, because you are not numbered among them yourself, and I can safely wager a ducat, that if you were appointed either a counsellor of state, or to some sinecure post, you would bid farewell to railing; but let us lay on the shelf these disagreeable topics, and amuse ourselves by discussing the past events of our youth."

My intemperate old friend, whose ill-humour was as violent as it was unjust, and who had exaggerated the evils, and overlooked the bright side of things, still continued splenetic, occasionally swallowing large draughts of sugar and water. His lady looked at me with an expression of anxiety in her countenance, then turning smilingly to her husband, said, "Augustus, you permit these annoyances to weigh too heavily upon your spirits." She was right, for my old friend, when in the army, had been, not only an ill-humoured companion, but indiscreet and quarrelsome, and for that reason had been avoided by many of our comrades, as we all well knew that he was ever ready to support any opinion he might embrace, whether right or wrong, first by violent language, and then by blows. I remember one of his habits was, like Lord Byron, to place his sword and pistols by his bedside before he retired to rest. Still he had many good qualities, and generally displayed both justice and magnanimity in his actions towards his fellow-men. But the predominating weakness of his mind, which broke out only too frequently, was his indomitable pride of nobility; this had been severely punished, and, unfortunately, at the expense of an only daughter's happiness.

"My dear," continued his wife, "do not irritate yourself any farther: for" (she added with a sigh) "we have a far greater evil to support than this, which, in comparison, is a mere sting of a wasp."—"Oh! it is too true," answered the old warrior, while the full warm tear dimmed his aged eye. "I alone am the author of that calamity; perhaps I was wrong in not adapting my mind to the spirit of the times, and renouncing that prejudice,—a strict regard for the honour of our name and family,—which we have cherished for centuries, and have till now preserved unimpaired. But, believe me, my children, it is, like others, a deep, unfathomable influence, which no mortal can explain; it may be fate, happiness, or misfortune. I, alas! have tasted but little of enjoyment; all my actions have

been blighted by an evil destiny; my enterprises have nearly all terminated unsuccessfully,—even in childhood, what miseries did I not endure!

"My parents were patterns of the most perfect domestic affection. I cannot recall to memory having witnessed the slightest disagreement between them; they were, in the fullest sense of the word, one heart and one soul. My father was in the army, and having unfortunately incurred the displeasure of a great personage, was suddenly discharged under the pretence of ill health; this wounded him deeply,—add to which, having no personal fortune, he was obliged to support himself, a wife, and seven children upon a pension of fifteen rix-dollars a month. For a short time, he endeavoured to contend against adverse fortune, but his feelings rendered him unequal to the task. A friend who took a deep interest in the welfare of the family had invited us to spend some days at his country-house. My father remained at home, and when we returned from our visit, he was nowhere visible; this, for some hours, did not excite either anxiety or suspicion; but as he did not make his appearance at dinner, we became apprehensive that some accident had befallen him. While we were speculating upon the causes which might have occasioned his absence, a letter arrived, containing the patent for reinstating him in his military rank; we now became doubly solicitous for his reappearance, and I flew hastily in search of him, delighted to be the bearer of such happy intelligence; upon inquiry, I found that he had been seen going out at the R—— gate. I sought vainly for him in every direction, and on my return home, my uneasiness increased, for I found he had not arrived; at this moment the clock struck three; I looked up, and beheld on the top of it the key of his study, which he was accustomed never to part with. A suspicion of the real truth flashed across my mind; I obtained possession of it unperceived, and flew to the study. The first thing that struck me was a large packet, and I observed with horror that his fowling-piece was missing; I tore open the letter and found my worst fears realized. The words in which he took leave of us were heart-rending. He recommended his family to the care of a merciful God, as he was unable to provide for them, and could no longer live with honour, and concluded, saying, 'My last words are a prayer to Almighty God, who hath tried me so severely, to receive you under his all-powerful protection; you will find my debts paid to this day, and my affairs perfectly arranged; therefore, I can depart this life with the credit of an honest man. God will help you!'

"'What a task was left for me, to announce to my mother and family that my father had died by his own hand! My painful narrative was scarcely related to my frantic parent, when the mutilated remains of my father were carried into the house; we were informed that he had been found in a morass, with his head shattered to pieces! He had probably, while standing on its brink, placed the muzzle of the gun in his mouth. But I must draw a veil over the melancholy scene; the very remembrance of it is capable of poisoning the entire stream of life.

"Eight days after this, my mother,—what a mockery of fate! came into possession of an hereditary estate, which, if it were not sufficient to furnish luxuries, secured to us a competency. She survived the shock only half a year, and was never afterward seen to smile!

"Being the eldest, the whole care of the family now devolved upon me, which duty I fulfilled without relinquishing my military profession. When I first entered the army, I was compelled to serve under the banner of Napoleon; but my compulsory service became, ultimately, the object of my highest enthusiasm.

"The prospect of a brilliant career was opened to me by the distinctions I received from the commander-in-chief; when the Colossus fell, by the avenging thunderbolt of Heaven! and all his attendant stars fell with him. In Russia I lost every thing, and barely escaped with my life; afterward, like many others of my countrymen, I was seized with a fit of patriotism, and drew my sword against my old comrades; I had again the good fortune to be distinguished by my new commander, but I was obliged to consign to oblivion my dearly-earned orders; however, I obtained those which I now wear, and was advanced on the field of battle to the rank of major; fortune once more smiled upon me, but, like an ignis fatuus delighting in mischief, she winged the cannon-ball which deprived me of my right leg, and my last hope sunk with it in the grave!

"During this interval, my brothers and sisters, with the exception of one of the latter, had paid the debt of nature. I took possession of the entailed property, now burdened with debts; but it has added little to my comfort, for with it I have been torn from my legitimate sovereign whom I had served and—"

Here his son, observing the increasing irritation of his father, looked expressively at his young wife, who got up,

brought him his pipe, and then tenderly embracing him, said, with a voice of playful anger, "Father, my dearest father, you are most unjust towards Heaven, who has granted you so many blessings to compensate those you have lost; even if your only possession were the tender affection of this small circle of human beings, would you not be rich?"—"My good, amiable Sophia! thou art right," rejoined the veteran in a softened tone; then pressing her hand to his lips, "thou art still what thou hast ever been, the David to drive the evil spirit out of Saul."

By this amiable young lady's seasonable interference, the conversation assumed a more lively, agreeable character, and various anecdotes were related of olden time, with which the memory of my friend was amply furnished; now evidently mounting his hobby, he exclaimed, "Yes, my children, the great emperor was a man formed in quite a different mould from those who flourish in our days; he knew how to manage men and to gain the affection of his soldiers; with him no specious appearance of zeal for the service had any effect without the reality. I shall never forget when I first saw him, after the battle of Heilsberg, on the 2d of June, 1807, where he reviewed our troops; every word he spoke was full of meaning, and he condescendingly attended to the most minute details; he walked slowly in front along our lines, and examined individually the muskets and accoutrements, to be convinced by personal inspection that every thing was efficient and in good order. He commanded several private soldiers to step forward in front of the ranks, and demanded their knapsacks, unpacked them himself to be certain that nothing was deficient, and that the contents corresponded with the inventory. He then caused several men to discharge their firearms, to ascertain that they also were in good condition; the only thing he censured was, that the men carried no other shoes than those on their feet, and immediately commanded an aid-de-camp, in the most peremptory manner, to cause six thousand pairs to be delivered the next day to the troops. The order was punctually attended to.

"He exhibited the same solicitude for the comfort of his men at Presburg in Hungary; we were crossing the bridge over the Danube, when Napoleon suddenly stopped, and to the no small astonishment of the officers, pinched several of the men on the thigh; none of us could imagine at the moment what singular fancy had taken possession of the emperor, till, addressing the officers, he exclaimed with vivacity, 'Why, at this late season of the year, have not the men woollen

clothes under their trousers? I hope for the future you will pay more attention to their health; for the preservation of that, and the maintenance of good order, are your principal duties,—pomp, show, and parade are but secondary considerations.' Our phlegmatic countrymen were perfectly electrified at witnessing the anxiety of the emperor for our comforts, and burst spontaneously into long and continued vivats.

"We were on the most friendly terms with our French comrades, who are excellent companions so long as they are victorious; their irrepressible vivacity and constant cheerfulness render them incomparable soldiers; I remember, as if it only happened yesterday, during the siege of Dantzic, which was most bravely defended by the Prussians, consequently those in the intrenchment suffered pretty severely, when one day as two soldiers were carrying a plank intended to be made use of as a platform for a battery, it was shivered to pieces by a cannon-ball without doing any injury to the bearers except hurling them to the ground; we sprung to assist them, but perceiving they had received no other injury than a tumble, we laughed most heartily. But now commenced their fun; the same brave fellows hoisted the splintered plank upon their shoulders amid the thickest rain of bullets, paraded it up and down, cheered by the loud acclamations of the troops, and challenged the enemy to try the same experiment again: thus the farce was continued for upwards of half an hour, till the officers obliged them to desist. Another time, when we were before the suburbs of Oliva, a mine was sprung by the besieged, which committed great havoc in our army. Irritated by the loss of our comrades, whose death we could not avenge, some of the men ran to an apothecary's at a short distance, and pulled down a stately Moor, who, crowned with variegated plumes and with a long pipe in his mouth, had for many years performed the duty of a sign; he was laid upon a small hand grenade, and sprung into the air as a substitute for a sacré Prussien; wood endured the shock better than flesh and blood, for he descended minus only his pipe and feathers: this device was a source of great amusement to the men, for, during the whole day, the Moor was obliged to fly in the air as long as a limb remained. In this sport hundreds of officers and men joined, like children enjoying their Christmas gambols.

"Marshal Lefevre frequently rode into our camp to inspect us, but only remained a short time; he generally galloped along the front of the lines, and issued his commands in the

most laconic manner; he pointedly distinguished my countrymen, whom he addressed in their native language, and evidently piqued himself on this acquisition, which, in the mouth of a Frenchman, both in the construction of the phrases and the pronunciation, sounded most ludicrous. The guttural 'ch' he invariably pronounced as if it were written 'k.'—'I am perfectly satisfied with you,' said he to the officers, 'as I shall always be when you perform your duty; you are all the sons of respectable parents, and well educated. You see here before you a marshal of France; and yet I am only the son of a peasant. I owe my elevation solely to my attention and strict obedience to orders; continue then implicitly to obey my commands and those of your superior officers, and you will in process of time arrive at a grade as high as that which I now fill. Adieu, my friends, adieu!' Thus saying, he rode off amid thunders of applause, mingled with the laughter of the soldiers.

"He showed his partiality to the German legion on several occasions; among others, he selected the second battalion of our regiment as a sort of life-guard for himself at his head-quarters in the village of Bruste, and, while the other troops were engaged day and night in the intrenchments, this battalion lived in such secure comfort that at last they became quite careless. Major T——, the commander, and his officers, instead of keeping guard at the alarm-house, reposed comfortably in their beds in an adjoining building, where they procured as many accommodations and conveniences as circumstances would admit. One night, as the whole party were enjoying the bounties of 'nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' with no other guard on duty than a solitary lamp, the door flew open and the marshal entered—'What ho!' he called out, dreadfully enraged, 'I made you my life-guards, you contemptible, lazy, cowardly rascals! is this your service? is this your vigilance and watchfulness? Know you not that I am a marshal of France, and that the power of life and death is vested in me? I shall immediately order every one of you to be shot.' Thus he continued for some time, in the greatest fury; the poor major, more dead than alive, stood trembling before him in his robe de nuit, deprived of utterance. In the mean time, Lieutenant L——, who slept behind the door, almost jumped into his uniform, and darted unseen past the marshal, like an arrow, to the guard-house to give the alarm. 'You must,' said he to the officer on duty, 'instantly send out a number of small patrols to intercept the marshal on his return home in every direction,

and demand the password so often that he shall be hoarse with answering before he gets to his quarters: for oh, comrades, he has found us all in bed!' They were immediately on the alert, and L. returned to the door of the alarm-house. 'Who goes there?' demanded the lieutenant, with stentorian voice; the marshal proceeded a few paces when he was again questioned, and so on till he had been stopped by what he imagined to be ten different sentinels: he then re-directed his steps to the dormitory of the officers. The poor major was by this time dressing himself, and beating his servant for not giving the different articles of his uniform quicker, but these all fell from his trembling hands when he perceived the dreaded marshal; now, thought he, the dead march will immediately commence, but the awful spectre, laughing heartily, turned towards the major in the most friendly manner—'My dear fellow, the streets are so well guarded, and you can depend, I find, so confidently upon your officers and men, that my head-quarters are perfectly protected; therefore, in Heaven's name, take another nap: I am no longer angry.—Good night.'

"Marshal Davoust was not so indulgent. When we were at Warsaw, in the winter of 18—, we received orders to repair to St. John's Church, to assist in the celebration of military mass, which includes the ceremony of presenting arms kneeling. This occurred during a dreadfully severe frost; our general, being of the Reformed Church, protested against it, on the plea that his troops, being Protestants, were unacquainted with the forms of Catholic worship. 'Oh, very well,' replied the marshal; 'as you feel a repugnance to enter the church, remain outside, but continue marching in parade: my commands are peremptory.' During these two eternal hours we were nearly frozen, and cursed most heartily both the marshal and our own general; for we should have preferred infinitely to remain in the warm church, even if we had been obliged to worship the golden calf of the ancient Israelites.

"Marshal Davoust was a severe and inexorable judge in cases of embezzlement of the military funds. A wealthy ordonnateur-in-chef, hitherto a most respectable man, was found guilty of this crime; he was sentenced to be placed in front of the troops on public parade, with an immense placard attached to his breast, upon which was written in large characters, that it might be read by the whole of the assembled troops, 'Condemned to the galleys for fraud.' He was then conducted by the gens-d'armes to his wretched destination."

"Yes," replied I, "the discipline of the French army was

severe, but, generally speaking, excellent. On its march to Russia, two regiments of the Guards halted at the town of M——, when one of the captains took a fancy to my park, as a commodious place in which to exercise his troops, but my opinion on this point not coinciding with his, I remonstrated politely with the officer, which had no other effect than to provoke a retort couched in most discourteous language; being the weaker party, I was obliged to submit, but revenged myself by complaining to General Kirchner, who was then my guest à la militaire. Poor fellow! he subsequently fell, together with Duroc, near Görlitz. The general, on hearing my complaint, immediately repaired to the park, and not only ordered the practice to be discontinued, but placed the officer under arrest. Then, turning to me, said, 'Monsieur, tant qu'il restera ici, vous ne le verrez plus.' I confess I am a little doubtful whether a similar act of courtesy would have been performed by any of the superior officers of our own army.

"At another time, the general of a division, Count St. Sulpice, having established his head-quarters at my castle, his fourrier compelled the whole of my servants to abdicate their empire, *i. e.* the kitchen, and behaved in other respects very insolently; the banished sovereigns came in full costume complaining to me, when I immediately commanded two stout gamekeepers to seize the usurper, place him beyond the frontiers of the empire, and resume possession; however, to prevent any more revolutions of this nature and its attendant dangers, I rode in search of the general, to whom I laughingly said, 'Votre chef-de-cuisine, mon général, est le contraire de Don Quixote.' —'Que voulez-vous, dire?' cried the general, astonished and slightly irritated, 'je veux dire, que Don Quixote prit les guinguettes pour des châteaux et que votre cuisinier prend les châteaux pour des guinguettes.' Upon which I related to him the occurrence; with the most prompt attention to my wishes, he commanded the whole of his retinue to quit my castle, with the exception of his valet-de-chambre. Does not such conduct deserve the highest commendation? Let us be just, even to our enemies."

"Most assuredly," replied my friend, "that army was strongly characterized by a certain description of greatness, and not a little tinctured by romance. What a strange little band, for instance, was that of the Mamelukes! After the battle of Bautzen, which cost them fourteen men, only half a squadron remained; they were commanded by the elegant Colonel Jerman, a native of Saxony, whose conquests among the fair sex,

I really believe, were even more numerous than those in the field; at this time the squadron numbered but very few Egyptians among its members, one had however recently arrived from Bethlehem, and another from Jerusalem; it contained scarcely any Frenchmen, but was composed of men from almost every nation upon earth. The oldest of the Egyptians I frequently invited to take coffee with me; he smoked his long pipe and appeared to enjoy heartily his cross-legged tête-à-tête upon a sofa-cushion, which he invariably placed upon the floor. He related to me many amusing anecdotes of the Egyptian war, and always regarded Napoleon as a species of magician; he expressed the greatest gratitude that he had been brought from his native country—'We were,' said he, 'first exercised upon the coast, and when afterward placed on board a ship, I concluded that this formed part of the evolutions, and I continued of this opinion until my native shores entirely receded from my view.' This squadron was the best mounted and most expert horsemen of all the French cavalry; they were kept under the strictest discipline, but their large stirrup-irons were not adapted for executing close evolutions, and when a charge was made, they rattled against each other like hundreds of tin-pots. I remember that previous to the inspection of the Mamelukes, who were drawn up in a field divided from the high-road by a broad ditch, at the moment that General Lefevre Desnouettes was observed advancing, accompanied by his staff, Colonel Jerman in his splendid uniform flew like an arrow across the trench (here at least twelve feet in breadth), reined in his horse at the feet of the general, and, in the most graceful military style, saluted him and requested his commands; which having received, he turned his fleet docile Arabian, and, with the swiftness of the wind, again cleared the ditch, and placed himself at the head of his troops.

"A ball was given about this time by a young soldier, on what to him at least was really a festive occasion. He was a private in the Guards, and had at the battle of Bautzen distinguished himself so much as to attract the attention of the emperor, who caused his name to be written down, but took no further notice of it; during the last week of the truce, an ordnance-officer arrived at head-quarters and inquired after the soldier, who happened to be dining with a comrade at a small inn. The officer sought him, and delivered a packet, which contained his patent as captain in the same regiment in which he had made his debut, together with an order for three thousand francs to defray the expenses of his equipment. I chanced to be at the same hotel, and I never beheld any man betray such

ecstatic delight as did this mustachioed warrior. With true French vivacity he tore from his finger a gold ring and a gold watch from his side, and throwing them to the landlord, requested that each of his comrades who should visit the house that day might be regaled at his expense. He compelled all around him to drink a large glass of wine to the health of the emperor; we congratulated him upon his good fortune, and admired 'la finesse du petit caporal,'* in giving him such a distinguished post in the very regiment in which he had commenced his career. In a few days afterward, he gave his comrades the ball, on which was probably expended the greater part of his equipment money; but at that time money was lightly regarded, each individual living only for the present; futurity gave little concern to those who knew not if it would exist for them."

"But that is not always the case," answered the son, "and many old warriors know from experience, that gloomy presages frequently fill the minds of those whose days are numbered. I remember an anecdote of this kind which my father-in-law, who was an eyewitness, related to me. The Saxon and Prussian armies were encamped together near Biessingen, when one day a captain of cavalry entered the tent of my father, who commanded the Carbiniers, to announce that he wished to make his will. The colonel laughed at this singular proposition, particularly as there was no expectation of an attack, and attempted to direct his attention from such gloomy ideas; but all his endeavours were fruitless, for the captain obstinately maintained, that he was firmly impressed with the conviction his death was approaching, and should die miserable if he neglected to provide for his wife and children; his wishes were accordingly complied with, and, singular to relate, he fell the same night.

"His servant recounted to us the particulars of his melancholy exit; 'I slept,' said he, 'near the horses; during the night my master came, and commanded me to saddle the brown horse, and to bring him as quick as possible to the tent door. This order very much astonished me, as the captain never rode the animal himself, on account of his not being sure-footed and feeble in the crupper; however orders must be obeyed, and I made the horse ready; when I arrived at the door, I found the captain fast asleep in the open tent; I entered and called out loudly that the horse was waiting; he awoke, and demanded with evident astonishment who had ordered him; I

* A pet name for Napoleon among the soldiers.

replied, he himself, a few minutes since. 'Nonsense,' said my master, angrily, 'you are either intoxicated or dreaming; I never came near you, return the horse to his stable.' At that moment the drums beat to arms unexpectedly, and the captain had scarcely time to spring into the saddle when the skirmish commenced, for the enemy had surprised our quarters in every direction; the Carbiniers had received orders to commence the attack, and fortunately, after a little severe fighting, we were victorious; but our captain fell, as the inefficient animal on which he was mounted threw him, while attempting to spring over a ditch, and, like Max Piccolomini, he was trodden to atoms by his own men.'"

"This," rejoined I, "is a singular history, but I remember a similar circumstance which occurred in the year 1813. I accompanied Colonel G——, by the order of my commander-in-chief, upon an expedition to the Netherlands. On our march we surprised the enemy in every direction, who had considered themselves perfectly secure; we were consequently generally victorious. Our detachment consisted of five hundred Cossacks and two squadrons of Saxon cavalry, commanded by Major B——. Since the year 1806, he had followed a military career; he had served in the French army, and had even survived the Russian campaign, the burning of Moscow, and the crossing the Beresina; he was an officer of the Legion of Honour, and had left the French service for the Saxon with a high character for bravery and military talents. He was in heart and soul a soldier; war was his element; but on this day his character appeared suddenly changed. As we were fully acquainted with the heroism he had displayed on all occasions, we could not ascribe his conduct to fear; in the morning his countenance was so expressive of distress and anxiety, that we unanimously demanded if he were unwell? these inquiries seemed to annoy him, till, at length, he reluctantly acknowledged that he was not indisposed, but much disturbed by a dream, which had been repeated three successive nights, prophesying his death; adding, with a mournful smile, 'I am now obliged to believe the prediction, and have accordingly made my will; to you, my dear H——, I bequeath my favourite Russian horse.' We looked for a moment to be convinced that he was really serious, and, finding his gravity imperturbable, gave unrestrained license to our merriment.

"'The same day we took a small town (whose name I forget), made several gens-d'armes prisoners, and unbarred the gates of the state-prison, in which we found three Englishmen:

poor fellows! they hailed us as guardian angels, and such was their unbounded delight at being so unexpectedly released, that, notwithstanding their national pride, one of them embraced the knees of Major B——, and, sobbing with emotion, wished him eternal happiness. 'Now,' said we, laughing, to the major, 'how does this salutation correspond with your dreaming presentiment?' But B—— shook his head, saying, 'Do you not hear what he says? 'eternal happiness!' ay, before the sun sets this day, I shall have entered into another life, where sorrow for ever ceases!' We lingered longer in this town than was prudent, to which error our subsequent adverse fortune was principally referable; for, if we had hurried forward, we should most probably have made prisoners of the whole garrison of Cassel, before they could have had time to plant their artillery on the heights; besides, in consequence of the various reverses which the enemy had hitherto sustained, they had become much dispirited. This small town, which was now in sight, is situated on an eminence, and is approached by a winding road. We received information that the enemy's infantry, aware of our near approach, had taken refuge there, and we confidently expected to be able to take it by a coup-de-main; but we were ignorant that this infantry were four hundred strong, and had sufficient time to make their dispositions. The colonel commanded the Saxon squadron to dislodge the Tirailleurs, who were posted in the numerous thickets; but this attempt failed, and, as a division of infantry were now preparing to attack us, the Cossacks were ordered to charge them; this they did most gallantly, with one of their terror-striking hurrahs, and drove them with mad impetuosity up the hill; the French infantry retreated in a panic, and perhaps this would have been the moment to seize our advantage, by following them and entering the town. Unfortunately the Cossacks, dreading an attack in ambuscade, suddenly halted, and positively refused to advance; the colonel, furiously angry, ordered the Saxon squadrons forward, and to enter the town at any risk. We were thus exposed to a twofold misfortune, having the French in front and the Cossacks in our rear. This movement was executed so hastily, that the precaution of sending on a small avant-garde was neglected, and, in utter ignorance of the locality, the entire mass galloped along the narrow chaussée, which, being serpentine, prevented them from seeing more than a few paces in advance. Five or six officers led the attack; Major B—— was riding by my side, but his appearance was rather that of a spectre than a living

being; he was pale as a corpse, his eyes were almost starting from their sockets, and he was evidently scarcely able to hold the reins of his horse. He called out several times, mechanically and in a singular tone of voice, 'Hurrah!' totally unlike his former animated, soldier-like encouragement of his men, but more resembling a man talking in a dream. I was astonished to behold this inexplicable conduct in an officer of such undeniable bravery. A few minutes sufficed to bring us to the gate of the town, but the approach to it being serpentine, we found that we could not advance any farther, as the French had erected a barricade of wagons, from behind which they discharged a volley from at least three hundred guns, so well directed that it was like one shot, and mowed down all within its reach. My horse fell so suddenly that I supposed him dead; however, I soon perceived that he was only slightly wounded, but my poor friend, the major, fell without a groan, shot through the head! In short, a young lieutenant and myself were the only persons in the foremost rank who escaped unhurt; and what was still more provoking, the attack entirely failed, for those in the rear scampered off in mad confusion, regardless of our repeated attempts to rally them, until at length we were compelled to follow, though even this was not effected without considerable danger and difficulty, as we received a fresh discharge of musketry from the enemy.

"The French, who had probably taken us for the avant-garde of a large army, quietly retreated during the night, and I was commanded the next morning to take possession of the town. This was to me a double gratification, as I felt much curiosity to examine a superb country-seat which had been built here by General Vandamme, who, during the march of the French armies to Russia, had passed some days at my castle, when he related to me many curious anecdotes respecting his house at Cassel. The garden, he informed me, was surrounded by iron railings of different patterns taken from German churches, and he had levied contributions on various German convents to fill his cellars with wine. My first object was to visit this house, where I found every thing corresponded with his description; but I permitted no reprisals to be made, except upon the wine, which I found carefully preserved in the cellars. I introduced one old cask to the light of heaven, the contents of which I caused to be divided among my men, and issued strict orders to preserve the beautiful furniture and every thing else belonging to the house from injury, a duty which was doubly incumbent upon me, as General Vandamme had

protected my property on a former occasion against the ravages of General Ochs and his Westphalians. It was indeed a long period before this disagreeable name and its disagreeable associations faded from my memory; the recollection of it was revived in rather a singular manner.

"In the year 1816, I was dining at the table of the Elector of Cassel, when I observed an officer, whose appearance struck me as not being altogether unknown; after vainly endeavouring to recognise him, I demanded his name; 'Colonel Ochs,' was his answer. 'Oh! then, you are probably a brother of the general of that name? to whom you bear a very great resemblance; but who, I regret to say, behaved very ill in my country during the late war, the inhabitants of which will not easily forget either him or his name.' The colonel coloured highly and made some unintelligible answer, while the gentleman who sat next me endeavoured to attract my attention to another subject, and when an opportunity occurred, informed me that it was the general himself I had been addressing, but who had been degraded by his sovereign to his present rank."

In this and similar conversations the time passed on. We were in excellent spirits; but the hour had now arrived when it was necessary for the travellers to make preparations for commencing their moonlight journey; I accompanied the son to his dressing-room, when he related to me the particulars of his sister's melancholy history without any reserve, as I was an old friend of his father's.

"The gentleman who acted in the capacity of tutor to my sister and myself became deeply attached to his fair pupil; she returned his attachment with equal ardour, and in a moment of weakness they added guilt to their love. The young man demanded from my father the hand of his beloved girl, but he was instantly discharged, and treated with such insulting contumely, that neither had courage to avow the real truth, but hoped that time and some fortunate circumstance would lead to a termination favourable to their wishes. They occasionally met at a friend's house in the neighbourhood, unknown to our parents; but a horrible destiny awaited the young man.

"One dark night, as he was returning from visiting my sister, his horse fell down a precipice, and he was discovered the next morning literally dashed to pieces. This heart-rending intelligence was imprudently communicated, without any preparation, to the unhappy girl; she immediately fell into a

death-like fainting fit, and awoke from it, oh God! only to insanity.

In this wretched state she became a mother, which circumstance, her medical attendants expected, would operate favourably upon her disorder; but all our hopes were fallacious; she was a mother without being conscious of the delights of one; until at length it was found necessary to place her in a lunatic asylum in the neighbouring town. It was also advisable to remove her from the presence of my father, who had become irritable and almost misanthropic from having the unhappy victim to his own folly and his family pride constantly before him. She still lives in perfect health, but without displaying the slightest ray of intelligence, either towards us or her child, who, poor boy, has never received the most remote intimation of his relationship with her, as we are apprehensive it might make an unfavourable impression upon his spirits; my father is excessively attached to him, and seems to have centred all his love for his lost daughter in her child."

The travellers were by this time ready to depart, and I accompanied them to their carriage; on my return, my spirits much depressed by the distressing narrative I had heard, I found my old friend making punch, to drive away, as he said, all recollection of our factious, discontented conversations, and to live over again the days of our youth. This we did to the fullest extent, and it was only as the clock struck midnight that we retired to rest.

I soon fell into a deep sleep, out of which I was suddenly awaked by a most dreadful shriek; it appeared to issue from my friend's sleeping-room, whom I heard, with many imprecations, calling for a light; I had scarcely time to throw on a dressing-gown and run out of my room, when I met the child, who told me that somebody was murdering his grandfather, for that he had heard a shot, then a dreadful scream, and lastly a low groan. At this moment the old servant, much terrified, came with a light, and we entered the major's sleeping-room, which was on the ground-floor; we found him at the door, supporting himself with his bloody sword; he immediately called out, "I have given him a pill to sleep upon; the robber was already at my bedside, and was just going to seize me, when I discharged my pistol, but without effect; he then turned quickly round to escape by the window, when, drawing my sword, which was quicker than the intruder, I struck him down, and he fell with a horrible cry: by heaven, it was such a blow that I think I have nearly cut him in two." I

shuddered involuntarily at the horrid recital, so characteristic of the decisive military character of the major, and congratulated him on his exploit, though my feelings contradicted my language. "It will give me trouble enough, I dare say, but an old soldier cannot act like an old woman; here, bring the light, that we may see if we know the rascal; it is probably one of the poachers; they are capable of any act, however bad." I cannot account for the singular revolting sensation I experienced on witnessing the major's excited exultation, but I endeavoured to conceal it. A tall figure, enveloped in a gray mantle, lay upon its face, motionless, beneath the window, and a stream of blood was flowing from it; a servant lifted up a corner of the mantle, when the boy, who had now become quite fearless, exclaimed, "He has got women's clothes on." —"What do you say," said the old man, "women's clothes?" In the mean time the servant placed the candle upon the ground, and turned the body; my heart beat rapidly when I beheld, to my great astonishment, the still handsome, though maniac countenance of a woman, with her luxuriant hair flowing in wild disorder. I turned towards the major, who was standing near me, but never shall I forget the dreadful expression of his face; the head of the Gorgon could not have been more frightful; it was overspread by a deathly paleness like the livid hue of a corpse, his whole frame trembled with horror, and the agonies of death appeared already, like flashes of lightning, to convulse his muscles; his hair stood erect, and his staring eyes were fixed with an unmeaning, glassy look. But he was silent; not a groan escaped from his stony lips: thus he remained for a few seconds, then uttering a cry, dreadful as the howling of the damned, he fell a corpse upon the lifeless mangled body of—his child!

Gracious God! what a spectacle! it was, indeed, his maniac daughter; she had escaped from confinement, as we subsequently learned, and obtained, by some means, possession of a man's cloak, and wandered about the country; she was probably led by instinct to her father's house, and attracted by the light in his window, with the cunning frequently found in those unhappy beings, she had broken a pane of glass, and entered the bed-room of her sleeping father; but, alas! we have, at least, this consolation, that if her reason returned in her last moments, her sufferings could have been but momentary.

May the fate of the poor boy be brighter and happier than that of his parents, and may he steer life's bark with greater prudence and self-command!

Man is, in a great degree, the arbiter of his own destiny, by the influence of his character upon it. Rarely has an individual been punished for his transgressions with such severity as my unhappy friend; and, if we turn from an individual to a nation, seldom has the fate of a people been so lamentably deplorable as that of the Indians in South America; how or in what manner they could be guilty, we know not! but we behold in their executioners,* the same seeds bringing forth the same fruit, either early or late, in this or some future generation; Nemesis never sleeps! therefore, let each be careful not to fall into her power, either by sin or folly, for, we may be assured, she punishes both unrelentingly, the one with the right hand, the other with the left.

Recreation had become more than ever indispensable, after witnessing such a distressing occurrence; as soon, therefore, as I had made every arrangement for my departed friend which duty demanded, I continued my pilgrimage, and sought forgetfulness of the past in romantic delightful solitude. That part of the country which I travelled through, coming from O——, was as fertile and beautiful as the inns are bad and ill conducted; they are even worse than the common wine-shops in the black forest. Positively, I should prefer spending a night in the desert, rather than on such beds as I encountered. Without the accompaniment of what an Irish soldier would call a *baggage-wagon*, I should have been subjected to many inconveniences.

Perhaps it will one day happen, that thou, my friendly reader, mayst visit these hills. I shall therefore endeavour to administer to thy comfort, and detail in what manner I guarded against the various annoyances to which I might be exposed, and earnestly recommend thee under similar circumstances to pursue the same course. Above all things, a bed is necessary, unless you choose to be consigned to one five feet long, and, as Madame de Genlis says, 'de coucher de bout,' being at the same time buried beneath a plumeau of disagreeable-smelling feathers, full of tormenting little inhabitants, whose lively spirits and indefatigable exertions will deprive you of the possibility of sleep! The most portable kind of bed, which may be placed either on a sofa or on the ground, is an air mattress, to

* I do not allude here only to the present miserable state of Old Spain, but also to that of Spanish America, whose inhabitants, without intelligence, are sunk into bigotry,—they sought for freedom without being capable of enjoying its blessings, and have obtained anarchy, the end of which it is scarcely possible to foresee.

which add a pillow of the same material, with the necessary coverings, and you have a bed which can be arranged in a few seconds; the whole, if expedient, may be rolled up in a green cloth and carried in the pocket; this cloth will also answer the purpose of a curtain against the dirty wall. It will likewise be as necessary to prepare for refreshment, as you will find nothing better than burnt veal cooked in fat, butter, or beer; therefore, it would be advisable to provide yourself with the English preparations of cavice and catsup, which have the good property of making the worst preparations of meat agreeable. I recommend also a tea-kettle of English tin, which serves, at the same time, for a coffee machine, and a box for carrying coffee, tea, sugar, and your spirit-lamp; the whole apparatus takes up hardly as much place as a round hat, and by means of it you can command, in a very few minutes, a delicious repast, as excellent bread, butter, and cream are easily attainable in the very poorest cottage in the mountains. For a medicine-chest, I recommend a box of Seidlitz or other cooling effervescing powders, and another of quinine pills; the former are admirably calculated for allaying thirst, and the latter are an efficacious remedy against any temporary derangement of the nervous system, or a slight attack of fever; finally, with a good umbrella and the necessary appendages to the toilet, you will find yourself perfectly equipped.

The first night I slept most comfortably on a bed like that I have described, in a room which was at least an inch too low for me. About mid-day I arrived at the summit of the celebrated Goldberg, which once belonged to the family of Niederthal, but has now fallen into the hands of a banker, who has suddenly accumulated a large fortune. From hence there is a most extensive but not very picturesque prospect. The same censure is also applicable to the form of the mountain itself, and to the ruin which crowns it, for it has neither the appearance of a tower nor of any other piece of architecture, but merely presents to the view long straight horizontal lines, and looks more like a large shed without a roof, than a castle; add to which, the new proprietor has, by erecting various insignificant modern additions, entirely destroyed whatever beauty it might have had for the eye of the artist.

My guide was a pretty naïve peasant-girl about eighteen, barefooted, but cheerful, healthy, and happy. Her conversation and manners were free and unrestrained, which characteristics distinguish the whole feminine population of these happy mountains; they are quite *au fait* at retort, whether in jest or

earnest, and never exhibit the least particle of simpering bashfulness. The active girl carried my great-coat and umbrella, and followed me up the steps of the old castle, like a faithful spaniel, to the no small amusement of the guests who were assembled in the court below, dancing to execrable music, and by way of refreshment drinking white beer, whose strength, or rather weakness, renders it perfectly innoxious. The idlers now divided themselves into groups, for the purpose of watching our movements, and gazed at my travelling-dress with all the curiosity of the inhabitants of a small town. Mr. Malecke von Goldberg, for so is termed the nouveau gentilhomme, had caused the dangerous parts of the ruin to be furnished with balustrades, which is most praiseworthy; but these *garde-fous*, which are made of boards, represent crenaux and portholes, instead of corresponding with the general style of the building; this proceeding evinces little taste, either in the proprietor or the architect.

As I was about leaving the castle with my female cicerone, who was trotting on to show me the way, I was withheld, somewhat roughly, by the castellan, who cried out, "No! no! sir, that cannot be permitted—you must pay me a silver groschen."—"Pardon, my most valiant squire, I was ignorant of this tax:" and I delighted him not a little, by presenting him with a dollar malgré moi; for it is my custom, on such occasions, never to receive change, though, perhaps, it would have been wiser to imitate the example of one of our brave generals, who, when rewarding the noble deed of a grenadier, put a Friedrichs-d'or into his hand, but told him to return five rixdollars out of it, observing, that the Friedrichs-d'or then stood at agio from sixteen to eighteen groschens.

The modernized ruin and the mountain, which had exactly the form of an English plum-pudding, gave me but little pleasure, and I now directed my steps towards the castle, in which dwelt the proprietor, hoping that I should there meet with something more to my satisfaction. I found a tolerably large, ill-arranged house, built in the old German style, with a tower-clock in the centre, surrounded by short alleys of linden-trees, and the rudera of the former garden, which was now anglicised, but, as usual, badly kept. There is throughout the whole country a deficiency of large, and a still greater of beautiful trees, in some measure owing to the detestable custom of stripping them entirely of their leaves every three years for the sheep to feed upon! As I had been informed at the inn that the family were absent, I went to the old shepherdess and de-

manded permission to view the interior of the castle. This personage, it appeared, was numbered among the inventarium, and sold with the estate by the Niederthal family. From being so long in their service, she appeared to have become imbued with aristocratical feelings. I was first conducted into the salle-à-manger, where, to my great astonishment, I found a number of family portraits. "Are these," said I, "the ancestors of Mr. Malecke von Goldberg?"—"God forbid," answered my conductress, animatedly, "they all belong to the Niederthals."—"Have they, then, been sold with the estates?"—"Oh, dear heaven, no! the Niederthals knew nothing about them; they valued but little such old painted rags; why, those pictures lay torn and full of dust in a rubbish-chamber, where the new proprietor found them, and he has had them repaired and hung up in those old-fashioned gilt-frames, that they might, as he said, give an air of antiquity to the place. Right opposite, in the frau's room (whom, by-the-way, she never mentioned by any other appellation), hang the family of the Maleckes, and truly their appearance is very different."

"Oh! but that is owing to the modern costume;" for it could not be denied that knights of the Golden Fleece, with their scarfs of blue and red, their long-flowing perukes, and the proud lineaments of nobility stamped on their countenances, together with their haughty dames in hoop petticoats, with Moors and dwarfs supporting their trains, contrasted oddly enough with the peaceable *bureau-life* represented in the family portraits of the Maleckes, attired in their modern pantaloons and swallow-tailed jackets.

But the brilliance of former ages is dimmed; the frocks and swallow-tailed jackets are in possession of the lordships, and the most certain nobility of our days is a well-stocked purse. In five hundred years the present possessors will also become noble and distinguished by their antiquity; then, perhaps, another modern banker of the year 2325 will supersede the venerable family of the Maleckes, and suspend their half-decayed portraits in the dining-room, to impart the appearance of antiquity: thus, the divina comedia continues ever progressing; and nothing under the sun is really new, although it may possibly shine in a different light.

My guide next explained to me the diminutive lady's bazaar, extolled the well-executed worsted work of her mistress, set in motion a musical snuff-box, which sweetly sounded an air from "la gazza ladra," and then led me to the ball-room, where a view of Felseneck, the family castle of the Niederthals, was

painted in fresco; here my cicerone burst into a most vivid description of the magnificence she had witnessed in the castle when young; it appeared to have been a stately building, an imposing feudal possession, encircled by extensive woods and gigantic rocks, commanding a superb prospect over the adjacent country, but, like its lord, is now fast sinking into ruin.

The last room we examined was the principal sleeping-room of the family, which contained nothing interesting, unless we can so term a half-worn Cashmere shawl, which was thrown ostentatiously over the state bed; and though the apartments were intended to advance very decided pretensions to elegance, yet they entirely failed in the effect; for the whole suite, like those in most of our houses, was defective in that indescribable comfort which the English so well understand, and display even in the most minute particulars; their refined taste invariably renders a residence both agreeable and delightful.

My good shepherdess was astonished that her present mistress did not reside here; but what excited this feeling still more, she had often heard her remark, that her small country house, near the metropolis, was by far more charming and convenient. This trait of character pleased me, as it was decisive of the taste of the lady; for truly, the little villa, which I had often seen, was certainly by far more elegant and agreeable, and harmonized much better with the station of the family, than the extensive decayed mansion of ancient nobility, and the domain, without foliage, of Goldberg.

"It is most certainly," continued my loquacious guide, "a little lonely, but whenever the 'quality' do visit us, it is always the very grandest. A short time since, one of the royal princes passed through the village in the middle of the night; master, who knew he was expected, kept two servants, dressed in their gala liveries, waiting with champaign at the post-house, where he was expected to change horses; in vain did the prince protest he should prefer a glass of water; no! no! he was not permitted to depart until he had tasted our champaign. Was not that a truly noble method of treating a prince!

"If ever you should chance to travel again in this direction, you may always know when the family are at home, by the flags waving on the top of the château; 'master's is as blue as the sky, and madame's as white as the snow.' Only think, the stupid people about here took the frau's for a 'bed-sheet,' hung out to dry!"

I now left the castle and proceeded on my tour; the day was

excessively warm, and the open barren country from hence to the principal town of the department exposed me to the full benefit of the sunbeams. I was obliged to convert my umbrella into a parasol, as no other shade was to be found—en revanche, the variety of pretty cheerful faces I met with consoled me for enduring, though much against my inclination, the martyrdom of St. Lawrence; in truth, the humble classes in this part of the country are generally good-natured and civil, which, together with their beauty, agreeably surprised me, accustomed as I had been in the provinces of —— to different manners, and the absence of all personal charms.

I passed the night at the government town of this department, but in such a wretched miserable hovel, called, par complaisance, "an hotel," that all my travelling paraphernalia were scarcely sufficient to supply me with the various little comforts indispensable to a weary traveller. My reader will not be surprised to hear that I recommenced my pedestrian tour early in the morning.

In the immediate vicinity of the town I found a pretty neat churchyard, in which the dead appeared to be lodged with much greater regard to taste and cleanliness than the living. I visited these ever-sleeping inhabitants, and, after perusing several laughable inscriptions, I entered an open house, in which a corpse was laid out, to whose hand a bell was suspended: I was informed that this custom, so worthy of imitation, was here universal, and that every person who dies in the town is transported to this building, and their kept until decomposition commences. How commendable is this regulation, for modern observation has induced the melancholy conclusion that more persons are interred alive than dead! What a horrible idea!

I continued my way through an immense plain of fertile fields, and felt internally animated by the dark gloomy weather, which afforded so agreeable a contrast to the burning heat of yesterday; the level aspect of the country appeared to greater advantage by the dusky indistinct horizon, as the distant objects disappeared in shadowy obscurity. The fairy aid of fancy transformed the clouds into stupendous mountains, simple village spires into cathedral domes and towers, distant groups of stately trees into magnificent ruins, and clusters of thickets into extensive dark forests.

I soon arrived at the hotel where I intended to dine, and found the salle-à-manger full of strangers seated at their mid-day meal, with the exception of two lovely girls, who were standing

at the window evidently discomposed. Travellers must not be timid, especially those of the male creation; I therefore addressed myself to the deserted fair ones, and commenced a conversation upon ordinary topics, which was at first carried on with bashfulness by the blushing strangers, but in a short time it assumed a more confidential tone; I expressed my astonishment at finding them so utterly neglected, and demanded if I could be of the slightest service.

"You are extremely kind," replied the eldest (who certainly could not have been more than eighteen), "but our friends, with whom we arrived in the journalière, have left us, and we know not whether to sit down to table or wait for their return." —"I vote for the first, and if you will allow me, I shall endeavour to supply the place of your friends;" the younger, who was still half a child, was overjoyed at my proposition, and the eldest, with the blush of innocence mantling on her cheek, consented.

The rustling of paper behind me caught my attention, and turning round, I beheld a man of gigantic stature reading a newspaper, who occasionally directed towards our little circle the most malicious glances from small, dark, fiery eyes, shadowed by black bushy eyebrows; his large mustachios, à-la-hongroise, were of such a blue-black that they would have done honour to Bluebeard himself, while about his mouth played a sarcastic smile, for the purpose, it would appear, of displaying his large shining teeth. I could not forbear contrasting the fierce-looking half-savage with the angelic countenances of my young companions, for whom I ordered a separate table, and commanded my servant to bring some of my own Hungarian wine, &c.

This my fair guests found so excellent that we became still more confidential, and they related to me unreservedly every particular concerning their situation in life, family, friends, &c., of which a designing man might have taken advantage. They were the daughters of a clergyman in the neighbourhood, but had lost their parents, and, as is too frequently the case with that class in society, the gifts of fortune had not been showered very lavishly upon them; the eldest was conducting her sister to a school in the principal town of the province, where she also intended to remain some days at the house of a relation; after which she was to return to her brother, with whom she usually resided. She informed me of the name of the school, of the address of her friend; in short, in a quarter of an hour, I had become so initiated in their affairs that I might have

passed for a member of the family. Still Mademoiselle Louise had not a little confidence in her own sagacity and knowledge of the world, for she had already twice visited the capital of the province; "and therefore," said she, "my brother had not the slightest hesitation in allowing us to travel alone, but merely, by way of precaution, recommended us to the care of Madame Rosenkranz, with whom we are very slightly acquainted, and whose attention, you may perceive, is not extremely vigilant."

"How happy is it," replied I, "that, being an utter stranger in the capital, I shall have the pleasure of meeting there such agreeable acquaintances; and to prevent awakening suspicion in your friends of any impropriety in receiving the visits of a mere travelling companion, would it not be advisable to introduce me as a cousin from Vienna? Be assured I am now so well tutored, I shall play my rôle admirably."

"Oh, heavens, no!" cried the beautiful girl, perplexed and confounded; "I am so little accustomed to dissimulation, that I should never be equal to supporting the deception."

I replied like a libertine, though I internally felt the remonstrances of conscience. "My dear Louise, will you obdurately rob me of the sweet hope which is already in its bud? What harm can there possibly be in an innocent jest? You must not look serious, but adapt yourself to circumstances, and play your character well in the comedy: I shall also visit that little witch your sister, at the school, in the same character of cousin."

"Oh, yes!" cried the child of fourteen, rubbing her hands delightedly, "Madame Lagner is always pleased when she has visiters, and we enjoy their society at the same time. A cousin she will certainly not refuse to receive—Oh, pray do not forget to come!"

"Are you not ashamed," said I, with a serious countenance, and in a voice of tender reproach, "of the unsuspecting confidence of your little sister? how can you, that are so well acquainted with the world, deny me such a pleasant and innocent recreation?"

Entirely bewildered, the clergyman's daughter of Taubenheim knew not how to answer the tempting seducer; and the evil one at that moment led me to press her hand affectionately in mine under the table, which seemed to penetrate the very soul of the lovely inexperienced girl like electricity, and lighted up her cheeks with a still higher crimson; then quickly withdrawing my hand, "Now," said I, "our contract is sealed; and you, Henriette, may tell your governess that you expect a cousin from

Vienna." Poor Louise, turning her eyes with a softened expression on me and then on the ground, shook her head, saying—

"It is certainly wrong!"

"What a child you are," answered I, in an authoritative voice; then again taking her hand in the same clandestine manner, I softly whispered,

"Am not I more than a cousin?"

I fancied at this moment that I heard the black demon, who was still sitting upon the sofa reading, mutter between his teeth, "Hopeful sinner!" A slight shuddering rushed through me—this is also applicable, thought I, to a murderer, a robber, and a seducer—all of whom are "hopeful sinners!" What pleasant reflections! But who could withstand the moist deep blue eye, the bewitching blushes, the returned pressure of the sweet girl's life-warm hand. "Je me damne," cried I, inwardly, like the monk in a still more critical moment, "mais que le diable m'emporte, si je puis faire autrement!"

This romantic adventure was in excellent progress, and a connoisseur in the gentler sex might confidently predict, that it merely required opportunity and perseverance to accomplish all that could be desired. How weak are women! but in that weakness consists their loveliness! therefore, oh, man! spare, honour, and protect that weakness! follow not the example I have now described, but that which I shall at a future period recommend.

As all the strangers had now left the room, except the dark-haired solitaire, who appeared to have become part of the sofa, I commenced reading a tale to the charming Louise, in whose welfare I felt deeply interested.

"You must have heard of the mountains at no great distance from hence, which are haunted by a mountain-ghost called—" I was in the act of mentioning the name, when we heard a hollow unearthly sound like an echo, which made us start and rise from our seats. At this moment the gigantic figure of the stranger approached the table, laid down the gazetto, and smiling scornfully, said with a majestic air,—

"Indulge me so far as to permit me to be a hearer of your tale."

Somewhat disconcerted, I replied, "It is merely a slight attempt of my own, and I doubt its powers of amusement."

"No ceremony, sir, read on."

This was spoken in such a singular manner, and with such a commanding voice, that I felt indignant, and was much in-

clined to quarrel with him; but it seemed as if a higher power restrained me, and I took up the manuscript to continue, when the friends of the young girls entered, excusing their absence by saying they had been to visit some old acquaintances, at the same time informing the young ladies that the journalière was ready.

They now sprang like a pair of young deer to collect their "seven" little packages, and I to assist them; as she jumped into the carriage, I pressed the hand of the interesting Louise, saying, in a low murmur,—

"Forget not your poor cousin!" I was answered by a sweet expressive blush and a gentle pressure of the hand; and thus disappeared from my earnest gaze the amiable sisters, beneath the fostering wings of their protecting friends.

I now felt not a little annoyed at finding that I had only the dark, morose-looking stranger for a companion; he regarded me attentively, then, with something between a sneer and a smile playing on his countenance, said,—

"I dare say you are not now disposed to read your little tale, therefore I will wait until a more favourable opportunity. You will no doubt visit the mountains, where I shall most certainly meet you:" then proudly bowing, he disappeared like an air-bubble.

What a singular being! Who or what is he? His arrogance and presumption had irritated me excessively.

At this moment the arch-looking little chambermaid peeped through the half-opened door, and demanded in the good-natured confident tone of the people in this part of the country,—

"Surely our handsome, elegant gentleman will stop the night with us?"

"Tell me, my saucy lassie," chucking her gently under her pretty round chin, "how is it that you are all so handsome?"

"We owe that to the mountains; stay with us and you will see what good care we will take of you. Shall I conduct you to your sleeping-room? You shall have an entirely new bed, and if one is not large enough you shall have two."

Thus saying she ran out of the room; and as I was more anxious to see my fair friends in the capital than her double-bed, I followed to pay my reckoning, and to obtain some information respecting my grim acquaintance; but I found on inquiry that he was perfectly unknown.

I observed on the wall a row of bells, arranged in the most exact order; a few were adorned with rosettes composed of different-coloured ribands.

"What do these rosettes indicate?" I demanded of the ever-attentive Cendrillon.

"Oh, they designate the rooms which the handsome young men occupy."

"So, so! you have now given me a sufficient reason for not stopping in your house," said I, laughing; "for how it would mortify me to behold mine unadorned!"

"No, indeed: I promise, if you will but stay, to make a rosette with a riband so long that I shall be able to kiss it every morning."

"Oh, you coaxing flatterer! for uttering such an untruth, you shall be punished with a kiss, and—"

"One dollar and four groschen is the reckoning," croaked a hoarse voice from behind me.

Rather disconcerted, I paid the hostess, who had thus entered mal-àpropos. In the mean time, the mischievous little damsel was smothering a laugh in her pocket-handkerchief, and placed her hand significantly upon her heart, as if to tell me how innocent she was of this unwelcome surprise; the sly gipsy, however, achieved her object, for her appeal either to my weakness or my vanity was the means of securing a treble douceur.

I now mounted my horse and proceeded. The country was beautiful, and improved as I advanced towards my destination. A noble river, blooming meadows, green undulating fields, finely wooded, with the lofty Zopfberg in the distance, all glittering in the bright sunshine, which chased away in rapid succession the dark lowering clouds. Nothing marred the beauty of the prospect but the detestable allée of poplars, which, as usual, were naked, and now threw their long spectral shadows over the fields like so many tails of "Brobdignagian rats."

In beauty, the town was far inferior to its environs. Breslau, though certainly of great antiquity, is not romantic. It is as dirty as it is ancient, and everywhere exhibits as much indigence as bad taste. Like Leipsic, Brunswick, and other large towns, a handsome promenade has been made upon the ruins of the demolished fortifications; it is kept in excellent order, and does great honour to the projector, who must have been conversant with his art.

I arrived early, took up my quarters at the Silver Duck, and then commenced a promenade to inspect the lions.

The learned visage and red cap of a student induced me to

address him for information, in reply to which he very obligingly offered his services as cicerone.

"This," said he, laconically, "is Breslau's pride—the modern palace of the Prince Zinkofsky."

I looked up, and beheld before me a truly noble house, rearing itself proudly out of the blooming trees and flowers of the promenade: its simple yet tasteful splendour impressed me most favourably.

"It is too late," said my conductor, "to see its interior tonight, but I advise you not to neglect it to-morrow, as, during the absence of the prince, it is shown with great liberality to strangers. After we have made the tour of this part of the town, you must visit the theatre, to see the Canine Comedy, represented by the most talented artistes that have for a length of time appeared upon our boards."

"How!" said I: "what do you mean?"

"I mean that we have a troop of the canine species, which act entirely without the aid of man; the only rivals to their fame are a few monkeys; you will be delighted and astonished, particularly with Madame Batavia, a charming poodle, the darling of the public. For myself, I prefer the monkey Furioso; but I will not anticipate your delighted astonishment."

"Charming! I thank you for your consideration: let us then converse upon the merits of your professors—is M. Rückwarts still popular?"

"Why not? Has not the church more pleasure over one repentant sinner than over a hundred righteous men? He is at present, together with the wealthiest and most distinguished persons in the kingdom, united in Bible associations, and in a missionary establishment for the conversion of the children of our country."

"What, in the name of all that is wonderful, have you heathens?"

"Not exactly—but old Christianity goes for nothing until it is converted by modern godliness. For instance, whoever exercises his reason, and does not blindly believe signs and wonders, or more especially if he doubts the existence of the devil, would be considered more irretrievably damned than the innocent heathens who have not had the advantage of scriptural instruction; besides, as to the latter, the celebrated modern society of 'ocular' and 'oral' evidence have informed us, that after death they shall pass a thousand years in the interregnum, a sort of purgatory! while, on the contrary, the others will not be afforded the most remote chance of salvation."—

"Lés pauvres diables," said I, "perhaps a merciful God will be more relenting and compassionate than Professor R. and his honourable Bible and conversion society."

"Amen!" answered the student, at the same time taking off his red cap, he bowed very low, for, like the wolf in the fable, it so happened that the professor himself was then passing.

Two years later all this produced good fruit, and, like his prototype the crab, M. Rückwarts found that going backward was the best method of marching forward, for he obtained the patronage of the Crown Prince, and he is now basking in the sunshine of court favour, as I was lately informed by a lady, who writes occasionally for me the chronicles of the metropolis.

My friendly conductor accompanied me to the door of the temple of "Thalia Canina," which was already filled with an apparently respectable audience. In a short time Madame Batavia appeared, and was received with the loud and continued vivats of the house, which she acknowledged by bowing very gracefully. She at least never coquetted with the boxes or the parterre; though, truly, if a mauvais plaisant had allowed a piece of ham to peep out of his pocket, I doubt much whether the souffleur could have restrained within due bounds her natural appetite.

Fortunately every thing was preserved in good order, though this was not a little violated in a brilliant love-scene between the King of the Moors and the fascinating Madame Batavia; the latter, in a fit of distraction, quite forgetful of her rose-coloured robe, instead of making her courtesy on her hind-legs made use of her fore-paws, and in this manner displayed to the audience, not her flowing robe, but the labours of the razor upon her hind-quarters, which graceful movement was received with thunders of applause by the "gods" in the gallery. She was, I presume, when too late, made conscious of the error, for, on her arrival behind the scenes, we heard something which, though it might be termed a sigh, bore a nearer affinity to a howl; perhaps the souffleur had been too severe in his reproaches—however we had no time for conjecture, as Furioso now came forward, dressed as a knight, with couched spear, to decide in mortal combat his rivalry, with the Moor king for the fair heroine Batavia. Twice the lances rebounded on their well-wrought cuirasses—Furioso had already lost his helmet—again they closed—when, oh, act of heroism! the renowned King of the Moors sprang with one bound upon the

uncovered head of his opponent, and we all expected he would become the conqueror; but the instinct of nature prevailed, for. instead of pursuing his advantage, he remained quietly sitting upon his new throne, where he appeared to be diligently seeking after something, but what I could not discover, even with the assistance of a powerful opera-glass; and, though a traveller, yet I am too fond of truth to record any thing I have not distinctly seen—this, at least is certain, he tore from the head of his opponent the laurel wreath, without having gained the honour of victory.

A new and comic scene was now exhibited to the delighted audience. The great despot of the green-room himself strode the field of battle, armed with a weapon more resembling that of a drayman than a valiant knight; at the sight of this formidable antagonist, both king and knight evinced evident signs of giving battle, by their loud chattering, and a ferocious display of their masticating instruments of self-defence; however, it was unavailing, notwithstanding the encouragement afforded by the loud vivats of the spectators: the heroes were at length compelled to execute an inglorious retreat, and hide themselves from their relentless pursuer in the veiled recesses of Thalia's temple.

A considerable time elapsed before the manager, a Frenchman, came forward to stutter his excuses in bad German; he consoled the audience by telling them that, in the next scene, ample reparation should be made, as Furioso would retrieve his lost honour in a rope-dance.

The renowned artiste appeared, and being now in his proper element, he surpassed description; all the varied evolutions of Diavolo at Franconi's were executed with the most extraordinary facility, and far more than even he could attempt; among other manœuvres he remained suspended on the rope solely by his teeth, and swung himself in the most terrific manner high over the heads of the audience to the top of the ceiling, and then plunged downward within an inch of the souffleur's box; at another time he hung supported merely by his great toe, like a pendulum, then rose to the top by a magic spring, and with astonishing dexterity regained his former seat. Throughout the whole performance he conducted himself with such prudence and circumspection, that the brute was forgotten, and I know not how I can better express my admiration than by saying that the Diavolo of Paris rivals the monkey, and the Diavolo of Breslau resembles man.

I shall conclude by making an oration in praise of the highly

talented Madame Batavia; no language can do justice to her inimitable powers as a danseuse; first she bounded on three legs, then upon two, afterward upon one side, then changed to the other, now on cross-legs, and ended by hopping about upon one. Not even Taglioni herself, who is certainly highly accomplished in the use of her legs, will ever be able to arrive at this grade of perfection, for a most palpable reason—because she has but two!

At the table d'hote I found indifferent society, bad eatables, and still worse wine; there was by far more speaking than eating going forward, and Master Heinrich performed the twofold office of jester and waiter to the establishment. One of the guests demanded if it were true that our prima donna (this question referred to one of the human race) was really married to Baron Z——? "Es jinge wohl, aber es jeht nicht," was the answer of Master Heinrich, in the Berlin dialect; a loud laugh from the whole company repaid this attempt at wit. As my wine was bad and sour, I demanded, in an under tone of voice, as the waiter passed my chair, if he had no other? "Yes, every sort, my good sir, and one over," was the answer, loud enough for the whole company to hear; this sally was followed by another peal of laughter. How happy, thought I, are these citizens of Breslau, for how little amuses them! With such reflections I laid my head on my pillow, and slept soundly until the gay beams of the morning sun chided my drowsiness.

I commenced my promenade at mid-day, and proceeded direct to the palace of the Prince Zinkofsky. I again indulged myself by contemplating its beautiful exterior, but I felt apprehensive on entering that I had made some mistake, on account of the disagreeable equestrian odour and offensive gas which saluted me. To the left I observed a narrow winding wooden staircase, which the porter informed me led to the private apartments of his highness. On the right, close to the stable-door, the magnificent entrance opened on the grand staircase, adorned with gold and bronze balustrades, and covered with scarlet cloth; this terminated in the state apartments, and here at last my tormented nose took leave of the horse-perfumed atmosphere. This range of rooms was most tastefully decorated; but, though many of the individual parts were beautiful, yet the ostentatious parade of splendour everywhere visible did not correspond with the chandeliers of bronzed-wood and japanned-tin, or the paper-hangings, or the looking-glasses composed of several pieces united; these certainly were not worthy companions of

the superb Lyons silk-damask which covered the chairs and sofas, or of the tasteful bronze rosettes which admitted warmth to the rooms. I merely mention these as instances of those anomalies of negligence which are to be met with in our palaces, but are rarely seen in London or Paris. I also found a number of paintings, the most costly part of which was their gilt frames. For these slight incongruities I was amply compensated on entering the ball-room, the walls of which were a delicate rose-colour; it was lighted from above by a circular window, and surrounded by a gallery supported by Corinthian columns, which presented a most striking imitation of giallo antico. The bronze chandeliers suspended from the beautiful ceiling did not disgrace it; and, in keeping with the whole were the green-houses, united with it by a tasteful balcony, from which was visible a charming prospect over the adjacent promenades and distant country.

A tout prendre, it is a beautiful thing, and with a few alterations, which might be easily effected, this princely palace would be worthy of being numbered among the most splendid in the kingdom; and certainly the inhabitants of Breslau must be highly indebted to the prince for selecting their town for his residence.

I have not the honour of his acquaintance, but I was gratified to observe his portrait (a striking likeness, I was informed) in the boudoir of the princess, which was elegantly, yet whimsically embellished. To judge by this miniature, he is a handsome young man of about two or three-and-twenty, with brown curling hair; he was attired in a red coat, with a star and three crosses underneath, white, black, and red. "How happy," said I, "this fortunate being ought to be, young, handsome, distinguished, and rich!"—"And, in addition to all this," said my conductor, "he possesses an amiable and beautiful wife." Now, then, highly favoured mortal, since you have all these enviable possessions, you must forgive me for discovering a few faults in your palace, and pardon the still higher offence of committing them to print.

I now proceeded to visit that part of the promenade which I was unable to see yesterday. It was Sunday, and every part was animated by crowds of people dressed in their holyday costume; it appeared as if all the handsome faces I had encountered on my late tour were exhausted, for I did not perceive one that could be termed beautiful. I was also not a little astonished to behold the number of cake, beer, wine, and coffee-gardens, and frequently read upon the same sign, wine-

cellar, coffee-house, and subscription-garden; the conclusion was consequently forced upon me, that the people of this town eat and drink more than usual.

On arriving opposite the stupendous dome, I paused to enjoy *con amore* the beautiful scene; at one glance were visible the flowery fields, now blooming upon the ruined fortifications, the broad river divided into two streams, majestically rolling, while five or six ancient churches picturesquely crowned its banks, and reared their lofty spires high above all. My attention was directed from contemplating the pleasing prospect before me by the loud tolling of the magnificent, hollow-sounding bell of the Sand Church (what an ominous name), as it summoned the faithful to the blessing. I walked quickly over the bridges, and entered the church, which was already filled. It was decorated in a style of oriental tawdriness, pictures, wreaths, and vases of artificial flowers, green, blue, red, and yellow columns, glittering with gold and silver ornaments, the whole tasteless, dirty, and constructed in utter defiance of the rules of art; yet the effect of the coup-d'œil was imposing.

The invisible music now commenced, at first resembling the low wailings of women, and then, increasing in volume like a peal of thunder, it resounded through the vast vaulted fabric.

It must be confessed that it exhibits a singular deficiency, not only of reason but fancy, in those piously inclined, in not conforming to the ancient illusion—the splendid rites of the Church of Rome—instead of that melancholy, mongrel compound between Jesuits and Puritans, Evangelicals and Herrnhuters: Protestant renegades, to whom the commencement of Voltaire's Galimatias is so expressively applicable, "Un jour qu'il faisait nuit!"

I amused myself some time with the consecrated smoke and music, then tore myself away from the beautiful spectacle, as I wished to see the other churches in the town; but the trouble of my tour was not repaid, as I met with nothing worthy of notice, except the credulity of two Poles, who were admiring a miserable daub in the cathedral, announced as the production of the celebrated Lucas Cranach, and a bishop's cap among the relics, which afforded me much pleasure; it was made of velvet, and so beautifully and deceptively embroidered with straw, that I had much difficulty to convince myself it was not really gold; however, it afforded a new illustration of the wisdom of the aphorism, "All is not gold that glitters."

From the ecclesiastical I passed on to the military establish-

ments, as I wished to inspect the bronze statue of the celebrated marshal, formerly its professor, to whose memory the province erected this monument; but alas! their enthusiasm only arrived at a certain point; they were not, I presume, convinced of the necessity of polishing the granite pedestal; this, like their enthusiasm, remains without lustre. How much more proudly glitters the *iron* hero, Marshal Blücher! I must, however, declare my preference for a similar work executed by the same master in Berlin; the attitude, when viewed in front, is imposing and expressive, but from the side is rather theatrical and affected; the folds of the mantle also seem woody and clumsy. Unhappily the pedestal is so small that the field-marshal appears to balance himself with difficulty; perhaps it was intended to remind him of the contracted, arduous position in which he was placed at the commencement of his brilliant career.

On a parade day, at Berlin, as the gallant old hero, so appropriately called by his soldiers Marshal Vorwärts (forward), was riding past the statue, he observed a boy supporting himself on the pedestal by the legs of the figure; "Come down, my fine fellow," cried the veteran, good-humouredly, "do you not see that I have scarcely room there myself!"

Heaven's bright luminary was gilding the great tuft which crowns the lofty Zopfberg in the distance, and the great tuft which crowns the head of General Tauenzien before me, as I bade a final adieu to Breslau's dirty streets. Yesterday I had the hardihood to criticise the statue of the great marshal; how apropos appeared my censure when I beheld this monument. Is it possible? thought I; at least a thousand years must have elapsed between their separate erection. Upon an ill-shaped, uncouth pedestal, resembling an old-fashioned commode, is placed a sarcophagus, upon which reclines a weeping Bellona; on one side is a medallion of the general in gala uniform, his hair straight and powdered, crowned by a majestic tuft; instead of a shirt-frill is an antique Roman corslet, the lion's head of which appears like a miniature mop issuing out of his bosom. But the most ludicrous is the inscription beneath, in gold letters, "The work of Federusi. Chapter XII." Would it not appear on reading this that he was the author of the Count Tauenzien's Life, and that we have to thank the twelfth chapter of that work for the noble design before us?

I now journeyed onward, but nothing presented itself

worthy of notice on the road to Schwäidniz, if we except a few pictures of real life, such as a horse at a blacksmith's door holding up his hoof as graceful as Madame Batavia does her paw; or a fat gourmand of a village mayor enjoying himself with as much consequence at a village inn, and perhaps over as great a variety of wines and ragouts, as his brethren in London and Paris.

About mid-day I arrived at Schwäidniz, and relished not a little the cool spacious dining-room at the hotel, and an excellent dinner. It was altogether, for this part of the country, a most superior house; but alas! the "ladies in waiting" were distinguished for any thing but beauty, and resembled Hebe in nothing except in fulfilling the office of wine-bearers. Our dinner-table was even enlivened by music, for a Polish nightingale took good care to provide it, and sung above my head in such a bravura style that his notes pierced my inmost organs of hearing. Notwithstanding this annoyance I could not forbear breaking out into a violent fit of laughter, the cause of which, my dear reader, I shall confide to thee.

It was once my lot to accompany a great minister, who shall be nameless, together with many of his friends and followers, on a promenade; it was that season of the year when the nightingales cease to sing, and the frogs commence; our little tour was on the minister's estate, which had been assigned to him as a recompense for his long services, and though a magnificent donation, yet, being marshy, it was thickly peopled with these croaking warblers,* who were performing a most unharmonious concert close to us. The minister suddenly stopped, placed his finger significantly on his lips, as if to enjoin silence, and exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Oh! heaven, how gloriously these nightingales pipe!" I laughed heartily at the expense of the excellent old man, in which I was joined by the whole company, and being on terms of intimacy, I ventured to reveal to my friend the real cause of our merriment, when, much to his honour, he merely shrugged his shoulders, and enjoyed our mirth most cordially.

I heard two newly-arrived travellers, who sat near me, conversing on the beauties of a ruin in the mountains, about five leagues distant, which excited my curiosity. "It is scarcely

* Those of my readers who have never left the British shores can form no adequate idea of the loud discordant sounds emitted by these tenants of lakes and morasses, as this species of frog does not exist in this country.—*Translator.*

possible to conceive," said one, "how a man could be so insane as to lose such a property by gambling."

I approached the stranger, and solicited a more detailed account.

"Perhaps you are travelling in that direction," was the reply. "If so, I recommend a visit to the Königsburg; it is one of the most beautiful spots I ever beheld; a superbly picturesque ruin, enthroned in the midst of hills covered with stately trees, blooming with luxuriant foliage. The whole of that lordship contained eight villages, which extended as far as the eye can compass from the summit of the watch-tower, all of which the old Baron von Lork lost, in an incredibly short space of time, at the gaming-table. When he died the property was sold and divided; one bought a mill, another a farm, and the romantic ruin fell to the lot of a doctor.

"His unhappy son, now reduced to beggary, is a wanderer no one knows whither; the landlord tells me there are many singular reports concerning him, 'that he is gone to America,' 'that he is still lingering among the mountains,' besides many others which are not very favourable to his character. I knew him well, poor fellow, when a child, a fine noble-spirited boy; how deplorable to be exiled from such a paradise by a foolish, infatuated father."

"How far distant is this ruin, and which is the nearest road?" I demanded with eagerness.

"It is about five short leagues, and if your horses are not fatigued you can reach it this evening; but when you arrive at the foot of the great mountain called the Hemmschub, you must descend and take the path along the river Wiesa through the forest; it is the most picturesque part of the whole mountain district, and considerably the nearest road. At some of the lonely cottages you will easily procure a guide. The weather is delightful, and the days are long; you may therefore anticipate a most agreeable evening!"

The necessary arrangements for my departure were soon made. I hired a light chaise adapted for mountain travelling, and in less than half an hour I had reached the colossal chain. How pleased was I to find myself once more among these old earth-bubbles called mountains, and how grateful am I that they exist; the pleasures they originate are numerous; they not only bring us nearer to heaven, but from their pure air spring courage and freedom. Here we again find the pure wood-nymph, health, who had been lost in the hypochondriacal plains; here the mind recovers its elasticity; and last, but by

no-means the least among their joys, the stomach becomes strengthened; that despot of the soul, that sovereign which rules alike the faithful and the unbeliever, the inhabitant of the hills and the valleys. Mountains! were I a poet, you should inspire my song!

Now, dear reader, I will confess that at Schwaidniz I drank an excellent bottle of wine, which perhaps strengthened my enthusiasm, for I felt perfectly happy without being in the slightest degree intoxicated; nay, smile not incredulously, my doubting reader; it is true, upon my honour, for as I approached the Hemmschuh my spirits became still more elevated, which could not have been the effect of wine. I did not stay long, even to procure a guide, but with the vivacity of youth sprang from my carriage and flew into the dark forest, following the course of the river; the leaves glittered in the sunshine, the Wiesa murmured over blocks of rocks like the bourru bienfaisant, gliding slowly and sullenly through the variegated meadows, and exhaling the balmy fragrance of a hundred flowers.

I was now completely bewildered, my path no longer visible, and to add to my perplexity, high craggy rocks surrounded me on every side; even the opening by which I had entered had disappeared. At this moment a sun-burnt boy peeped through a chasm, and demanded, in a dialect peculiar to the natives, "If I had lost my way," adding, "I will show you the right one."

This was indeed a true "Deus ex machina!" I answered with alacrity, "My good boy, conduct me to Konigsburg, and I will reward you like a king."—"With pleasure," answered he, and immediately sprung through an almost invisible aperture. I had no little difficulty in keeping pace with the young urchin, and a hasty march in warm weather we know is not very delightful. On arriving at the bed of the river, my flying guide skipped over the stones like a marionette in a comedy of puppets, and seemed only to touch the ground for form's sake; but as I passed the cool stream I quite longed to pause and indulge myself with an immersion.

"Stop, stop, I cannot follow you," I cried out to my mobile conductor; he paused an instant, and demanded, "Are you not accustomed to mounting hills?"

"At least not so rapidly. But say, how came you to find me in the valley of rocks?"

"My master saw you from above, and told me you were his friend, and that I must show you the way up."

"A friend of mine! who is your master?"—"He is called the lord of the hills," and dashed forward.

"Stop, once more; pray what is your name?"—"Erdy, please your honour." I could not extract any more information from the incommunicative Erdy, and the clattering of a mill prevented any further attempt at conversation for the present.

We now entered an almost impenetrable forest, the foliage of which entirely excluded the rays of the sun, and to which it appeared the destroying axe was an utter stranger, for out of the trunks of the primeval, half-decayed fallen pines a young thicket had grown up like Chinese dwarf-trees; the waving feathery bushes of the fern rose to man's height, while the bilberries in full fruit, together with the wild rosemary and moss, thick, luxuriant, and soft as velvet, formed the most agreeable and variegated carpet.

"Let us stop here, Erdy, for a moment to rest," said I; "its refreshing coolness is inviting, and I am heartily tired."

"No, not here sir, it is not safe; in half an hour we shall arrive at the castle."

"Not safe! Why what have we to fear, thou gnome?"

"The mountain-ghost," said he, in an under voice, and flew forward.

I was obliged to follow him, as it would have been nearly impossible to find my way out of the forest, particularly as we had come to a zigzag path where no trace of a human foot was visible; at last, after climbing up steep rocks and precipitous ascents, we suddenly arrived at very high walls. The entrance appeared to be an old iron gate, and through a small opening in the lindens I perceived the remains of a fallen watch-tower.

"Here is the castle," cried the boy; "please to give me the reward you promised. Knock at the door and it will be opened."

I put a dollar in his hand, which did not seem to surprise him; upon which he cast a sidelong malicious glance at my purse, repeated his thanks, then darted up the hill with incredible swiftness, and vanished like a sprite from my view. A violent gust of wind now rushed through the majestic lindens, whose thick shades enveloped the mouldering castle, and two ravens were floating in the last rays of the setting sun around the falling tower.

I imagined myself in the year 1230, and knocked at the iron gate with a pleasing shudder; three successive times I re-

peated the call before it was answered; at length an ill-looking fellow, with long, lank red hair, made his appearance, and demanded what I wanted so late. It was, in truth, beneath the shades of the trees, already twilight; but to my feelings it was, on that account, the most favourable moment for beholding a ruin. I expressed my wishes, and was allowed to enter.

The moon, splendid and gigantic, was rising from behind the opposite mountains; immersed in her magic light lay the deep abyss beneath; the rushing of the Wiesa was no longer audible, but, here and there, a silver streak shining in the twilight indicated its existence. An old maple, whose hollow trunk was filled with loam, which imparted fresh vigour to its almost extinguished life, was arched over the small parapet on which I stood, and, as it waved in the wind, it seemed like a messenger from the olden time to warn me of the insecurity of the crumbling towers. It was a magnificent scene, whose beauty was increased by the still solitude which reigned.

I always dispense, if possible, with the services of guides, as they destroy the sweet illusions of the fancy; besides I was informed that its present proprietor had repaired the parts which decay had rendered dangerous; indeed his operations were visible to me the moment I entered, as he had tastelessly pulled down the original drawbridge, and replaced it by one with a modern wooden railing, together with various similar additions, to the great injury of its romantic character. As I wished to be left alone, the red-haired castellan pointed out the way to the tower, assuring me that the steps were perfectly safe; he left me at the entrance of the banqueting-hall, where lizards, toads, and owls were now the only revellers. Another violent gust of wind rushed through its dilapidated windows, and a half-decayed armorial ensign carved in stone glimmered in the yellow twilight, while the immense chimney was nearly covered by the spreading branches of a large blackberry bush, which now bloomed undisturbed; an opening in the broken wall afforded me an entrance into another large room, which was also filled with wild shrubs; I then passed into an arched cabinet in tolerable preservation; here commenced the winding tower-stairs which led to the highest room, formerly the watch-tower.

Cheerfully singing an old ballad, I mounted the decaying steps, but when I arrived at the room I was in search of, I could scarcely believe I was not dreaming; for I beheld sitting at a stone table, in the middle of the room, the same

gigantic figure whose dark looks had so much annoyed me in the dining-room of the inn, and though he had no other light than that emitted by the moon, which shone brightly through the windows, he appeared to be diligently reading; two pistols lay upon the table near the book.

Uncertain how to act, I remained fixed to the spot; the stranger, however, quickly relieved me from my embarrassment. "Ah," said he, laughing, "you are welcome to the mountains; I have also been reading a tale of Rübezahl by moonlight; but, perhaps," continued he, in a friendly tone, "we may now divert each other better; how now, you look as pale at seeing me as if I were myself the mountain-ghost; I assure you I am a man of flesh and blood like yourself, but you have nevertheless visited an inhospitable castle. The lords of Lork, as you have been correctly informed, are inveterate gamesters, and you now see before you the last of their race; one whom gaming, although he has never played himself, has been deprived of all. Is it then to be wondered that I, the victim of gambling, only play when I am sure of winning? that moment has arrived; therefore, without any further ceremony, —you carry a well-filled purse, it is my pleasure that we play for it, so I beg you will lay it on the table instantly; come," said he, presenting a pistol, which he held in each hand, at my head—"*pair ou impair!*"

Resistance was madness; my umbrella was not a weapon to oppose two loaded pistols, and my opponent's evident determination to possess himself of my money at all hazards could not be doubted; I therefore consoled myself by thinking that such an adventure was not dearly purchased at the rate of fifty Louis-d'ors.

I answered in his own strain, "My lord of Lork, you have won *impair!* more you cannot win from me at present, as I presume you will leave me my wearing apparel; I grudge it not, but grieve for your hard fate, and still more for the manner you have adopted to improve it; but at present allow me to continue my way home unmolested, and to enjoy the delightful prospect from the balcony of your castle; fear not that this transaction shall ever be revealed to your prejudice; I only beg your word to ensure me safe-conduct through the mountains."

"Your request is granted, and you may depend upon my protection wherever I can be of the slightest service to you;—only be cautious, and do not again attempt to entrap my mountain beauties. Adieu!"

Thus saying, he stepped backward, and like a black cloud passing over the moon, suddenly disappeared, leaving me stupified by amazement, not less at his precipitate retreat than at the means by which it had been so instantaneously effected; however, all my endeavours to ascertain his place of egress remained unavailing.

It is the case with some persons, after a danger has been boldly encountered, that fear makes its appearance. One of my old military comrades used to maintain that every man was vulnerable to its influence. The only difference consisted in the time. "The timid experience it before danger, the coward when menaced by its attack, and the brave when the excitement is over." In accordance with this rule, my conscience acquits me of cowardice, but timidity and boldness often mingle in me most singularly, so that I am alternately the victim of both.

My situation was any thing but pleasant,—without a farthing in my pocket, and a stranger in this part of the country; however, as the generous gamester had left me my gold watch, I calculated it would procure me the necessary conveniences until I should hear from my banker. As I felt little desire to explore the ruin any farther, in two bounds I was at the bottom, ordered the gate to be opened, ran past the red-haired porter, who in vain roared after me for his douceur, and thanked Heaven from my inmost soul when I found myself safe on the high-road which led to my inn.

It was pretty late when I arrived, and as my host lighted me to my room, he respectfully intimated that I ought not to repeat my visits to the ruin at such unseasonable hours, adding that the mountains had been for some time previous infested by robbers, who had plundered several travellers.

"My host," said I, "it is useless to dissemble, I have not been better treated; I am at this moment utterly penniless, and consequently feel considerably embarrassed. Here is my gold watch; have the kindness to keep it as a pledge, until I redeem it; and perhaps you can accommodate me with a few Louis-d'ors, as I leave this place early to-morrow."

"Merciful Heavens!" cried the astonished host, "can we not live any longer in our once peaceful, happy mountains? you are most welcome to the money you desire, and can repay me when convenient; keep your watch, I desire no security."

The next morning, I could scarcely convince myself that the events of the preceding evening were not a dream, till the sight of my empty purse proved they were full of reality. My

first view from the window also reminded me of my adventure, for I beheld the castle in all its magnificence, with its sharp contour, appearing as if pencilled on the blue heavens, while the forest, with its countless shades of verdant green, lay shining at its feet; the valley, converted into a bleaching-ground, resembled a vast lake, whose snowy whiteness, the emblem of innocence, the herald of peace, seemed to reproach the old asylum of robbery on the heights, whose walls had again in the nineteenth century lent their protection to rapine.

I proceeded on my tour as usual *à pied;* the windings of the road added much to its beauty; the different objects at every turn assumed a new form, like children playing "hide and seek:" the lofty Ballinger alone appeared immoveable, while its more diminutive comrades, covered with ancient oaks and pines, gracefully bowing their luxuriant branches, together with the murmurs of the forest stream, seemed to salute me at every step.

Man had also done something for the completion of this delightful scene; he had constructed a most excellent chaussée; but alas! this was, as usual, bordered with Lombardy poplars, which, fortunately, had not as yet attained sufficient height to obstruct the view.

Since yesterday, I had followed the stony shores of the Wiesa; at present, I took a side road towards the mineral baths, whose season had now commenced. At the first bathing-place I visited, I had the good fortune to find an old friend, who was kind enough to replenish my purse, and to whose care I confided the repayment of my landlord at Konigsburg. After dinner I journeyed on to the celebrated Stahlbrun, a country village transformed into a bathing-place, the beauty of whose environs had been particularly recommended to me; although I did not anticipate an adventure, yet such a one as rarely happens to mortals actually befell me; it was, that the landlord of the Golden Sun assured me that I should find accommodations at the Crown better suited to my station than any he could possibly provide me.

I now drove past several wooden columns, painted in imitation of marble, which were erecting opposite the Crown Hotel, in honour of the Crown Prince of Prussia, who was shortly expected. Here they appeared as little inclined to receive me as my host of the Sun, for not a creature came to welcome me, probably because the bathing-season was about to commence, and they no doubt calculated upon more productive guests. The general appearance of the place gave

little indication that it was one of the most favourite bathing-places in the whole country.

Stahlbrun is merely an extensive mountain village, whose houses are a little better than those inhabited by peasants, and only distinguished by their bizarre titles ; adjoining Bourbon-house I remarked one called the three lilies, not white, but the tri-colore, thus grafting the colours of Napoleon upon the innocent lily; what an admirable device for a man of all parties, who is true to no party!

Upon entering the common sitting-room for travellers, I found a landlady of the most overwhelming amplitude of proportions, reclining upon a couch ; the only answer to my demand for a room was a gracious inclination of the head. Her husband, who was gifted with a similar share of embonpoint, was a handsome young man, but somewhat of a simpleton ; he excused the indolence of his helpmate by saying that his poor Amalie was yesterday on a party of pleasure at Felseneck, which had produced such an effect that she was not able to move ; "Sophie, show the gentleman a room." I felt perfectly satisfied with the change, as Sophie was a pretty, neat girl.

On my return I found the turtle-doves in the same position, the husband attentive as a lover, consoling his wearied darling with the most tender endearments.

While waiting for some refreshment, the room filled with all descriptions of vulgar visiters, drinking beer and smoking execrable tobacco, so that my Havana cigar, which I had chosen for my companion, appeared to be in as bad society as myself. At this moment I heard with astonishment my hostess saying to her husband, in a languishing voice, but evidently intended for me to hear,

"Fritz, my dear, did you remark, yesterday, those words of Kotzebue,

'The torch of Hymen destroys love!'"

The answer, whispered to the tired invalid, must have been satisfactory, for it was repaid by a most affectionate blow upon her husband's back.

I began to be interested in this original, who seemed a second Lady Quatch, and addressed her, saying, "Madame, you appear to be conversant with the beauties of literature, and possessed of a well-informed mind ; you must find yourself misplaced in your present situation ; take care, do not allow intellectual pursuits to assume an absolute ascendency, as

they are liable to attenuate our bodies and enfeeble our minds."

Instead of replying, she sighed most pathetically. "Madame, you read too much;—am I not right?"

"Alas! it is too true," she answered, with another sigh, evidently pleased at having attracted my attention; "but how can I refrain from reading, since it constitues my sole recreation? Yet you are correct in your opinion, for it often causes me to suffer deeply, and I quite agree with Schiller when he says—

"'How stern is lovely woman's fate on earth.'

"What is the continuation of it, dear Fritz?"—"Really, dearest Amalie, I cannot at this moment remember."—"Ah! most truly," exclaimed I, continuing the stanza

"'For she must meekly bear each harsh rebuke;
But though her path, with painful thorns is strown,
Her humble faith will win a heavenly crown.'"

"Ah! so it is, my good sir; you must certainly be literary, you are so well read."

"You have guessed it, madame; I am really an author; my work, entitled the 'Sandomarien True Lovers,' has just appeared, the profits of which defray my travelling expenses; but it is a never-failing maxim with me neither in writing or reading to think much, for as Goëthe's Berlichinger idol most justly said—

'Hence drive thy host of thoughts away,
Or they will make thy reason stray.'"

"That is truly a most beautiful sentence; but you or Goëthe may say what you will, I must think."

"Madame, you are wandering in the path of error; are you not acquainted with Lessing?"

"Yes, sure, the worthy senator of Göriz? why he lodged with me last year, and fully re-established his health by the waters."

"Very well; remember, he maintains that a woman who thinks is like a man that paints his face."

"Pooh! stuff and nonsense! the honourable senator only said that out of spite, because he is so pale himself; however, my opinion is unchangeable."

"You are obstinate, madame, excuse me, I beg your par-

don, but to a well-informed soul like yours I may venture to speak philosophischer (philosophically)—"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, but what do you mean by that word—fühlloser-fischer (unfeeling fisher)? what does it imply?"

"I mean to designate a man whose blood is as cold as a fish in his watery element; to follow his reasoning you would end by doubting, not only every thing that is not, but every thing that is; in one word, you would be skeptical; for even Kotzebue, whom you so justly eulogize, says in his immortal verse—

'Doubt is the sword of proud imperious man—
The shield of faith is lowly woman's worth.'

In other words, you must believe all that your pastor, your doctor, and your husband say; otherwise you cannot be termed devout."

"Oh! Gemini, you will make me mad. Fritz, what a doubter art thou, or rather a *spectacle,* as I think the gentleman calls it. But, sir, must not my Fritz believe every thing I tell him?"

"It would be a sin to doubt it, even for a moment; but the subject seems to have agitated you; for no consideration in the world would I disturb such a susceptible soul as yours, we will therefore choose another topic of conversation; which of our two great authors do you prefer—Schiller or Kotzebue?"

"Oh! Schiller, he is so sublime; still Kotzebue is really a great man, and I possess nearly twelve volumes of his works."

"So then, you assign him the first place?"

"Yes, certainly; for I have put him at the head of my book case: how tastefully I have arranged it, have I not, my dear Fritz?"

It was supper-time, and the worthy man was in the act of devouring a large radish, but, on hearing this appeal made to his judgment, quickly wiped his mouth, kissed most tenderly the hand of his blue-stocking wife, and answered with a face full of the most important meaning, "Nobody can deny that."

"But look, my good sir, notwithstanding all you have said against thinking, I must now think again. My husband there formerly never ate radishes, and now he cannot get enough Yes, yes, Kotzebue was right when he said,

'The torch of Hymen destroys love.'"

"I honour, madame, your acute sagacity, but I am positive,

even in spite of the radishes, that Mr. Fritz remains true to his gentle mate."

Disbelieving reader, if you doubt the veracity of this dialogue, go yourself to Stahlbrun, turn into the Golden Crown, converse with the great "*Literatis*," and her equally great lord—but not master; and as you have been so long the companion of my pilgrimage, now follow me to Felseneck, which, in its half-decayed greatness, is still the splendour of the mountains.

I must class Felseneck among the most imposing and beautiful objects I have seen in Europe; and I shall never forget the feeling of delighted surprise (which extorted from me a loud exclamation of rapture) when, having missed my path in ascending, I came by accident to the point called the Giant's Bed. From thence I beheld, at one glance, the whole extent unfolded in all its magnificence; the thick forest of majestic trees rustled solemnly around me; at my feet was the stone wall, deep sunk in the giddy depths beneath, where, in the long-winding dale, a mountain stream traced its rapid course, till a high isolated rock barred its passage; upon the summit, like a fairy fabric erected by spirits, stands the kingly castle, towering in the blue ether surrounded by terrace-gardens, which, descending step by step, seemed to bathe their flowers in the cool, clear current of the valley; opposite, on a still loftier mountain, reposes the ruin of the old ancestral castle of the noble race who flourished here for centuries.

The environs and the distant country are equally rich in the beauties of nature; on three sides the landscape is shut in by mountains, whose forms are far more picturesque and varied than those surrounding the celebrated vale of Rehberg, which, though loftier, are not so diversified and abrupt in their outline; on the fourth side the eye ranges over the fertile plains, animated by innumerable towns and villages reposing amid rich corn-fields, meadows, and pastures, the whole skirted at the horizon by a chain of gently-rising hills. Nature has here lavished her loveliest gifts; when surveyed as a coup-d'œil, there is scarcely any thing to be wished; but when considered in detail, we perceive that art could effect numerous improvements, especially in regard to the castle, which, though truly magnificent, presents, on a nearer inspection, various incongruities.

If Warwick Castle had this spot for its site it would be the wonder of the world! and deserve a pilgrimage by all the travellers upon earth.

Unfortunately, the proprietor of this beautiful domain, which includes also part of the mountain district in the neighbourhood, and transports the imagination to the mighty barons of the middle ages, is unable to enjoy it. Though a most estimable man, yet he was actuated by the singular desire of constantly purchasing new estates, and I have been informed that when the late war broke out he possessed ninety-nine, which would have been increased to a hundred if that event had not occurred! This mania, aided by bad advisers and unforeseen circumstances, reduced him to his present unhappy condition; his proud lordships are sequestered, the superb palace is verging to decay, noisome weeds mingle with the few remaining flowers in the garden, and the cattle graze on the waving grass in the castle-yard, which once echoed to the tramp of the proud prancing courser.

The old master of the horse, to whom a trifling pension is allowed by the creditors, conducted me through the interior of the building, which presented nothing remarkable, except the furniture and ancestral portraits, whose antiquity naturally creates interest.

I am not ashamed to say, that I could almost have wept when I beheld the departed grandeur of this noble house, and the desolate state of their once proud residence.

The count, during the period of his prosperity, held here a superb tournament, which was honoured by the presence of his youthful sovereign. The tribune was erected in the court of the castle, from which the illustrious monarch awarded the prizes; while, at present, its only memento is the loose boards, rattling, and the painted canvass, streaming in the wind, the remains of the temporary building that was erected. What a mournful spectacle of departed greatness!

The old master of the horse informed me that the knight who won the first prize bore so strong a resemblance to Falstaff, that two horses fell beneath their ponderous load, and it was only by the assistance of a strong cart-horse from the neighbouring brewery that he was enabled to obtain the victory. The beautiful, fascinating queen must have had some difficulty in suppressing her laughter, when she hung the gold chain on the neck of this fortunate successor of the merry knight.

I lingered so late that the sun was throwing his parting rays over the castle and its beautiful scenery. A storm now commenced, dark thunder-clouds lay thick and heavy upon the

hills, the lightning, like forky-rockets, illumined the whole horizon.

"My lord! my lord!" cried the coachman, we shall be as wet as frogs;" and at the same time the wind drove the immense drops of rain full in our faces. A carriage at this moment drove past at full gallop, evidently with the intention of seeking shelter; I ordered the coachman to follow, but a cloud of dust soon concealed it from our view; we also hurried forward till we were stopped by a violent mountain hurricane, and a darkness ensued like that of the darkest night.

"Jesus Maria!" exclaimed the coachman, "what is to be done now?" The power of instinct led the horses immediately to stop, and I felt at the same instant my eyes, mouth, and nose filled with sand, as if I were about being buried alive in it; luckily, the pillar of sand whirled past, leaving behind such a horrible atmosphere of dust and gravel, that it was with difficulty we perceived a steep road which had been taken by the other carriage; we followed as fast as our jaded horses would permit, and found it brought us to the court of a mill, where fortunately an open shed afforded sufficient shelter for our carriage and horses.

The coachman and myself were almost blind, and we entered the mill for the purpose of procuring some water to wash the gravel out of our eyes.

I found the miller an obliging man, who, with his wife, had just arrived in the carriage which preceded us; they politely accommodated me with every thing I wished.

"It is fortunate you reached this place," said the miller; "the sand whirlwinds of this country are no joke; I was apprehensive your little light carriage and horses would be blown down the hill, for a similar accident happened to a traveller about two years ago on the same spot."

The growling thunder accompanied his words, the lightning glared fearfully, the rain was streaming, the mill clattering, and the dimly-burning candles assumed a singular colour as the phosphoric light glanced through the room; my soul felt delighted with the glorious spectacle; I thanked the miller for his kind hospitality, and began conversing with him on the romantic beauty of the evening.

"Ah, sir! if you only knew where you are! it was once such an infernal place that many who got in never left it; an almost impenetrable wood surrounded it, and the mill itself was called the 'murderer's mill,' which name it still retains in the title-deeds; the stream that sets it in motion is called to this

day the 'Devil's Channel;' and the deep valley underneath has received the appellation of 'Hell.'"

"Nothing can be more sublime, my good miller—pray relate to me all you can remember of its ominous history."

"As the story is long, perhaps you will favour me with your company at a future time, for at present the weather is clear, and it is not advisable to delay your departure, as another storm appears threatening."

This was provoking, for I fully anticipated the pleasure of hearing a dreadful tale; but as it was impossible to pass the night at the mill, it would have been imprudent to remain longer.

When I was stepping into the carriage, a tall man, enveloped in a cloak, to which was attached a cowl, drawn over his head apparently to shelter him from the rain, came forward from the dark part of the yard, and in a low voice requested permission to ride to Aarberg.

"In the carriage, my friend," said I, "it is impossible; for I have so many packages that there is hardly room for myself: but if you like to ride behind, you are very welcome."

"Who are you?" demanded the suspicious miller, "I have never seen you here before."

"I am a journeyman locksmith, of Aarberg," replied he of the cowl, pettishly, "and some time since I assisted in erecting the lightning conductors on your mill."

"Really," drawled the miller, doubtingly, "but you must know, my good friend, that travellers are not much inclined to give strangers a seat in their carriage so late at night"—(for at this moment the clock struck ten).—"Never mind," said I, "let him come; with a pair of friends like these (and at the same time I drew my pistols out of the holsters), I fear nothing, either day or night; besides, I do not believe there is the slightest danger to be apprehended in the mountains—take your seat, master locksmith. Adieu, my worthy miller!—coachman, drive on!"

We had scarcely left the mill half an hour, when the most violent rain began to pour upon us, and two thunder-storms came in contact over our heads; it was a magnificent, though at the present moment a somewhat provoking spectacle. The whole heavens were momentarily illumined by one vast blaze of light, and tremendous discharges of heaven's artillery quickly followed each other—picture after picture of the country emerged in rapid succession, like a magic lantern, into the blue flickering light, displaying the mountain crags and tre-

mendous abysses, and then as instantaneously vanishing in the darkest night.

The rain now streamed perpendicularly like a deluge, three flashes of lightning and three peals of thunder burst at one instant upon us, and I could not forbear leaning out of the calèche to sympathize with the poor fellow who sat behind, exposed to all the fury of the storm.

"It does not signify, sir, I am accustomed to such weather;" but this was uttered in a totally different tone of voice from that he had assumed at the mill, and that which now struck on my ear instantly flashed on my recollection as one I had heard before. "Is it possible?" said I; "no, I must be deceived:" but, before I had time to finish my soliloquy, I heard the trampling of horses, and saw, by the blaze of the lightning, two gens-d'armes riding hastily towards the carriage; I had scarcely time to hear the hurried words of the locksmith, spoken in a low agitated voice—

"If you are possessed of a single spark of generosity, of humanity, say I am your servant; the coachman will not betray me."

At that instant the gens-d'armes came up to the carriage, and demanded who I was, and whence I came? at the same time apologizing for detaining me, by saying, that the mountains had been for some time the resort of robbers, and they had received the strictest orders to stop and examine all strangers.

I was thus placed in a most disagreeable predicament; perhaps I was to blame, but to betray a confidence reposed in me, be the subject what it may, is so irksome to my feelings, that my decision was soon formed.

"I have no passport," I replied, "I am merely making a tour of pleasure: I hired my carriage at Schwaidniz, my servant sits behind, and here is my baggage; do not detain me." At this moment the thunder-storm, as if leagued with the Lord of Lork (for it was he who had thus thrown himself on my protection), shook the very earth, and the electric fluid struck an old pine, only ten paces distant, and lighted it up in a stream of fire, which the torrents of rain as quickly extinguished; the terrified horses fell upon their knees, and those of the gens-d'armes reared and plunged frightfully. My coachman, as if in accordance with the secret agreement he had made with Lork, caused the horses to appear so unmanageable that he declared it was impossible to hold them, and dashed forward at full gallop down the hill, to the imminent danger

of dislocating or breaking my bones, leaving the gens-d'armes behind us, of whom we saw nothing more. In a quarter of an hour, the friendly lights of the village ef Aarberg gleamed through the darkness, and the storm ceased.

My travelling companion now leaned over into the carriage, saying, "Permit me here to bid you farewell—never shall I forget your kindness; believe me," he added, in a voice trembling with emotion, "I deserved a better fate! in an hour I shall cross the frontier, when I am out of danger; and in a few weeks perhaps I shall bid a final adieu to Europe—if Heaven prospers me through life, I am indebted alone to you; this conviction is the only recompense I can offer for the generous protection you have afforded me. I have indeed one trifle, which perhaps you will honour me by accepting as a remembrance of the once dreaded lord of the mountains. Though neither gold, nor worth gold, yet I know to you it will be valuable; and now I pray God to protect you, and to be merciful to me—farewell!" Thus saying, he sprang from the carriage and disappeared in the thicket, leaving me with a roll in my hand, which looked like the barrel of a pistol. On opening it at Aarberg, I found to my no small surprise that it contained a manuscript, recounting the adventures of his life; the perusal of it excited in me such interest, that notwithstanding my fatigue, its pages amused me during the greatest part of the night; and I have little doubt that any publisher would give me the fifty Louis-d'ors it cost! But it contains many particulars which, at present, are unfit for publication; and I felt extremely grateful in being instrumental in assisting the poor fellow across the frontier. For this act the law will assume the right to condemn me, but I also possess a right, which I exercised, as there are cases when all foreign authority ceases, and which can only be determined by conscience.

A beautiful crystal morning succeeded the tempestuous night; enjoying its refreshing coolness, I continued on my way, as it was my intention to visit the extraordinary rocks of Blutbach, which were not far distant. The road led through a forest—but what a forest! what superb vegetation bloomed, amid thousands of gigantic trees shaded in eternal twilight! In one place their dark drapery surrounded the sparkling meadows—in another covered the summits of the highest mountains, or descended the steep precipices beneath. The deeper shades of the beech and pine were contrasted with the lighter green of the luxuriant heath, adorned with myriads of rose-coloured wild hyacinths, forget-me-not, and other beautiful flowers; it

was indeed a country which accorded in every respect with my taste and feelings—lovely, rich, poetical, ever-changing prospects—nowhere too extensive nor offering too glaring a conclusion to the fancy—and, to complete its loveliness, several mountain streams and torrents flowed through the valleys in innumerable serpentine windings.

When I arrived at Muckersheim, celebrated for its commerce in wine with the neighbouring towns, I found myself at the frontier. The Austrian black and yellow turnpike, carefully fastened, interposed an effectual barrier to my farther progress; and it was some time before a tall, meager, custom-house officer, apparently in the last stage of consumption, came to the carriage and demanded, "From whence I had come? and whither I was going?"

I answered, laconically, "I am come from Lusatia, my name is Flohberg, and I am going to Blutbach;" he shook his head, which, upon his long flexible neck, looked something like a scarecrow.

"Have you no passport?"—"None."

"Where is Lusatia situated? It is a singular name; I never heard of it before."

"No! I am surprised at that—why, Lusatia was formerly in Saxony, but it now lies in Silesia."

"How comes that?"

"Oh! an earthquake, a few years since, tore it from the former and hurled it into the latter."

"I am now no wiser than I was before, and I believe you intend to jest with me—I must therefore refer you to the upper inspector."

As I wished to tell my own story, I jumped out of the carriage, and sought this important personage; he formed a complete contrast with the stork-like appearance of his deputy; he was uncomfortably fat, sallow, bloated, and dropsical, and was sitting in his shirt-sleeves in an easy-chair; he excused his negligée, upon the plea of indisposition. I repeated the same information I had given the other, and assured him, upon the honour of a gentleman, that I had nothing liable to duty, except a few dozen of Havana cigars, a couple of toothbrushes, some sticks of sealing-wax, at the same time putting into his hands a few paper florins.

"Mr. Flohberg, travel on in Heaven's name," was the delighted answer: "I am happy to have made your acquaintance, and wish you a pleasant journey."

On leaving him, I found the consumptive officer diving his

long neck into my carriage, like a heron catching fish. "Take care," said I, "there is a self-acting pistol in the pocket;" the very mention of which caused him to start up in an instant; but I observed he had already fished out my portfolio, which being carefully wrapped up in paper, excited his attention; another paper florin proved that it contained no treasonable correspondence; the heavy black and yellow beam then slowly mounted in the air, and I passed through.

Has it ever happened to thee, friendly reader, after exhausting thy astonishment at the wonders of foreign countries, to have discovered objects in thy own neighbourhood still more wonderful, which thou hadst never taken the trouble to examine? and thus it was with me, on observing Felseneck and Blutbach; though each would repay a tour of 500 leagues to see them, yet they were so near my own residence that I had not, till now, explored their beauties.

This extraordinary labyrinth of rocks, so extensively entwined, and contrary to all the laws of gravitation, so mystical, and, above all others I have ever seen, so fantastically formed, appear to the astonished beholder like a romantic forest, in which rocks and cliffs are the substitutes for trees, or like a town inhabited by gnomes, called into existence by the magic art of poetry.

The highest of these rocks, termed the watch-tower, is about 500 feet in height, but its circumference is not greater than that of the object from which it takes its name. Another of equal altitude is precisely like an inverted cone. The different romantic forms appear to have been the effect of a revolution in nature's empire, which it is almost impossible not to believe has been intentionally effected. The loftiest trees appear, when compared with these colossal masses, like blades of grass; wherever there is a spot of earth the trees and underwood have taken root, till the whole rocks are nearly covered with vegetation; some of the slender firs, elevated upon the summits or growing out of the almost invisible clefts, seem fastened to the stone, like Christmas trees, to celebrate the festivities of that season.

The beautiful red moss hangs in wreaths from rock to rock, the variety of whose grotesque figures is inexhaustible. Tradition has baptized many with the most fanciful appellations; here, we have the twins lying close to each other in swaddling-clothes, while over them the nun is looking up to Heaven in despair; for anguish and suffering have transformed her into stone. Not far distant is the emperor's throne, and, singular

enough, the devil's bridge leads to it; but the most deceptive of all is the rock called the Burgomaster, dressed in his stately peruke.

It happens, unfortunately for the lovers of nature, that this lordship, which includes an almost immeasurable forest and eight villages, belongs not to a proprietor possessed of poetic feelings, but to a citizen of Prague, who purchased it a short time since of a bankrupt nobleman; hitherto, his imagination has not instigated him to any bolder exploit than to plant another of those detestable allées of poplars (which I have so often anathematized) on each side of the entrance to this valley of wonders.

But we must turn from these horrors of art to the belles horreurs of the cliffs. As if they had been blackened by fire and pressed together, they become narrower, till they almost form a cavern; and at the extreme point to which we can penetrate is a waterfall. It is much to be regretted that this has not been arranged by art, as it is capable of great improvement, whereas at present it is merely a thread sluggishly straggling over the rocks.

I was the first visiter this year who beheld the diminutive cataract in all its force; as a considerable quantity of rain had recently fallen, it descended with the most imposing rapidity, when a bat, which was probably quietly sleeping, caught up by its current, was hurled down nearly a quarter of the fall before the scared creature remembered that it could fly!

At another spot we found an old musician armed with a gun and a bassoon; in his efforts to extract sounds from the former, he displayed total want of acquaintance with his instrument, for he missed fire at least ten times; I laughed heartily, in which I was most obligingly accompanied by the echo. The obstinate instrument at length broke out into a peal of the most awful thunder, which was loudly reverberated from side to side. I sincerely wish this could be imitated in our national theatre at Berlin, where the thunder bears no resemblance to nature, and the lightning, particularly that of genius, is no longer the fashion.

How delightful, thought I, is it, after a long tour à pied, to enjoy in a clean inn the most delicious trout, fresh from the murmuring stream, whose delicate flavour is equalled only by their cheapness.

After resting from the fatigues of my promenade, I recommenced my route; it was again raining; really, mountains are

as capricious as Parisian belles,—we are never sure of a long continuance of their smiles.

In the distance I observed the castle of a great general, who has been most unjustly traduced as being too liberal; whereas, I once heard him say that he never could find it in his heart to acknowledge Washington and Bolivar as heroes, because they had rebelled against their lawful sovereigns. How admirably legitimate!

A few leagues distant, I arrived at Steindorf, the residence of Prince Rossi, the 126th of that name, whose immortal deeds, with those of his ancestors, consist in having made the romantic Pudelberg passable by means of roads and stone steps! The country here is beautiful; the entire chain of mountains are covered to their summits with towns, villages, ruins, and forests, all together forming a glorious prospect, so rich and varied, that it awakens the most agreeable sensations.

As I enthusiastically enjoyed the charming landscape, I found myself in a cheerful tone of mind, contented with the present, grateful towards God, and remembering with pleasure those dear friends who are scattered far distant. Oh! is not affection the only true happiness upon earth, the only feeling which fully satisfies the soul? let piety then assume what shape or form she will, either love to our immortal Creator, or sympathy for our fellow-creatures, the Almighty accepts both, as addressed to himself.

Adlersberg was the extent of my tour: in its churchyard I bade a final adieu to the blue chain of mountains, then for the last time spread out before me, and also to the cemetery in which the tour of life terminates.

The rays of the sun were splendidly beaming on two monuments before me; the one, magnificent as a catafalk—the other, the humble tomb of poverty, adorned with a simple cross; on the former I read the following inscription:—

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF THE HIGH AND NOBLE
HERR ALOYSIUS HOFFMAN,
PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL
AND
RENOWNED MERCHANT
OF
ADLERSBERG.

A sand-stone figure, representing mourning, with her hand laid pensively on her breast, was placed over this inscription,

and two skeletons supported the drapery upon which it was engraved.

How much more expressive and laconic was that dedicated to poverty; on the wooden cross were written the following words:—

HERE TRUDE FLUNKEN SLEEPS; BENEATH THIS TOMB,
IN BONA PACE, WAITS HER FINAL DOOM.

TUTTI FRUTTI.



THE MODERN ALCIBIADES.

THE MODERN ALCIBIADES.

Homines ad deos nullâ re propiùs accedunt, quàm salutem hominibus dando.—*Cicero.*

It is not always necessary to travel far in order to encounter remarkable incidents, as I had lately an opportunity of proving.

I recently visited Leipsic, for the purpose of testifying my esteem for her patriarch, my unchanging friend of thirty years, the worthy Baumgärtner, Consul-general of Prussia. I had the good fortune to meet at his table a most interesting, and, in many respects, a very remarkable man; and, if I may be allowed, I will relate to my readers a few particulars respecting him.

It is no less a personage than Doctor, Emir, Chan, Alcibiades de Tavernier, formerly a captain in the French Guards, and grandson of the celebrated traveller of that name, but who has traversed a far greater extent of ground, and with more important results than his distinguished relative.

He was severely wounded at the battle of Leipsic, and, as France had lost the soul which animated her (I mean Napoleon), he declined re-entering the military service, and pursued, with the most unremitting assiduity, the study of surgery and medicine, having determined for the future to adopt it as a profession; this sudden resolution had its origin in a long-cherished desire, which, when it exists, invariably indicates to men of genius their true career.

After his studies were completed, he commenced an extensive tour to Africa, visited in his route Egypt, Abyssinia, Syria, Arabia, Persia, the ancient empire of the Great Mogul, Armenia, and by far the most remarkable parts in that great and nearly unknown tract in the centre of Asia, on to the very walls of China; from thence he traversed Chinese Tartary to Kiachta, and returned by the new Russian military-road to Europe. On this journey he was unfortunately shipwrecked,

as it were, in sight of harbour, for he was attacked by robbers a short distance from the gates of Bucharest (where he at present resides); they plundered him of his papers, collections, and effects, leaving him and his son, a child of about ten years of age, lifeless; the brave boy had previously seized a gun which lay in the carriage, and shot the captain of the robbers; their recovery was effected slowly, and with difficulty.

The singular events and variety of interesting romantic details contained in these travels, render them not only replete with amusement, but promise to knowledge the most important discoveries. At one time we find the hero, like Marco Paolo, the minister and favourite of a powerful Tartar prince, and he himself elevated to that dignity; at another, engrossed by the most romantic passion for the loveliest ornament in the seraglio of his new sovereign, in which, after surmounting the greatest dangers, he was finally successful; now commanding powerful armies and deciding battles; then sustaining the character of chief among the savage hordes. It was also reserved for him to discover the primitive breed of the horse in the centre of Asia, which, it is said, far excels all the Arabian races hitherto known to Europeans. He has also invented a lightning conductor, which appears destined, from its superiority, to supersede that of Franklin. But as the world will probably, ere long, be favoured with the narrative of his adventures from the pen of the distinguished traveller himself, I shall merely relate a singular narrative and an equally singular dialogue, partly transcribed from memory, and partly confirmed by a manuscript given to me by M. de Tavernier; therefore, in publishing them, I do not apprehend incurring the charge of robbery by anticipation.

His chief inducement to visit the same quarter of the globe which had been the theatre of his grandfather's exertions, was to establish by attentive personal investigation, a regular system of the nature of the plague, and other disorders of that class. If we rightly comprehend M. de Tavernier, the foundation of the form it assumes appears to originate more in the juices of the body itself than in contagion, which can only be considered as the occasional cause of its manifestation. "For," says he, "I have more than once seen contagion generate in the same species of disease; here the yellow fever, there the plague, and again the cholera, according to the constitutional tendencies of different individuals; for this cause I even then termed that singular scourge 'le fleau tri-cephal,' and at the same time discovered in the mountains of Mongolia, which no

European had ever before visited, that ice and snow are specifics against these diseases in all their varied forms, and I stopped its ravages in entire hordes merely by conducting them from the plains up to the icy regions on the mountains.

"Surrounded by these sublime scenes, elated and happy at having made a discovery which tends so materially to benefit the human race, I wrote in my pocket-book the lines which my friends have placed under my portrait at Leipsic:—

'AUX MONTAGNES DE LA MONGOLIE.

Je vis dans vos frimas l'âme du feu vital
Et lui fis foudroyer le fleau tri-cephal....
De là ma bienfaisante et pénible carrière
Put désormais briller d'un douce lumière.'"

It was principally among these mountains, and on the eastern banks of the lake Aral, that the doctor arrived at the conviction that ice is the true antidote against all contagion; he has since administered it in innumerable disorders, not only of the class I have mentioned, but even in epilepsy, typhus and malignant, bilious and nervous fevers, nay, even in hydrophobia, with the most happy results.

He asserts that the life of the young King of Hungary was preserved by the Vienna physicians solely through the application of this system; and he himself had various opportunities, during the prevalence of the cholera in Vienna and other cities, of convincing incredulity itself of the decided efficacy of his method of treatment.

He complains that so many have appropriated his system without fully comprehending it, and without proclaiming the source whence it was derived. This, however, he utterly disregards, as fame and personal advantages have not been his objects, but the welfare of his fellow-creatures; to advance which he has unweariedly devoted himself, and encountered, though not without honour, many dangers.

I shall now fulfil my promise to my readers, and relate the narrative; it is of an event that occurred in October, 1830, and has acquired for its hero, among the inhabitants of the country, the title "du docteur de l'ours." This short history, although it opens to our view a region very different from that which we inhabit, and almost wears the garb of fiction, yet is not of a more extravagant character than many others of his travelling adventures. I shall give it in Monsieur de Tavernier's own words.

THE BEAR HUNT.

"We pursued the chase,
When from behind the wood, with rustling sound,
A monstrous bear rushed forth ; his baleful eyes
Shot glowing fire, as wild he sprung on me.
The well-aimed ball
Pierced through his head, and quivered in his brain ;
The monster fell, and with his dying strength
Ploughed up the crimson earth.—*Smith.*

"A BEAR," commenced our Alcibiades, "as colossal in size as unequalled in strength, had become the terror of the inhabitants of the whole country between Bucharest and Cempino, near the Carpatho-Romano-Moldavian mountains. The haunts of the monster were chiefly confined to the interminable forest of Poeinar, which is traversed by the road from Bucharest to Kronstadt, in Transylvania. This dreadful animal had been known to the inhabitants for about eight or ten years, during which time he had destroyed more than four hundred head of oxen, and other domestic animals. It appeared as if the inhabitants were panic-struck, for no one dared to attack him ; his last exploit, and which at length awakened the attention of the chief divan of the district, was as follows :

"A large quantity of wine, destined for Bucharest, was being slowly transported across the hills, and according to the usual custom, the drivers halted for repose and refreshment during the heat of the day. The animals were released from their teams and left to graze along the side of the road close to the forest, when suddenly a dreadful roaring was heard ; the drivers ran to the spot, and beheld in the midst of the buffaloes a black animal of most formidable dimensions, which had already seized one and thrown it on its back, where he held it, in spite of the fearful struggles of the agonized victim, with one of his claws, like the grasp of an iron vice, and escaped upon his other three legs with his ill-fated prey.

"This apparently half-fabulous intelligence attracted not

only the attention of the government, but that of the lovers of the chase in Bucharest and the adjacent country, namely, the Bojars, Kostaki, Kornesko, Manoulaki-Floresko, the bey Zadey-Soutzo, and myself. A grand hunt was speedily projected, and the whole admirably organized by one of the party, Signor Floresko, of the foreign department.

"It was planned that the bear, when first traced, was to be driven forward by five or six hundred peasants into a semi-circle composed of about a hundred huntsmen.

"The appointed day arrived, and these arrangements having been made in the most silent manner possible, the signal was given to commence the chase by a long blast of the hunting-horn, which was quickly followed by the sounds of other most noisy instruments, and the loud shouts of the peasants; it was not long before a shot resounded to my right, near the spot where Signor Kornesko stood, which was succeeded by a dead silence; after the lapse of a few minutes, I heard the rush of some animal through the thickets, the noise of whose steps among the dry leaves was doubled by the stillness of a clear October day. My visiter was a well-fed fox, he presented himself about eighty paces distant; I shot him through the head, and again the former stillness succeeded: but the drivers drawing nearer, the tremendous uproar recommenced. It was perfectly frightful to hear our Moldavian peasants (scattered over two leagues of ground) utter their piercing cries and still more frightful wailings, while they beat the trees with sticks, clappers, and other discordant noisy instruments. I now heard at about the distance of half a league two shots, which were immediately followed by the most deafening yells, and the word Ours! Ours! (which, in the Romano-Moldavian language, is sounded as in French), fell distinctly on my ear.

"The prince, or bey, Zadey-Soutzo, came up to me, saying, 'Seigneur Alcibiades, the bear has broken through the cordon formed by the drivers. What have you killed?'

"'A fine fox, as you see here before you;' the Mameluke who attended him carried the animal away.

"At this moment Signor Kornesko joined us, and we all went together to the spot where the bear had disappeared; there we found Florensko, who was endeavouring to ascertain the track. On demanding who had shot at the bear, we were told it was Lazar, the hunter, but that he had merely grazed his back; the other shot was from the musket of a peasant, past whom the bear ran with astonishing rapidity, breaking down the young trees which interrupted his progress. 'The

poor fellow, excessively frightened, fell upon his back, which caused his brave rifle to explode without his assistance; his deplorable plight was the subject of much merriment to us, and we recalled his scattered senses by a pretty strong dose of brandy.

"We now followed the track of the bear, and about a hundred paces farther discovered spots of sweat on the leaves and bark of the trees; they were about the height of a middle-sized man. I demanded of Lazar, who had shot at him, whether he ran on his hind legs or all-fours. 'On all-fours, like a dog,' was the answer.

"I now began to attach some credit to the marvellous accounts I had heard of the enormous size and strength of the monster, and my curiosity to see him, together with my desire for his destruction, was most strongly excited.

"For a considerable time I wandered about with the rest of the company, who had sent for a pack of hounds that had been left at the nearest village; until, weary of this ineffectual search, I took a wild unfrequented path and turned to the left in the thickest part of the forest, where I hoped to be able to find a passage to lead to the provision carriage, which I knew was in this direction, for I had become excessively hungry.

"After walking a short distance, I entered a valley which might with truth be termed virgin; tremendous oaks had here died through age, and wild herbs and young plants had grown up in the cheering light of the sun out of their decayed trunks, while eternal twilight reigned beneath the wide-spreading branches of those which still bloomed in all the vigour and freshness of youth. Invited by their cooling shades, I sought repose for a few minutes; I had not long enjoyed it, when I was suddenly startled by a noise resembling that of a whole squadron of cavalry bearing down in full gallop upon me; when, behold, I saw the terrific coal-black monster flying with the rapidity of lightning at about two hundred paces distant: there was no possibility of getting a shot at him, but his size, strength, and prodigious swiftness far exceeded any I had ever seen among the white Arctic bears or the black Siberian. I pursued him in a westerly direction, guided by the loud barking of the dogs, which were upon his scent. I soon joined a bojar, the chief officer of Signor Floresko; the unfortunate man seemed much animated by the chase, for he said, 'I have a strong presentiment that I shall reach the bear, and I have ordered some of the best shots in the band of huntsmen to follow me.'

"We now entered a deep part of the forest, thickly overspread with wild fruit-trees; here, among old trunks of trees and rocky caverns, was, I presumed, the bear's favourite retreat; indeed, we soon discovered traces of him, and the earth was covered in several places with his excrements. In this strange and savage spot I determined to take up my position and await the chance of meeting the enemy. Signor Kostaki continued the pursuit.

"Tired, and suffering from excessive heat, I lay down, together with my faithful dog, beneath the extensive foliage of an immense wild apple-tree, lighted up my tchoubouk, and commanded Amico, a most powerful wolf-dog, thoroughly trained against man or beast, to keep a strict watch. I might have dreamed for about half an hour, enveloped in the elysium of clouds of smoke, when I was suddenly aroused by the violent rushing of approaching animals. I cautiously arose and stepped behind the trunk of a large tree, when I observed about a dozen wild swine, preceded by an immense boar, which acted as leader; these were quickly followed by others, until I distinctly reckoned twenty-three. Holding my dog back, I crept like a serpent under the protection of a fallen oak, till I came within eighty paces of them; my object was to bring down the great boar, as I knew from long and dangerous experience in the Mongolei, that on such occasions, unless the chief falls, the continuance of the life of the hunter is doubtful; but as if influenced by a presentiment of what was likely to happen, he continued moving onward, and as I feared that the whole band would soon be out of the reach of a bullet, I determined, cost what it would, to secure one of them; and as a full-grown one, armed with huge tusks, happened to present himself in the right position, I took a deadly aim and fired, when, after running a few paces, he fell: the others disappeared in an instant, and the former stillness again reigned in the forest.

"It appeared the hunters were scattered in different directions, each expecting that the dogs would drive the bear in his own immediate vicinity; for myself, feeling secure that I had ascertained his retreat, I waited in anxious expectation of surprising him.

"My shot in the meantime must have been heard, and I sounded several times on my horn, in order to collect a few of the peasants to carry off the boar I had killed. I was speedily joined by about thirty. Though mortally wounded, he gnashed frightfully with his teeth, until one of the huntsmen despatched

him with a short hunting sword; it was a noble animal, both in size and fatness, and I received the congratulations of the whole party. During this time I observed a peasant from the neighbourhood of Poeinar attentively observing my booty. 'What dost thou seem to wonder at in the boar, friend?' said I.

"'It is very singular, signor,' answered the peasant, 'but I could have sworn that this fellow is no stranger to me. About five or six years ago, one of my finest pigs formed a connexion with a flock of wild swine, and shortly after entirely disappeared in the woods; but, however, we can see if he has any mark—a slit in the left ear.—Donner und Wetter,' cried the peasant, in raptures, 'he is mine!' and without a doubt the mark was visible to us all. It may easily be supposed that my trophy, a noble boar of the free-forests, transformed into a household pig, the property of a Moldavian peasant, became the subject of the united laughter of my companions.

"I know not when the jokes of the hunters would have ceased, if they had not been interrupted by the distant tumultuous noise of the dogs, which seemed approaching, and we concluded, by the sound, they might be still about a league from us. The whole party left me, except Lazar, the same hunter who had first shot the bear. As the cry of the hounds died away, I seated myself on my inglorious game, and again commenced smoking my tchoubouk; but I was almost immediately aroused by the near approach of the dogs in full cry, succeeded by a frightful roar, which seemed to overwhelm every other sound. With my gun on the cock, I flew forward; a momentary silence ensued, which was almost instantly succeeded by a violent crash like a thunder-storm, for I observed the underwood before me bowing and crackling, and on the very same foot-path which I had taken the long-sought-for hideous monster stood before me, completely filling the space between the trees with his enormous mass. I was no sooner observed by the ferocious brute than he flew at me with a powerful spring, sending forth a howl so loud and piercing that it nearly stunned me, and literally shook the air. Conscious, however, that there was now no other alternative but death or victory, I allowed my opponent to approach within six paces, took a deadly aim, and fired with the same lucky barrel that had already laid prostrate the fox and the boar. The ball struck the terrific animal exactly between the eyes; he seemed paralyzed for a moment, in which happy pause my faithful Amico gallantly sprung forward. Bewildered perhaps by the unexpected appearance of the large white dog, and its furious bellowing, he afforded me sufficient time to lodge a

second bullet precisely in the same spot, while Lazar, who had taken up a safe position behind a large oak, sent him a third, which however did him but little injury, as the bullet was afterward found buried in his fat.

"I distinctly saw, by the two streams of blood which issued from his forehead, his hopeless situation; this was also evinced by his breathing. I drew my hunting-knife and sought, aided by my dog, to stun him with the loudest shouting; upon which, perceiving us advance, he roared tremendously, and seemed disposed to escape into the thicket; his tottering walk proved that his strength was fast declining, and, when about thirty paces distant, he fell.

"As I could now follow him with perfect safety, I reloaded my gun, and tried to irritate him, in order that he might turn round and give me an opportunity of sending him another bullet in the most vital part. He lay perfectly still, occasionally wiping the streaming blood from his face with his fore-paws, like a human being: assisted by my dog, we attacked him with great fury; and perceiving no chance of safety, he commenced breaking the branches of the trees which surrounded him, and hurled them at us with immense force; then raised himself up, and apparently, with all his pristine strength, attacked me with the force of desperation; but his last moment was approaching. I allowed him to advance, and when almost touching the barrel of my gun, he received the entire charge—my last deadly shot. The death-struggle was momentary, for he sunk forward, sprinkling my face with his blood, and almost burying me under his enormous mass. The last groan he uttered exceeded in horror all that I had ever heard—a tone so full and deep, so despairing and piercing, that the whole forest resounded, and the echoes of the rocks seemed to repeat it with a shudder!

"I was now surrounded by Signor Floresko and hundreds of men, each looking at the huge beast almost with affright. I was overwhelmed with congratulations by all present at having slain the monster, which had been so long the terror of the whole country.

"I must confess that I had never before encountered a danger so imminent, so formidable in its aspect; neither did I ever obtain a victory that gave me greater pleasure.

"We were obliged to have the young wood cleared away before we could drag the fallen monster out of the thicket into the nearest road, where he lay for some time.

"In the mean time, Floresko informed me that he feared his

chief officer, Kotaski, would be the victim of this day, for he had been found in a horrible situation. Shortly after, the unfortunate young man was conveyed to us on a bier in a most deplorable condition; his clothes and limbs rent and mangled, his entrails torn out, his spine broken; in short, it was impossible to save him. After lingering a few hours in dreadful agony, he died.

"Thus the death of the ferocious animal was avenged, and our victory dearly purchased!

"The bear was placed on a wagon, drawn by four horses, to be conveyed to Bucharest; but this plan we were obliged to abandon, as the body emitted such a noisome stench that the whole atmosphere was poisoned; it was therefore flayed on the spot. The fat was found to weigh 800 pounds, and the flesh and bones 963 pounds. From between the ears to the extremity of the back he measured nineteen feet; and, according to a calculation based on Gall's system, must have been between 170 and 180 years of age. He was entirely black, and his teeth much worn, and was no doubt a Siberian bear, which at different times had been hunted to this wood, where he had found a secure asylum; in his left leg and back were two broken points of arrows. I presented the skin to my friend Namick Pasha, a general in the service of the Ottoman empire. His scull I have retained for myself, and also part of his fat, which I have preserved in my ice-house at Bucharest.

"The female, with two young ones, which have already arrived at the size of large oxen, have been seen about Poeinar and the neighbouring forests; she is said to be very little inferior to her consort, either in magnitude or ferocity. You may therefore, gentlemen," concluded Seigneur Alcibiades, laughing, "obtain laurels similar to those with which I am crowned; and, by performing such an exploit, you would eclipse old Hercules and his boar, because that animal can scarcely see two feet beyond his head, is very awkward at turning, and never climbs a tree; whereas no mortal foot can escape the pursuit of an enraged bear."

TUTTI FRUTTI.



A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

DOCTOR ALCIBIADES AND THE ARABIAN EMYR ABDOULACH.

UPON

RELIGION AND TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

DOCTOR ALCIBIADES

AND THE

EMYR ABDOULACH.

Periculosum est credere et non credere:
Ergo exploranda est veritas multum prius
Quam stulta pravè judicet sententia.
Phædrus.

I SHALL now conduct my readers to the centre of Arabia, not in search of farther adventures, but to hear a Frenchman and an Arabian prince philosophize with each other.

The unsophisticated piety and purity of feeling evinced by the man of nature form (at least in my opinion) an interesting contrast with the skepticism of the Western Frank, who, like many of his countrymen, is disposed to confound the errors of superstition with Christianity; like the Italian, who startled the Protestant Prussian by saying, "Lei non è Christiano ?"

As Monsieur de Tavernier gave me the manuscript which contained this conversation, I have merely translated it, without even altering or rectifying those opinions in which I do not coincide.

"The Emyr Abdoulach," says Doctor Alcibiades, "with whom I had resided for a considerable period, still retained, though far advanced in years, the full possession of his faculties; he was a man of superior understanding, judgment, and eloquence; possessed of a most ardent temperament; noble and just, neither fanatical nor arrogant; and practised the duties enjoined by his religion, like the Protestants, with sim-

plicity and humanity, being more the conscientious observer of its external forms than the blind votary of its institutions; while, on the contrary, he turned with a warmth, yea, even of passion, to that philosophy of nature to which I had been the first to introduce him, because it spoke to his soul the language of truth.

"The Arabian Emyr was especially solicitous to be informed of the ancient history of man from the first dawn of civilization, and also in what manner had originated the present enlightened intelligence of society, and the knowledge of man's proper duties.

"'I wish,' said he, 'to know if it was that philosophy of which you have already drawn so beautiful a picture, that has exalted Europe to her present high station, and so eminently distinguishes her sons above our children, who are benighted in the shades of darkness and error.'

"I had, on former occasions, described to him the state of our literature, mathematics, and astronomy; the important discoveries made in the empire of natural history, physics, chymistry, medicine, &c.; our astonishing progress in the arts and mechanical industry. I had freely discoursed to him on the excellencies of our laws, and of the immortal men by whose exertions knowledge has been so universally diffused, aided by our numerous public and private institutions.

"During its recital, Abdoulach fixed his eyes steadfastly upon me, and remained attentively listening; nor allowed me to pass over the least important subject till I had fully explained the most minute particulars. When I had concluded, he elevated his hands and eyes to heaven, then turning his countenance towards the sun, which was blazing in all its glorious splendour, he raised his voice and broke out in the following exclamation—

"'Oh, Allah! thou art great! I thank thee for the bounty thou hast sent me, through the mouth of the wise Ekim Emyr Alcibiades, which streams through my soul, and causes me to wonder at thy endless greatness.'

"Then pausing for a considerable time, evidently absorbed in the deepest thought, he continued in the following remarkable strain—remarkable, indeed, for a Mohammedan!

"'Yes, Allah! I feel that the worshippers of the laws of thy great Prophet are not alone thy elect! Alcibiades, relate to me more of that heavenly knowledge—the mother of all knowledge—in a word, that which Allah himself has spoken; in revealing which he has neither made use of the

yatagan nor the flying-lance, nor the war-horse, nor yet, even still more, the dreadful mineral-thunder—relate to me the words of wisdom! to which self-interest and man's passions are alike strangers! Let my attentive ears be informed, through thy voice, from whence the lightning of eternal truth has flamed,—truth which, like the sweet-smelling rose, fills the air and scatters its perfumes alike to the righteous and the wicked.—I pray thee relate to me those holy words, whose meaning, like magic, has taken possession of my powers, and hovers over me day and night, from whose bands I cannot emancipate myself. Oh, Ekim Emyr Alcibiades, I hunger and thirst after knowledge, like the ravenous lion of the forest! Oh! tell me, I beseech thee, who were Mahomet and Jesus?

"'I shall listen to it attentively,' added he—and the enthusiasm of his countenance suddenly changed to an expression of the deepest repose.

"I was thus placed in a situation of no small difficulty; the philosophy of the Arabian chief was not to be depended upon, and as his power was absolute, if I took a step beyond his comprehension it might cost me my head.

"No person in my situation would have deemed it prudent to commence by saying that Mahomet was neither more nor less than a man of genius, possessed of the most ardent powers of imagination—a phenomenon which has appeared in the world before him, and will after him, but only at epochs which very rarely occur;—a phenomenon that undoubtedly, in some cases, confers upon the human race much happiness and blessing; though it is too often, like my fleau tri-cephal, accompanied by the destroying angel, whose every step is tracked by streams of blood and tears. Climate modifies this as it does every thing else—not excepting even faith itself, which I have had abundant opportunities of witnessing during my residence in Asia. Must we not also admit, with shame and regret, that our own Christianity has been deluged in its progress by human gore?

"'Il couta plus de sang, que le grand Mahomet,
Et le fier Tamerlan et l'adroit Bajazet.'

"I commenced by explaining to him the most ancient of all religious sects, and from which no doubt all others have proceeded. I made him minutely acquainted with the existence of Vehédam and Sohastabet, who wrote in the Sanscrit lan-

guage ten thousand years ago (?) ; of the Brahmins, the theocratical chiefs of the Indian nations, and who at a later period were imitated in their religious rites by the Egyptians, their disciples.

" In this manner I endeavoured to make the knowledge-seeking Emyr clearly acquainted with the origin of all the different mythologies, continued with Moses, the Jewish law-giver, swept over that of Mahomet with the most circumspect prudence, explained each with their separate chain of events down to the reformation achieved by Luther, and proved to him in what manner each successive system has been supported by its predecessor.

" But the religion of wisdom, inestimable from its noble simplicity and truth, sublimely tramples upon every prejudice, abhors the cupidity and egotism of the various religious sects, and whose acts of benevolence, dictated by wisdom, originate solely in the pleasure of doing good.

" ' Yes, Emyr Abdoulah, that incomprehensible being called man is the most noble and elevated, and at the same time the most vile, of all the creatures upon earth.'

" The Arabian prince sighed inwardly.

" ' Yes,' continued I, ' of what benefit has religion been to man ? he only fears and loves his gods, so far as they allure and flatter his passions ; for he soon forgets them when incited to crime by the violence of his inclinations : but he will borrow religion for a cloak to enjoy them with greater security, and as the most powerful means of hastening their gratification ; he arrogantly contemns all human laws, and blushes not to execute the most revolting deed when actuated by what he terms his religious feelings.

" ' Would not a more philosophical education, apart from all considerations of heaven, have the effect of leading us to virtue, of teaching us to conquer our own passions, and to live here happy and contented. Oh ! venerable Abdoulach, if God had willed in his wisdom that the inhabitants of earth should hold converse with the heavens and the stars, could he not have given them the requisite physical powers, in the same manner as he has already imparted to them the capability of ranging from the equator to the pole on the mighty waters of the deep ? in the air, indeed, man is allowed just to soar above the earth, but no farther.'

" This observation terminated our philosophical conversation at present, for Abdoulach immediately exclaimed, ' Flying in the air !' and demanded a more lengthened explanation ;

after satisfying his curiosity, I commanded my servant and factotum, Antonio, who possessed a universal genius in arts and mechanics, to construct a balloon that would gratify the curiosity of the Arabian philosopher.

"In a few days it was completed, then splendidly illuminated, and on a lovely night majestically ascended in the presence of the Emyr, his whole harem, and an immense multitude of his subjects; astonished as they were at first beholding it, their enthusiasm exceeded all bounds when it burst like a meteor, as it were, among the stars, and glowed in flames of a hundred colours; he could no longer restrain his raptures, but, turning to me with open arms, embraced me affectionately. 'Oh! Ekim Emyr,' he cried, with the most passionate excitation, 'the glance of thy intellectual, inspired soul is more piercing than that of the Omar, and even sharper than the strong eye of the eagle, who alone can gaze at the sun.'

"A few days subsequently we recommenced our accustomed conversation; my language now assumed a more confidential tone, as I perceived I had nothing to apprehend from his fanaticism. I expatiated more largely on various philosophical subjects; I described to him in what manner theocratical self-interest had taken advantage of every religious culte in order to establish hundreds of different sects, which only tended, in many instances, to deteriorate morality. Behold, for instance, the institution of celibacy in the Church of Rome, and among the worshippers of Lama. What a scourge of society, under the mask of religion,—how many atrocities has it been the means of committing! I made him acquainted with auricular confession, the most powerful engine for the maintenance of dominion which has been employed by the craft of priests since the world began. I told him of their disgusting debaucheries, their perversion of virtue, of that dreadful society the Jesuits! who have been even more sanguinary than his own fanatical fathers under the first race of the Caliphs, &c.

"'Yes,' cried Abdoulach, 'I know it; a Christian slave related to me, many years ago, that the soldiers of Catholicism had sacrificed millions of human beings in the New World, for the purpose of converting them to their own belief; and, alas! we have been little better.'

"'Hear me further,' exclaimed I, continuing my discourse . . . . . .

[Here I have purposely omitted several pages of the manuscript, which merely related to the various abuses of the

ancient Catholics and Mohammedans, as to us they are no longer interesting.]

"'After our long discussion, canst thou not, my venerable friend, answer thine own important question? Surely, without my aid, thou canst separate the chaff from the good corn; thou canst now distinguish the grain that brings forth good fruit, and pluck the tares from among the wheat?'

"Abdoulach relapsed into the deepest contemplation; at length he interrupted the solemn silence, and sighing deeply in his inmost soul, he said, 'Yes, Ekim Emyr, thou art right; thou hast spoken the words of truth; man is perverse and depraved, Allah alone is great!'

"'Thou hast said it,' exclaimed I, crossing my hands on my breast, 'Allah is the beginning and the end, the first and the last; he is above all and in all, his almighty power is equally displayed in our bodies as in our minds. The veins through which our life-blood flows are not less the works of his hands than the thousand windings of our thoughts whence all our actions originate; space and time are alone in him,—the circle from which springs life and death, ever advancing, ever varying. He is, and was, and ever will be, that incomprehensible whole which we comprehend under the name of All!—the past and the future are to him as the present—'The great I am that I am!' All that lives and moves emanate from him, and no mortal can penetrate his mysterious influence.'

"On pronouncing these words, the interesting old man rose slowly from the carpet of the tent, and turning his countenance towards the sun, which was then descending in all its resplendent glory, with his uplifted hands to heaven, he cried with intense earnestness, 'Oh! Ekim Emyr, thou prayest, like me, alone to Allah: thy adoration is paid to none other but him. Oh! do we not daily perceive his almighty greatness in those noble pictures of man, who, in their heavenly wisdom, expound to us his mighty powers? Hast thou not, oh! man of wisdom, enlightened my feeble understanding, and instructed me in the mysteries of true philosophy?'

"Thus saying he threw himself in the dust, and prayed long and silently."

This dialogue might be appropriate enough in the deserts of Arabia, and the genuine French view of religion it contains appears to me to be a perfect national addenda (although only

in nuce) to Mr. Thomas Moore's "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion." A work which, though ludicrous in itself, yet opens a deep view into the state of religious information in England.

In what a condition must the majority be when one of the most talented and enlightened men of the nation introduces two such long miserable volumes to the public!

TUTTI FRUTTI.



A LETTER FROM BERLIN.

TO THE COUNTESS R * * *,

COPENHAGEN.

Berlin, Jan. 1st, 1832.

Patriæ fumus igne alieno luculentior.

MADAME DE STAEL, in treating of Berlin, asserts, " C'est une ville qui ne laisse pas de souvenir ;" this only proves that a very clever woman may say a very silly thing, for even if it had no other souvenir than that of being a metropolis, created in a manner by Frederic the Great, would not this alone be sufficient to awaken feelings of veneration ? Truly, there are at present many things at which the old warrior might shake his head somewhat in anger, if he were again to return to us ; but there are others he would contemplate with pride and astonishment.

His illustrious descendant, not less firm in misfortune than his great ancestor, has he not preserved the glory of Prussia unimpaired, as the old hero, during his life-time, justly predicted ?

The influence of her sovereign in foreign countries has rapidly increased ; the arts and industry, trade and commerce, are protected and encouraged ; and, in spite of the misfortunes of the age, the Prussian metropolis has risen to a degree of splendour and magnificence far exceeding any it possessed during the life-time of the great king ; it was then, to a certain degree, stationary ; whereas now, native talent, literature, knowledge, and the arts, have exalted Berlin, and made it one of the central points of European intelligence, whose rays enlighten the countries that surround it.

Prussia unquestionably creates great interest, whether she is loved or feared—despised she cannot be, for she ascends.

When the sun sinks beneath the horizon we become drowsy, but the senses awake to the cheering beams of the morning

star; and has not the star of Prussia twice shone on the world, with a lustre far more resplendent than that of its cotemporaries? Once, during the reign of the immortal Frederic! and again at the destruction of Napoleon's sceptre! when Europe was delivered from the chains of slavery. Who can deny that Prussia was the very soul of the Allies during that momentous struggle? to her indefatigable perseverance and revengeful desperation we are chiefly indebted for the fall of the usurper; who, like a terrific spirit armed with Jupiter's lightning, stood menacing the nations with destruction!—For Prussia to crouch beneath the rod of a foreign power was equivalent to annihilation! Of all the combined powers her efforts were the greatest, and the least requited; still, we can never regret her exertions and sacrifices—they were made for the benefit of humanity: but more especially they will be remembered by other powers who enjoy the benefits.

In the present form of government of Prussia, there is undoubtedly much to be desired; the organised "bureaucracy" of her interior deserves much censure; her veiled political movements, the burthen of her extensive military establishment, which has become too oppressive for the strength and vigour of the nation to support, are evils which demand redress: but this state of things cannot remain long—by the action of some unexpected incident they will assume another and more improved form, for in a nation where intelligence is so universally diffused, these, and similar defects, are of minor importance; when this intelligence exists, the happiness of man advances, even under a defective government, but without this holy fire the most perfect theory will be found ineffectual in its operations. Thus we may venture to hope that every reasonable ground of complaint will gradually and peaceably disappear, and so realize the wishes of all true lovers of rational liberty, who have nothing in common with the mad levellers of modern times. The signs of the times never deceive. May we not anticipate happier days for Germany? and is it not for us a proud idea that it may be reserved for Prussia to effect her regeneration?

But I forget, my dear cousin, that I am addressing an elegant and accomplished woman, who, instead of grave reflections and political discussions, expected to receive merely a hasty sketch of our manners and customs; but how is this possible, from a man who is already half a hermit, a miserable courtier, and, worse than all, absolutely a "deceased," at

least I have been so baptized by that fabricator of histories, the editor of the Morgenblatt.

However, I must fulfil my promise—so we will commence with the court: this is numerous, but its society consists chiefly of members of its own circle; in general, very few visiters and foreigners are invited to join the select coterie, with the exception of some Russians of high rank; foreigners of other nations are but little noticed, and seldom remain long in Berlin. There is still less attention shown to the nobility of the country, who occasionally visit the metropolis, thereby verifying the old adage, "No prophet is honoured in his own country."

This is sincerely to be regretted, as by far more urbanity of manners, graceful freedom, and variety of tone, reign in the court than in the most distinguished circles of the town, the ladies are assuredly among the most delightful and amiable of Berlin; and I merely suggest whether it would not, for their sakes, be expedient to introduce the etiquette of the old Spanish court, which, in obedience to its statutes, permitted those cavaliers who were captives to the charms of the court ladies, not only to remain uncovered in the presence of the monarch, but even to sit—it being most charitably supposed, that in the presence of so much loveliness, and engrossed by the intensity of their passion, they were incapable of giving their attention to the ceremonies of a court?

Whether the cavaliers of our court are as deeply susceptible to such a fascinating influence, I cannot venture to decide; but this I can with truth assert, that many of them are distinguished by the elegance of their manners, and their intellectual attainments. Where the highly-talented Alexander von Humboldt is a lord of the bed-chamber, a court almost appears an academy; and in the Duke Charles of Mecklenburgh and the upper Court-marshal von Schilden, we have all that imagination can paint of genius and high birth united in their noblest forms.

If I may, without incurring the imputation of a flatterer from the modern heroes of equality, I will unhesitatingly assert, that those who occupy the first rank by birth, occupy it also by grace, beauty, and virtue.

Although it is too much the prevailing spirit to yield implicit credence to every tale of ill which is circulated respecting the great ones of the earth; yet I have not imbibed it, neither do I belong to that class of cowardly slanderers who promulgate in foreign publications the most unfounded and malicious

calumnies, such, for instance, as that the accession to the throne of our revered crown-prince is an event to be dreaded by his future subjects; whereas, whoever is intimately acquainted with him must be familiar also with his noble patriotic feelings, with his anxiety for the prosperity of his country; and few modern princes are more opposed in principle to tyranny and oppression. He has even been accused of bigotry, which charge has originated solely in the circumstance that he has munificently bestowed favours upon persons who are notoriously of the devout class; and we may be assured, that this accusation is as unfounded as it is malicious.

That he is pious, humane, and a pattern of morality, is indisputable; these qualities have, it is well known, been construed by the enemies of peace and good order into bigotry; but I would desire no greater blessing for the nation than to see the sons of our nobles and citizens emulate the example of the sons of their king. I would wish them to imitate the high attainments in every branch of knowledge, and the copious general information of the crown-prince; to possess the cool, temperate judgment, clear discernment, and truly honest German heart of Prince William, and the brilliant virtues of Prince Charles, who is, to use the words of Shakspeare, "every inch a knight."

Respect and reverence arrest my pen from attempting to expatiate on the excellent qualities of the princesses, and my enthusiastic admiration would be likewise a serious hindrance to the impartial discharge of my duty; but this I may safely assert, that our lovely and amiable princesses are equally to be envied for their domestic happiness, and admired for their beautiful example of virtue to the nation, upon whom the brightest rays of moral excellence beam from the royal family and the throne.

We will now descend a step, and take a hasty glance at the higher ranks of society, in which the first thing that arrests the eye of the observer is the absence of any cordial intercourse between them and the corps diplomatique, which has an unfavourable effect upon both: this is principally owing to the circumstance that, unless on a few public occasions, the members of the corps diplomatique are entirely excluded from the court of the sovereign.

Berlin is, generally speaking, destitute of any decided tone; fashion exercises but a feeble sway, and there is no individual subject of paramount importance to impart a determined character to society. There is neither political nor, indeed,

any other description of party feeling, which, it is well known, always animates conversation.

The total absence of luxury contributes also not a little to render society monotonous; in this respect both the natives and the corps diplomatique accord admirably with each other.* In fact, luxury is only found in the palaces of the royal family, but, as I have said before, their society is confined principally to their own circle.

The only recreation met with in society is cards; for as soon as the company have assembled and performed a few preliminary evolutions, they seat themselves in different conglomerations around card-tables, reminding the spectator of a large bowl of "churned milk." Conversazionés, with the exception of a very few houses, are unknown; perhaps our phlegmatic national temperament is not so well adapted to them as that of our mercurial neighbours the French; but where the two elements of solidity and brilliance have found an entrance the result is delightful, as the salon of the Minister of Foreign Affairs will abundantly testify.

The most national and the most animated entertainments are the balls. During the carnival they are numerous, while the dancers themselves are both graceful and untiringly persevering.

Déjeûners à la fourchette, with balls, have lately become fashionable; they commence at eleven and end at sunset. These, in summer, are very agreeable, particularly when given in a charming garden: but entertainments of this description appear more congenial to England, where the guests assemble both in nógligée and demi-toilet. Alas! such a summer-day's dream is not often practicable in this country, especially as enthusiastic admiration of the beauties of nature forms no part of education, that never-failing source of pure delight being but little prized. A young officer, to whom I was one day making an observation to this effect, answered, laughing, "You are perfectly correct, and I will give you an instance of it.

"Last year, as I was riding with my general to a review, through one of the most bewitching valleys in the neighbourhood of the Rhine, when the bright beams of the rising sun

* This was written in the beginning of the year 1832; since that time most of the corps diplomatique have been superseded by new members, whose superior taste has given society a more elegant tone. We will hope that their good example may be followed by the upper classes of society.—*The Author*.

were beautifully gilding both the woods and hills, I burst into admiration at the glorious spectacle, and endeavoured to make the general participate in my feelings."

"'What are you saying?'

"His voice and manner being any thing but encouraging, I hesitatingly repeated my observation, when he harshly exclaimed—

"'Zum Teufel! Young gentleman, think of your military duties, and do not tease me with your poetical ideas!'"

Many of our young military officers are most wonderfully well-informed; perfect oracles in their way! whose decisions are sans appell. I recently witnessed a very comic "qui-pro-quo." The amiable Frau Von B—— was reading a verse of Dante, from an admirable translation; one of the most fashionable warriors in the salon demanded the name of the author? the lady answered, "My beloved Dante."

"Is it possible," cried the son of Mars, with astonishment, "I never could have believed that your *tante* (aunt) was equal to such a composition."

The errors of the old warriors are sometimes even more ridiculous, and their blunders are an endless source of merriment. When the present President of Columbia was in Berlin, about two years since, I accidentally overheard a conversation between him and a Prussian officer; instead of German, it was carried on in horribly bad French.

A picture of a battle led them to speak of the celebrated one of Waterloo.

"Most certainly," exclaimed Santander, "at that great battle, without the assistance of your immortal hero Platoff, Napoleon would not have been conquered!"

The Prussian general smiled, politely rectified his mistake, and continued, saying, "But your campaigns are not less remarkable: for instance, what a march was that of Bolivar to Mexico and back, across the Tschimborasso—the short time in which it was effected is scarcely credible!"

"I beg pardon," said Santander, in his turn, half-smiling; "you have made an error in some thousands of miles, for Bolivar was never engaged in war in Mexico, therefore he could not have come in collision with the Tschimborasso. Notwithstanding, our marches are really astonishing; in fact, our method of conducting war is entirely different from the European mode; our soldiers are able to support themselves for months without bread, meat, or spirits, living entirely on dried ox-skins and water."

"Comment! monsieur!" cried our general, in his inimitable jargon, and with a voice and manner expressive of the greatest astonishment—"Comment! pas de *bain?* pas de *poissons spirituels?* pas même *de l'eau forte?*"

It required all my powers of self-command to preserve my character for politeness, when Monsieur Santander, not appearing to observe the errors of his friend, replied, with an air of the most important gravity,

"Non: *rien de spirituel*, monsieur, pas même *de l'eau forte!*"

One of the amusements peculiar to Berlin, and in which are to be found assembled nearly all classes of society, is that termed the "Brühl'schen Ball," from the name of its founder, which thus bids fair for immortality. The gentlemen are attired in black, while the ladies select the gayest colours to decorate their pretty persons, which they sometimes adorn a little too lavishly; the entrée is absolutely forbidden to pantaloons, black cravats, and boots (in the redoute to dirty boots)—what an admirable precaution! It is rumoured that the manager of the court theatre intends to distribute among the quadrilles a band of fancy dancers, in full costume, for the purpose of amusing the high and select assemblage!

The tournée of the supper table is excessively amusing, but somewhat dangerous, on account of the myriad of corks which fly from the champaign bottles in every direction! At the last of these balls I had the pleasure of visiting, I observed our good-humoured prince, Albrecht, with his aid-de-camp, wandering from room to room unable to find seats. I could not forbear laughing at my friend C——, who exclaimed with enthusiasm, "This is what is termed an absolute monarchy, and yet the son of our king cannot obtain a seat at the supper table, because his good citizens have taken possession of them. A constitutional Orleans would have fared better."

"Yes," replied I, "it is the wonder of foreigners that we all appear to form one family, the king and his people, the father and his children. On that account, thank God, we require no revolutions; let us be thankful for a sound body that does not require periodical blood-letting."

As to places of public resort we have very few in Berlin, except the theatres and concerts. Yes, most truly, we have in addition the wooden-booth in Tivoli! to which you are conducted by an allée dug in the earth, and where the half-decayed pine-trees exhibit the only appearance of vegetation. Also the Elysium! erected in the sandy Zoological Gardens,

where the secret has been discovered of adorning the superb salon in such a manner that the unexampled mixture of colours acts upon the beholders like ipecacuanha! these, with the colosseum of colossal vulgarity, are the favourite places of amusement. I have been informed that even the noble *Casino* has died of a decline.

Music is much admired and cultivated in Berlin; the Möser Quartett concerts are particularly distinguished, where the chef-d'œuvres of the best masters are performed with a full orchestra, in the most masterly style.

Last winter I once more visited Berlin, when I became acquainted with the representative of the St. Simonians. One morning he wrote to Fräulein S——r, requesting to know if it was really true that Beethoven was to sing that evening? the lady replied very *gravely*, that she did not consider it probable, as a cold damp *grave* was a most likely place to produce such a hoarseness as would preclude the possibility of singing!

I also had the pleasure of again meeting my honourable friend, the old general of Waterloo; he bitterly complained of the intense cold, and of the deep snow that had fallen, and assured me (in his matchless French), "qu'en entrant plusieurs *grands flacons* de niege étaient venus lui tomber sur le nez."

I shall dedicate a portion of my next letter to the theatre; for the present I must conclude, or I shall exhaust all that I have in reserve on our interesting Berlin.—Adieu.

THE END.

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